

THE SECOND
PUNICK VVAR
Between
HANNIBAL,
AND THE
ROMANES:
The whole Seventeen Books,
ENGLISHED
FROM THE LATINE OF
SILIUS ITALICUS:

WITH
A CONTINUATION from the Triumph of
SCIPIO,
To the Death of
HANNIBAL.

By **THO: ROSS, Esq;** Keeper of His MAJESTIE'S Li-
braries, and Groom of His most Honourable Privy-Chamber.

Aut Prodesse solent, aut Delectare Poetae. Horat.

LONDON,
Printed by **THO. ROYCROFT,** and are to be
sold by **JO. MARTIN, JA. ALLESTREE,** and **THO.**
DICAS, at the Bell in S. Paul's Church-Yard,
MDC LXI.



*Could Hannibal, and Scipio, in whom
All the vast Hopes of Carthage, and of Rome,
Were fix'd, Revive, and see how early You,
By Your sole Virtue, Kingdoms can Subdue;
How from the Rage of War, without the Stain*

*Of Blood, You Sacred Crowns, and Triumphs gain:
They would no more contend, who best might claim
Priority; but yield it to Your Name.
Rome would her Gen'ral, Carthage Hers refuse,
And jointly You the World's Commander chuse.*

THO: ROSS



TO THE
KING'S MOST SACRED
MAJESTIE.

DREAD SOVEREIGN,



*OUR Majestie's most Gra-
cious Acceptance of this Po-
ëm, when it wanted all Or-
nament, both of the Press,
and Pencil, hath Embold-
ened Me to this second Ad-
dress, most humbly imploring, that, as Your
Goodness was then, both to It, and Me, the
onely Refuge from the Tyranny of the Times;
You will, now, be pleased to protect Us, from
the Envy of this censuring Age, in the San-
ctuary of Your Name, which will make this
Copy as Immortal, as its Original, and fix
on it a Character, as Indelible, as the Faith,
and Obedience of*

Your MAJESTIE'S

Most Loyal SUBJECT,

and humble SERVANT,

THO: ROSS.

The Epistle at BRUGES.

TO HIS
SACRED MAJESTIE;

May it please Your Majestie,



Had not presumed, to present this Poem to Your Majestie's view, had I not believed, the Dignity of the Subject might, in some Measure, plead my Apologie. I know Your Majestie is familiar with the History, in its plainer Drefs of Prose; but this Authour being frequent in the hands of few, but those, whose business is Books, I have adventured to make him English; believing (since, to my strictest Observation of Historians, he does not, in the main, deviate from the granted Truth) that his Poetical Fancies do not only ad Lustre, but a more then ordinary Pleasure to the Story; for herein all the most eminent Actions, in that famous VVar (which once disputed the Empire of the Universe) are described, with so vigorous, and lively a Flame, that (if my English hath not too much depressed it) it may create in the Readers an emulation of the renowned Performers : which I have not presumed to
B 2 present

The Epistle at BRUGES.

present to Your Majesty (who are above them) as Examples for Imitation, but that, by reflecting on them, Your Majesty may see what unperishable Monuments Great Persons may build to themselves, in asserting their Country; and, that as Your Sacred Person is endowed with all those Virtues, that rendred the Valiant HANNIBAL famous, or SCIPIO a Conquerour: so, by the blessing of Heaven on Your Majestie's Designs, some happy Pen may have Matter to build you such another Monument for future Times; and that Your Majestie's Kingdoms being Restored to their former Glory by Your Hand, Posterity may date their Happiness from Your Conquest; and Your Name become an eternal Terroure to Rebellion.

*Bruges, Novemb.
18th 1657.*

So prays,

YOUR MAJESTIE'S most Humble,

and most Obedient Subject,

and Servant,

THO: ROSS.



TO THE
K I N G.

H A D Fortune plac'd You on a peace-
full Throne,
Had not Rebellion made Your Vir-
tues known
(As Stormy Nights, and Dark
Eclipses, may

Set greater Value on a Fairer Day)

Posterity had onely understood,
That You, like Your Great Ancestours, were Good,
And Just; that, under You, the Church, and State
Flourish'd, and seem'd above their present Fate.
But then, when Hell, and Earth, had Mustred all
Their Forces, to procure Your Father's Fall;
When Trai'trous Hands had seiz'd upon Your Crown;
When all Our Rights, and Laws, were trampled down;
Temples to Stables turn'd; Our Flamens fly,
Or else, for Victims, on their Altars dy;
All Holy things prophan'd: That You, alone,
(As when the Arrian Heresie was grown
Too strong for Truth, and in one Holy Breast
Religion dwelt, exil'd from all the rest)
Have gainst these Cruel Storms a Bulwark stood,
And like the Great Restorer, when the Flood

O'reran

To the KING.

O'eran the Universe) an Ark prepare,
 To which all such, as Good, and Loyal are,
 For Safety flie; had ne're been known to Fame,
 And still this great Addition to Your Name
 Had been conceal'd, and, after Your Decesse,
 The Good, but Easie, Titles of a Peace,
 Had been Your sole Renown: but now we see,
 What You in Peace, what You in War can be;
 With what an equal Temper You can stand
 The Shocks of Fortune, and Your Self command.
 So that by You the Old instruct'd are
 To live, the Young the worst of Fate to dare.
 Hence all, but such, as are with-held by Charms
 Of Wealth, or Rebels, that now fear Your Arms,
 Come from all Quarters of the World, in You
 Their Present Happiness, their Future view.
 Our Church within Your Walls, alone, can keep
 Her Rites, and recoll'd her scatter'd Sheep.
 Within Your Breast the Archives of the Law
 Are safely lodg'd, and thence we hope to draw
 Those Streams of Justice, that (as sacred Nile
 Swells, and makes fruitful the Egyptian Soil)
 Shall England Happy make, that, now, with War,
 As rudely looks, as if hot Sirius Star
 On it, in stead of Libya, only shed
 Its Flames, and Men, worse then her Monsters, bred.
 None then can justly of their Fate complain,
 That are Exil'd, unless You there did Reign.
 You are our onely Wealth; and whether You
 Aufter's, or Boreas Frozen Kingdoms view;
 Or should You to America repair,
 Or to other Indies blest: where'er You are,
 All, that are Good, will follow You, and all,
 That Place their Home, that Place their Countrey call.

But

To the KING.

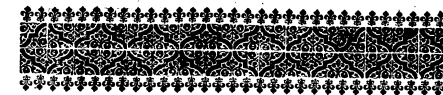
But, Oh! (me thinks) I see, with squallid Locks,
 Poor England, rear her Head above the Rocks;
 And this great Blessing beg, That She may le
 Eas'd of her Chains, and, by Your Conquest, Free.
 Go then (Great Prince) go; may propitious Gales
 Still wait upon You, and extend Your Sails!
 Those, that from Tyrannie their Native Land
 Redeem, in Fame's large Temple Greater stand,
 Then those, whose Forcin Conquests Trophies rear.
 Such the Camilli, such the Decii were,
 Whose Names, in Story, are more Sacred far,
 Then theirs, that, happy in Invasive War,
 Brought Western Gold, and Eastern Spices home:
 These did Enrich, but those Preserved Rome.
 Such (Sacred Prince) be Your Return! May We
 Such Your Success, and such Your Triumphs see!
 As when the Phoenix, in his Parent-Nest
 Reviv'd, in Triumph from the Spicie East
 Returns, and Offers, on the Pharian Coast,
 Due Sacrifice to his Paternal Ghost;
 While all the Birds of Night, and those of Prey,
 Into the Deserts fly, to give him way.
 But a more Noble, and Osequious Train
 Their King attend, and Ægypt, wanting Rain,
 Sees Father Nilus Flow, without Excess,
 Or'e all the Land, and give a rich Increase,
 Without their Labour. May You then repair
 The Ruins of Your Throne, and, sitting there,
 Restore to Us again an Age of Gold;
 While Your Blest Father may, from Heav'n behold,
 Himself in You, as Great, as You are Good,
 And all due Expiations for his Blood
 On Rebels made. While all, that now for Fear,
 Or Interest with them Comply, when there

They

To the KING.

*They You behold, shall then, repenting, come,
And justly from Your Mouth attend their Doom.
When France shall tremble, and the Swede shall run,
Fearing Your Arms, yet further from the Sun.
And Victory, attending on Your Hand,
Wheree'er Your Ensigns flie, shall take her Stand,
Resolv'd to fix with You, and shall devest
Her self of Wings, to Plume Your radiant Crest.
And then those Wounds, those Ills, which We before
So much lamented have, We will Adore.*

THE



THE LIFE
OF
CAIUS
SILIUS ITALICUS.

CAIUS SILIUS ITALICUS (whether born in SPAIN, but of ITALIAN Extraction, or in ITALY, but of SPANISH Predecessors, I shall leave PETRUS CRINITUS, GYRALDUS, and others to dispute) in his Youth, applying himself to the Study of Rhetorick, was a close Imitatour of CICERO, as the most perfect Pattern of ROMANE Eloquence; after whose Example, he pleaded many Causes, with such Success, and Reputation, that he was, in a short time, made a Judge among the CENTUM-VIRI: nor was that Honour the sole Reward of his Virtues, though he lived in the Reign of the worst of Emperours; for he was thrice Consul, and his first Consulship was signalized with (that great felicity to the ROMANE Empire) the Death of NERO. He was Pro-Consul of ASIA, and returned to ROME from that Province, with great advantage, both

C* of

of VVealth, and Honour. It is no mean Argument of his wisdom, and Prudence, that in the most troublesome Changes of the Empire, he never fell under the displeasure of the prevailing Party: For, as he was the last Consul, that NERO made, so he dyed the last of all, that had been Consuls under him. Among the chief of the City, neither covetous of Power, nor Obnoxious to Envy, he was revered, and esteemed by all: and of such Integrity in the Opinion of VITELLIUS, that, when he despaired of Force to resist the Power of VESPASIAN, he selected him, with CLUVIUS RUFINUS, and SABINUS, to Treat his Conditions with the Conquerour. Nor did his Friendship with VITELLIUS, eclipse him with VESPASIAN, having ever entertained it with Prudence, and Moderation; so, that he survived that Noble Emperour, and was Honoured with a third Consulship by his Son DOMITIAN. Under whom, finding the weight of Business too heavy for his declining years, he retired into CAMPANIA, and recreated himself with the MUSES: and, as his Veneration of CICERO had moved him to purchase a Lordship, called by that Renowned ORATOR, His Academy (in imitation of that of ATHENS) where he composed his Books, entituled his ACADEMIQUES. So his high Esteem of VIRGIL caused him to buy a Farm, once belonging to that Prince of Latine Poets, to whose Tombe (near NAPLES) as to a Temple, he frequently repaired; and celebrated

brated his Birth-Day, more Religiously, then his own. Nor was he onely a Devote to his Memory, but a Noble Emulatour of his Muse, after whose Example, he composed this Immortal Work, supplying with his Care, and Judgment, the Defects of Nature. He was Co-temporary with many other famous Wits, as LUCAN, STATIUS, PERSIUS, JUNIUS AQUINAS, and MARTIAL, who is frequent in his Praises, and commits to his Censure his own VVorks, in this Epigram, among many other, excellently Englished by my worthy Friend JO: HEATH Esquire.

Martial. ad Silium; Lib. 4. Epigr. 14.

SILI, Castalidum Decus, &c.

Silius, who art the Muses Fame,
Who the fierce perjur'd Africk's Name,
And crafty Hannibal's (Rome's Foes)
Mak'st yield to th' greater Scipio's,
With thy commanding, pow'rful Stile,
Thy severe Looks lay'd by a while,
Whilst loose December now abounds
With cogg'ing Dice, and Boxes sounds,
And wanton Lots fly round the Board,
Thou to my Lines some Time afford.
But (pray) thy smooth, not knitted Brow,
To this my looser Mirth, allow.
So soft Catullus Sparrow might,
Appear in our great Virgil's sight.

He

The Life of SILIUS ITALICUS.

He was esteemed Happy by those of his Time, through the whole course of his Life, unless in the loss of the youngest of his Sons, who dyed in his Youth; the other he left flourishing in Wealth, and Consular Dignity. In this Tranquillity, and Content, he lived to the Age of seventy five years, when, surprized by an incurable Ulcer, he, Voluntary, set a Period to his Life by Abstinence.

SILIUS



Book I.



SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

The First Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

*At nine Years Old, Young Hannibal doth swear; ill
At th' Altar, to maintain the Romane War;
His Father, leading into farthest Spain
The Libyan Armie, is in Battel slain:
Him Haldrubal, in chief Command, Succeeds;
Who, Haste Contracting by his cruel Deeds,
By a poor Slave's revengefull Hand doth fall:
Then Hannibal, elected General,
Breaks Faith with Rome, and to Sagunthus brings
His Arms, whose famous Siege the Poet sings.*



Sing those Arms, by which
Rome's Glory swell'd
To Heav'n, and Haughty Car-
thage was compell'd
To bear Oenotrian Laws. My
Muse, relate

*Hesperia's Toils: how many Men, how Great,
Rome bred, of Old, for War. When ^(a)Cadmus Seed
Perfidiously infring'd their Sacred Deed,
And, struggling for Command, did War imbrace.
While Fortune long was doubtfull, where to place*

^(a) Cadmus, who was the Son of
Agenor, King of the Phoenicians; from
whom the Tyrians descended, and from
whom Dido, who built Carthage.

C

The

(b) *Carthage*, her Power increased by many Conquests in *Libya*, and *Spain*, and *Rome*, no less potent in Italy: they both aspired to the Empire of the World.

(c) They had there sharp Wars: in the first, the *Carthaginians* were overthrown, in a Sea-fight, by *Latium* the Consul, near *Asdrubal* (an Island between *Sicily*, and *Africa*) in the second, *Hannibal* was subdued by *Scipio Africanus*. In the third, *Carthage* was subdued by *Scipio*, & *Latium*.

(d) After the Battle of *Cannæ*, nothing was wanting to the Subversion of the *Roman* Fortune, but *Hannibal's* Vigorous Prosecution of his Victory in besieging *Rome*: it fell, which neglected, gave her time to recover that memorable Defeat.

(e) The *Roman* Conqueror, *Scipio*, who first entered *Carthage*.

(f) *Hannibal*, thinking to divert *Scipio* from the Siege of *Capua*, advanced with his Army to the very walls of *Rome*, where he was repulsed by prodigious Storms. See Book xi.

(g) Alluding to *Dido's* Execration at her Death, on *Æneas's* Posterity, *Exorare alacris nescitis exequiis ulnar, Qui facit Dardanios, Trojæque, Iugures, Cuius.*

"Then from our Bones shall some Revenge rise,

"To persecute the *Trojan* Colonies

"With Fire, and Sword."

(h) It is not easy to reconcile *Appian*, *Eusebius*, and *Josephus*, concerning the Building of *Carthage*. The first affirming it to be built fifty Years before the Destruction of *Troy*: the other seventy Years after the Building of *Rome*: and the last, more than three hundred Years after *Troy* was destroyed.

But most conclude it to have been built by *Dido*, who, when her Brother *Pigmalion* had slain her Husband for his Wealth, which he gave into her Possession, fled with such Friends, as hated the Tyranny of *Pigmalion*, by Sea into *Lybia*, where the *Libyans*, refusing to let her share in their Country, she only desired to purchase as much Land as She could encompass with a Bull's Hide. Which Request, seeming ridiculous, was easily granted: and the Hide cut into small Thongs, encompass'd all that Ground, where the Town called *Byssa* was built, which first denominated the City, that afterward called *Carthage*, contended with *Rome* in Greatness. See *Appian*, in his Book *De Lybia*.

(i) *Sicilian* Coast. Where with a Fleet of three hundred Ships, *Latinius* overthrew a Navy of double the Number, and thereby forced the *Carthaginians* to quit *Sicily*, *Sardinia* and other Isles in the Sea, between *Africa*, and *Italy*, and accept a dishonourable Peace.

(b) The Empire of the World. The *Tyrian* Lords

Thrived with Successless Arms, and Impious Swords,

The *Senate's* Peace, and League, which they had sworn

To *fove*, first broke. And, while, with Fury born,

Each Nation mutual Ruin did contrive,

They, to whom Fate the Victory did give,

(d) Were nearest to their Fall. The *Phrygian* Powers

In Triumph enter *Carthaginian* Towers.

Rome's Palaces *Sidonian* Troops surround;

While only in her Walls the Safety found.

The Cause of so great Rage, and Hate, with *Care*

(e) Bequeathing to their Nephews endless War,

Let me relate, and their dark Counsels scan,

The Source of so great Stirs, which thus began.

(b) Long since, when *Dido* fled her Native Land,

Polluted by her Brother's Impious Hand,

By Chance, on *Libya's* fatal Coast she falls,

And, on her purchas'd Land, erects new Walls,

With a Bull's-Hide, in Thongs divided round,

Encompass'd, and set out the measur'd Ground.

Here *Juno* (as the Ancient Story goes)

Neglecting *Argos*, and *Mycenæ*, those

Belov'd, and pleasant Seats, desir'd to build

Eternal Mansions for her dear Exil'd.

But, when She saw *Rome* raise her lofty Head

So high, and, crossing Seas, her Eagles spread

Through all the World; mov'd by a Jealous Fear,

She the *Phœnicians* fill'd with Thoughts of War.

But these, at first, repress'd, and having lost

Their high Attempts on the *Sicilian* Coast,

Again the Arms prepares: One Captain may

Suffice Her to embroil the Earth, and Sea.

And He was *Hannibal*; who now put on

All Her dire Fury: Him She dares alone

Ev'n

Ev'n 'gainst the Fates oppose. When, Joy'd to finde

A Man so bloody, casting in her Minde

The Ills, that She would bring on *Italy*;

Shall that *Dardanian* Fugitive (said She)

His *Troy*, and Household-Gods, twice Captivate,

In Spight of Me, to *Latium* translate?

And, for the *Trojans*, *Latine* Scepters found:

(b) *Ticinus*, rather may thy Banks abound

With slaughter'd *Romanes*; and my *Trebia's* Flood

Swell, through the *Celtick* Plains, with *Trojan* Blood;

And Troubled *Trafimennus* backward fly,

Affrighted at the Streams of Purple Dy.

So I may see *Heisterian* *Cannæ* Crown'd

With Bodies, and in Blood the Vallies drown'd;

And Thee, swift *Aufidus*, incertain where

To leave a Ford, when as no Banks appear,

Lab'ring o're Arms, and scatter'd Limbs, thy Way

To break into the *Adriatick* Sea.

This said; the Youth, who nothing else desires,

But Broils, and War, with Martial Thoughts the fires.

Faithless, repleat with Guil, Unjust was He,

And, when once arm'd, contemn'd the Deity,

Valiant, but Cruel, hating Peace, and fir'd

With a strange Thirst of Humane Blood, desir'd

Then, in His pride of Youth, to wipe away

His Father's Stains, and i'th' *Sicilian* Sea

To drown all Leagues, *Juno*, with Hope of Praise,

Inflames his Heart, to which His Soul obeys.

Now in His Dreams, He seems to break into

The *Capitol*, and o're the *Alps* to go:

Of in His troubled Sleep, rising by Night,

With horrid Cries His Servants Hee'd affright;

Who found Him, bath'd in Sweat, His future War

To wage, and beat with Rage the empty Air.

C 2

This

(b) *Ticinus*, a small River in *Lombardy*, that falls into the *Po*, more renowned by *Hannibal's* first Encounter with the Consul *Corn. Scipio*, who was worsted by him, then by the City of the same Name. See the Fourth Book.

(c) *Trebia*, a River near *Placentia*, where, in a second Conflict, the Consul *Sempronius* was overthrown by *Hannibal*. See the same Place.

(d) *Trafimennus*, a Lake in the Plains of *Ferfusa*, near which *Hannibal* overthrew the *Roman* Army, and flew the Consul *Corn. Flaminius*: See Book v.

(e) *Cannæ*, a small Village in *Apulia*, where the *Romans* received a most signal Overthrow. See Book v.

(f) *Aufidus* descending, with a strong Current from the *Apennine* Hills, empties it self into the *Adriatick* Sea.

(g) Not only the Dishonour of *Asiatic*, (His Father's) Repulse, out of *Sicily*, but the Loss of many other Victories, by former Generals, both by Sea, and Land.

(g) *Amilcar*, about to lead an Army into Spain, and having Thoughts of a greater War against the *Romans*, *Hannibal*, then nine years old, flattering him to go with him, it is said, that he caused the Child to lay his Hand on the Altar, and so swear, that so soon as he was able, he would become an Enemy to the *Romans*.

(h) *Belus* was the Father of *Dido*, and King of *Phœnix*, from whom *Amilcar Barca* likewise descended, his Ancestor, her Kinsman, accompanying her in her Flight.

(i) Her Image was placed next to her Husband *Sichæus*, whose Memory she preferred to all the Temptations of other Suitors, keeping her self constant to her first Nuptial Vow, till the Arrival of *Æneas* (as *Poets* feign) but her Honour is vindicated by *Hillions*, and by *Defense* in this *Epigram* (CXXI) on her Picture.

I Didst see, whom thou beholdest here;
Fair, ev'n to Wonder, such my Features were.

Such I, not such, as *Maro* feign'd, my Mind.

Nor vainly thus Lusts my Life incline'd,
For *Me* we did it once for ever yet
To *Libya*, with his Trojan *Flames* reveal;
I had lab'ring Arms, and Rage, and by
My Fall ('tis true) prefer'd my *Clubs*.

Transfix'd that Breast, which a chaste
Sword did pierce,
Now Rage, or Grief, incens'd by injury'd Love.

Thou shalt find, I sell, lov'd chastity Fame
buy'd.

Wrong'd my Husband: built a City
by'd.

What ev'ning Muse did *Mæro* then ex-
cite
My Loss of Honour, falls, so to write,
Drive *Hilarius* rather, in my Fame,
Then thou, who Thrice, and Lusts of
Gods proclaim.

Falls *Poets*, who the *Trails* with *Verses*
polish,
And *Human* Crimes to *Deities* impute.

(j) *Enna* was a City situate in the midst of *Sicily*, where *Ceres* had a Temple, near to which, was a Sacred Grove. Out of which *Panthea* *Proserpina*, who is from thence called *En-*

This Fury, against *Italy* abus'd,

While yet a (g) Child, his Father had infus'd,

(h) Born of the Noble *Barcean* Race, deriv'd

From ancient *Belus*. For, when first, depriv'd

Of her *Sichæus*, *Dido* fled from *Tyre*;

The *Belian* Youth, to escape the *Tyrian's* Ire,

Join'd to her Train, resolv'd to embrace

Her Fate, and Fortune: from that Noble Race,

Amilcar, fam'd for Valour, claim'd Descent,

And, studious former Hatred to foment,

Soon as his Son could speak, and Words express'd,

Kindled the *Roman* War within His Breast.

Amidst the City, circled by a Grove

Of shady Yew, that did all Light remove,

A Temple stood, built to *Elizæ's* Ghost,

And dreadfull held through all the *Tyrian* Coast.

Here (as 'tis said) the Queen with Her own Hand,

Her self from Grief absolv'd: sad Statues stand

Of Father *Belus*, and, in Order, all

His Off-Spring, with *Agenor*, whom they call

The Glory of their Line, *Phœnix*, whose Fame,

Gave to that Land, an everlasting Name.

At length, *Elizæ* (i) joined to her Lord

For ever; at Her Feet the *Phrygian* Sword:

Next unto these twice fifty Altars stand,

Built to the Gods, that Heav'n, and Hell command:

Clad in a *Syngian* Vest with scatter'd Locks,

The Priestess, here, (j) *Ennea's* Power invokes,

And *Acheron*: when from the trembling Ground,

Sad Murmures breaking, through the Temple sound,

And Flames from the unkindled Altars rise:

Then, rais'd by Magick Songs, with horrid Cries,

The wandering Ghosts fly through the hollow Air;

While *Dido*, in her Marble, sweats for Fear.

Hither

Hither comes *Hannibal*, commanded by

Amilcar; who observ'd with Curious eye

His Face, and Gesture. Him no Horrid Rites

Or th' Place, nor mad (k) *Mafila's* Fury frights,

Nor the dark Pavement stain'd with Blood, nor Flames

Arising at the sound of Horrid Names.

Stroaking his Head, his Father kiss'd him, cheers

His early Courage, and thus fills his Ears.

An unjust Nation, sprang from ruin'd *Troy*,

With their harsh Leagues do *Cadmus* Sons annoy:

If *Fates* deny the Honour should be Mine,

To wipe off this Disgrace, may it be Thine.

Think on a War may *Italy* destroy:

And may the *Tyrrhene* Youth (my warlike Boy)

Thy Rising dread; and teeming Mothers fear

Their Children to produce, if Thou appear.

Mov'd by this Language, He replies. By Sea,

And Land, so soon as Years will suffer Me,

With Fire and Sword the *Romanes* I'll pursue,

And what *Rhetæan* Fates decree undo.

Neither the Gods, nor Leagues forbidding War,

Tarpeian Rocks, nor *Alps* shall Me debarr.

This my Resolve by *Mars* I swear, and by

Thy Ghost, great Queen. This said, to *Hecate*

Falls a black Victim: the Priestess enquires

The trembling Entrails, as the foul expires.

And when (as Custom was) with Art the mind

O' th' Gods she had explor'd, she thus Divin'd.

Th' *Ætolian* Plains I see with Armies fill'd,

And Lakes, that with (l) *Idean* Blood are swell'd.

What mighty Bodies climb unto the Skie

By Rocks; on whose high top thy Camp shall lie?

Now from the Hills the furious Army falls

Into the Plains, and now the trembling Walls

D

In

(k) A Priestess of the *Maffian* Nation, a Barbarous People, most familiar with those horrid Rites, which were there to be performed: wherein, as if inspired from Hell, she walked, as mad, about the Altars; like that described by our English *Learn* (Lib. 5.)
Then first from her mad Mouth the
foaming words:
And, in the horrid Cave, were heard
at once
Brisk-winded Murmurs, Howlings,
and sad Groans.

(l) *Romani*.

(c) Carthaginians.

(a) *Opimus Spills were such;*
 As One General, or King, took from
 Another. *Romulus* was the Author
 of their Title (*Vid. Liv. lib. 1.*) who
 took them first from the King of the
Cremenses. The Second gain'd by *Corn.*
Cassius, a Roman Tribune; by whom
Tullius King of the *Volturni* was
 slain. And the Third were the Prize
 of *Marcellus*, in his Victory over *Por-*
senus King of the *Capituli* Gauls:
 himself after Run by the *Carthagini-*
ans. *Vid. Liv. 15.*

(d) The two Hills, which make the
 Straight of *Gibraltar*: *Calpe* is the far-
 ther part of *Spain*, and *Africa* in the
 extremest part of *Mauritania*, where
Amilcar was slain in Battle against
 the *Spaniards*.

(e) After the death of *Amilcar*,
 the *Carthaginians* (willing to con-
 tinue that War, found then very ad-
 vantageous to the State) by a general
 vote of the Soldiers, and People, e-
 lected *Hafdrubal*, who was Son-in-
 Law to *Amilcar*, to succeed in his
 Command.

In smok are lost. I see (c) *Sidonian* Flames
 Through all *Hesperia* shine, and bloody Streams
 Mix'd with *Eridanus*. Even He, that bare
 To *Jove* the third (a) *Opimus* Spoils of War,
 Lyes dead on heaps of Arms and Men; his face
 Retaining still its fierceness. But, alas!
 What Tempests do with suddain storms arise;
 While, from the gaping Heav'n, swift Lightning flies:
 The Gods Great things intend, I see even *Jove*
 Engag'd in War, and Thunder from above.
 The silent Entrails now no more reveal'd;
 But *Juno* all the Fates to come conceal'd.
 Dangers, and tedious Labours are behind.
 So keeping in his breast the War design'd;
 While to remotest *Gades* he doth lead
 His Troops, and at (d) *Aleides* Pillars spread
 His *Getick* Ensigns, slain in fight, in pride
 Of all his hopes, the *Tyrian* Captain dy'd.

Him (e) *Hafdrubal* succeeds: whose Reign begun
 In that rich Land, where the declining Sun
 Stoops to the Ocean: whose Tyrant-sway
 Th' *Iberi*, and *Beticoles* obey.
 Of a dark Soul, implacable was He,
 The fruit of whose Command was Cruelty;
 His Thirst of Blood unquenchable appear'd,
 Esteeming it an Honour to be fear'd:
 This Rage known Torments could not satiate.
 And thus, while He both Gods and Men forgate,
Tagus of ancient Race, and noble Fame
 For Beauty, and for valiant Acts, (his Name
 Deriv'd from Golden *Tagus*, and bewail'd
 Through all *Iberia*;) on an Oak impail'd,
 He shews in triumph to's sad Peoples eyes,
 A King deprived of his Obsequies.

Content

Content with his own Bounds, he nor requir'd
Mæonian streams, nor *Lydian* Pools desir'd,
 Nor those rich Vales, where liquid Gold doth flow;
 And *Hermus* with the Sand doth yellow grow.
 He first the Fight began, and last withdrew:
 And when, with's fiery Steed, he broke into
 The Ranks, no Sword, no Spear, could him withstand;
 But in both Armies, with his Conquering hand,
Tagus in golden Arms by all was known.
 Whom when his Servant saw impail'd upon
 The fatal Oak, deform'd; snatching a Sword
 From's side, esteem'd by his lamented Lord,
 Into the Tyrant's Tent he suddain prest,
 And (c) pierc'd, with numerous wounds, his cruel Brest.

Grief, now, and Rage, the *Tyrian* Camp divide,
 And all their thoughts to sad Revenge apply'de.
 Some Fire, some burning Brags, some Racks prepare;
 And some with Rods his bleeding Body tear.
 All busie hands in various Torments chuse
 Their part: some deadly Poyson do infuse;
 Others the gaping Wounds with Flames do fill.
 And (what was terrible to see, or tell,)
 While with all art of Cruelty each Limb
 Was stretcht; that Bones in liquid Fleth did swim,
 And Marrow, mix'd with Blood, in smok did rise:
 His Courage still was firm, and did despise,
 And scorn their Torments; or as he had been
 A safe Spectator onely, and had seen,
 Not felt, what they inflict, the (d) Slave disdains
 His fainting Executioners; complains
 They're dull, and stoutly for the Cross doth call.

Midst these despis'd pains, the General
 Thus lost, the trembling Armie with one voice,
 And cry, on (e) *Hannibal* streight fix their choice.

The

(c) *Hafdrubal*, after he had eight
 years enjoy'd his Command, was slain
 by a Slave of a Prince of that Coun-
 try, whom he had cruelly put to death.
 Our Authors differ from *Polybius*
 and *Appian*, the first affirming him to
 have been murdered treacherously in
 his Inn, the other in Hunting; and ad-
 heres to *Livy*, in the manner of his
 death.

(d) The Constancy of this Slave
 is recorded by *Livy* in these words:
 "When he was apprehended by those
 "that were present, his Joy so far ex-
 "ceeded all sense of Torment, that he
 "endured them with as pleasant a
 "countenance, as if he had escap'd: so
 "that the Poet does not much hyper-
 "bolize the History, when he adds, that
 "he stoutly call'd for the Cross, the last
 "punishment of condemned Slaves."

(e) So soon as *Hafdrubal* came to
 the Command of the Army, he sent
 for *Hannibal* (to the great dislike of
Hanno's Faction, who apprehended his
 haughty Spirit) into the Camp; where
 he soon acquired the Love of the Sol-
 diery, especially of the old Bands
 (that had served under his Father)
 who were the first, that, after the
 death of *Hafdrubal*, declared him Ge-
 neral, at the age of twenty five years;
 which, assisted to by the rest of the
 Troops, was immediately confirmed by
 the Senate of *Carthage*: where the
Borean Faction was most prevalent.

The Image of his Father's Valour, Fame
Of the War vow'd against the *Romane* Name,
His young and active Courage, noble Heat,
His Eloquence, and mind arm'd with Deceit,
Procured this Applause. And, first of all,
The *Libyan* Troops salute him *General*;
Next these, the *Pyrenean* People; than
The warlike Bands of the *Iberian*.
When streight a Confidence of this Command
Enflames his soul: as if the Sea and Land,
Where *Auster* rules, or where the Lamp of Day
In *Cancer* lodg'd tormenteth *Libya*,
Or *Asia* did submit; or He beheld
A third part of the World Obedience yield.

His Bounds were where Fam'd *Nilus* sees the Day
First rise, and with seven Streams invades the Sea.
But where they milder look to either *Bear*,
Wash'd by th' *Herculean*-Sea, the *U* Plains appear
Of fertile *Europe*, from the neighb'ring Hills:
All the vast Tract beyond the *Ocean* fills.
Nor will huge ^(f) *Atlas* suffer that his Name
Farther extend: *Atlas*, whose Neck the Frame
Of Heaven doth prop: Whose clouded Head doth all
The Stars support; which, that withdrawn, would fall.
The Winter of un-melting Frost, and Snow,
Dwells on his Beard; upon his lofty Brow
A Grove of Pines, that cast Eternal shade;
His Temples by the Winds are hollow made;
And Rivers from his misty Jaws descend
In Froth; and both his sides with Seas contend:
Which, when his panting Steeds the weary Sun
Doth drench in smoking Waves, do seem to drown
The Chariot. But where parch'd *Africa's* Fields
Appear, the barren Earth no Harvest yields;

But

(f) *Hannibal*, now Commander of so vast an Army, commanded likewise all the Dominions of the *Carthaginians*, which were then very great, especially in *Lipsy*, being Lords of all that vast Tract of ground, upon the Sea-coast, from *Carthage* unto *Hirculian* Pillars: where they found an easy passage into *Spain*, whose fertile Plains, to be seen from the Hills of *Mauritania*, invited them to that Conquest, which *Hannibal* obtained.

(g) Which terminated the Bounds of the *Carthaginian* Well-ward, in the extreme parts of *Mauritania*; as *Nilus* was their Boundary South-ward.

But Serpents, with fell Poison charg'd; yet where
The Soil is blest'd with a more temperate Air,
Nor *Pharian*, nor *Ennean* Plains excell.

Here the ^(h) *Numidians* insulting fill
One quarter of the Camp: no use they know
Of Bridles; but, when Horses swiftest go,
Them, with a Wand, between their Ears apply'd,
As with the Reins, or Curbs, at pleasure, guid.
A warlike Nation, that in Wars delight;
Yet trusting more to Fraud, than open Fight.
The *Spanish* Troops another part contain'd;
Aids, by his valiant Father's Trophies, gain'd
From *Europe*: whose fierce Horse with neighing fills
The Plains, and swiftly climbs th' encamp'd Hills:
(Not *Mars* through *Thracian* Fields more furious
A Nation fierce, and prodigal of Lives, drives)
Willing to hasten Death: for, when their Prime
Of years is over-past by conqu'ring Time,
Scorning decay of Strength, or Age, to know,
Bear in their hands their Fate. Here Metals grow
Of matter mixt, ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Electrum's* Pallid Veins
Produc'd, and darker Steel the Earth contains:
But God those Springs of Mischief deeply hides;
Yet *Astur*, covetous, the Earth divides,
And, in her mangled Entrails drown'd again,
Returns with Gold, and bears the Pretious Stain.
Hence *Durius*, and rich *Tagus*, with thy Streams
Contend, *Padolus*, and that ^(k) Flood, that seems
To bring up *Lethe* to the People, and
Upon the *Gravii* rolls the Glittering Sand.
A Land where *Ceres*, and *Lyæus* too
Do dwell, and Olive-Trees in plenty grow.

These Nations, now, reduc'd to the Command
Of Warlike *Hannibal*, and in his Hand

E

The

(h) The *Numidians*, a wandering People, descended (as *Silius* relates) of the *Phrygians*, were part of *Hercules* his Army: and, after his Death, returning into *Spain*, planted themselves in that part of *Africa*, which borders upon the *Carthaginian* Bounds, and on the *Mauritanian*. Their manner of fighting is described by the *Poet*: and of what great use they were to *Hannibal* appears through the whole *Poem*, agreeable to *History*.

(i) Of *Electrum* there are two sorts: one whereof is a Gummy substance, which becomes hard, and hath formerly been found, (though not very plentifully) mix'd with the Sands of *Byzantium* (the *Poet* which gave occasion to the *Poet* to say *Phaethon's* Sifters to be turned into *Phaethon*, and their Tears into that substance, of which some Statues were made for *Aurifer*. The other sort (meant here) is a mixture of the Seeds of Gold with Silver.

(k) *Asa* (a River in *Spain*, now called *Guadiana*) which, according to the Antient division of *Spain*, separates *Hispania Bætica* (that contained the Kingdoms of *Granada*, *Andalusia*, with part of *New Castile*, and *Extremadura*) from *Lusitania* (*Portugal*) it runs, for the space of eight German Miles, under Ground, and afterward, breaking forth again, emptieth it self into the Gulf Channel into the *Atlantic* Sea. Upon some part of this was a *Gætan* Colony, mentioned here by the *Poet*, and affected by *Cluverius*, lib. 2. *Intrad. Geograph.*

(1) *Amilcar*, who, by his cunning perfusions, drew many Cities to the Obedience of the *Carthaginians*: in which Art *Hannibal* no less excelled, as appeared, not only at his first entrance on his *ononast*, which gained him the ready Obedience of that vast Army, led by him into *Italy*; but among the *Gauls*, and *Italy* it self. And for that Interview with *Scipio*, at the Court of *Admetius*, as an eminent Virtue in him. *Fide Lat. lib. 35.*

The Reins of Rule: streight with his Father's ⁽¹⁾ Arts
He makes his Party; now with Arms subverts
Decrees of Senate, now with Bribes; appears
The first to walk on Foot; the first, that bears
A part, if haste require, a Trench to make;
The first, that all Attempts would undertake:
Remits in nothing, that to Honour tends;
Refuseth nature Rest, and watchfull spends
The night in Arms. Now, by his Cassock known,
Mix'd with the *Libyſean* Foot, lies down
On th' Earth, contending with the Steel he wore
In Hardness: sometimes he'd Advance before
His num'rous Troops; and, with a valiant Hand,
Perform in Person, what he did Command:
Sometimes, on his bare Head, he'd entertain
The Ruins of the Heav'ns; their Storms, and Rain.
The *Tyrians* saw, th' *Asturians* did admire
To see, when *Jove* did dart his forked Fire,
When Thunder fell in Storms, and every Blast
Of Wind struck forth the Flames, how bold he past
Through all, on's snorting Steed: nor would retire,
Though clog'd with Dust, and scorch'd with *Sirius* fire.
And, when the sultry Air did frie with Heat,
That parch'd the Earth, they seem'd Effeminate,
Who sought a Shade: while He, to exercise
His Thirst, where'er he sees a Fountain, flies.
His sole Delight's, to dress a furious Horse
For War, and to be famous for the Force
Of's killing Arm: to swim a Stream unknown
Or'e Echoing Rocks: t' assail the Foe, upon
The adverse Bank. The first, that would ascend
To scale a Wall, and, when he did contend
In open Fight, where'er his Sword did go,
It carried Death, and Streams of Blood did flow.

Being

Being therefore, now, resolv'd to violate
The Sacred League, he urgeth on his Fate.
And, where he can, on *Rome's* Allies doth fall,
And storms in farthest Lands the Capitol.

His waving Ensigns (first displaid for love
Of greater Wars) against ⁽²⁾ *Saguntus* move.
The Walls, first built by *Hercules*, not far
From Sea, upon a rising Hill appear.

Whose noble Name *Zacynthus*, there by Fate
Entomb'd upon the Top, did consecrate.

He, among others of *Alcides* Train,
Return'd to *Thebes*, the fam'd *Gerion* ⁽³⁾ slain.
Three Souls that Monster did inform, three pair
Of Hands, his Head a triple Neck did bear.

Earth ne'r beheld another could survive
One Death, to whom the Fates three Lives did give.
Yet here the Conqu'rouer shew'd his Spoils: and, as
In Heat of day the Captive Heard's did pass
Unto the Springs, a Serpent, kick'd by chance,
Big with enflaming Poison, did advance
His tumid Jaws, and by a deadly Wound
Lay'd the *Inachian* dead on *Spanish* Ground.

About that time, an exil'd Colonie,
Born in an Island of the *Grecian* Sea,
Came from the South, and by *Zacynthus* there
To *Ithaca's* Dominions added were.

The *Damian* Youth, wanting a dwelling, then
Rich in their Numbers, led by Valiant men,
Sent from a City, which we *Ardea* term,
Arriv'd, their weak Beginnings to confirm.
These, by Agreement with the *Romane* State,
Having their Liberties inviolate,
And Honour of their Ancestours, forsook,
What they had long endur'd, the *Tyrian* Yoak.

E 2 Against

(2) *Alcia*, *Hermancia*, *Archie*,
ta, and some other Provinces of Spain,
And before fell the fury of the *Carthaginians*: but *Saguntus* was the first
Confederate City (with the *Romans*)
that was Attacked by them. It is now
called *Mar-veide*, Situate upon the
River *Meris* (or *Ebro*) about a mile
from the Sea: Great only in its Fame
of this memorable Siege.

(3) Three Brothers, that Reigned
in *Spain*, with such admirable Bravery,
that all seem'd to be Governed
by one Mind: which gave Birth to
this *Fable*. They were Abled by
Hercules.

Against these, therefore, his incens'd Bands,
 Breaking the League, fierce *Hannibal* commands:
 Disturbs their Peace with Arms. Shaking his Head,
 Himself high-mounted on his panting Steed,
 Surveys the Walls; and, when he had beheld
 The trembling Houses, Summons them to yield
 Their Gates, and Forts: tells them; That *Italie*,
 Their League, and hop'd-for Aids, far distant be;
 Nor should his Mercy meet them, if subdu'd
 By Arms: That all the *Senate* could conclude,
 Their Laws, and Statutes, nay their Gods, and Faith,
 Were now within his Power. And what he saith,
 Confirms by's Javelin thrown against the Walls:
 Which on *Caius*, vainly threat'ning, falls;
 And through his Arms his Body pierc'd. He slain,
 And tumbling from the Rampart, brings again
 To the insulting Conquerour his Dart,
 Reeking in Blood, and trembling in his Heart.
 The rest th' Example of the *General*
 With Shouts pursue; and streight obscure the Wall
 With a dark Cloud of Darts. Nor was their clear
 Valour in Number lost: each man doth bear
 Himself against the foremost; as if he,
 Alone, would undertake the Enemy.
 Here one the Sling with frequent Jerks doth ply;
 Which, waved thrice about his Head, lets flie
 A Weapon with the Winds; which in the Air
 Is lost, to sight. Huge Stones another, there,
 Flings from his sinewy Arm: this doth advance,
 And from the slippery nouse expells a Lance.
 But *Hannibal*, before all other, rich
 In's Father's Arms, now flings, with flaming Pitch,
 A smoking Lamp; then hurls his Javelin; now,
 With Stakes, and Stones, doth press upon the Foe:

Or

Or poison'd Arrows sends, and doth applaud
 Insulting, as they flie, his Quiver's fraud.
 Such Shafts the *Daci*, on the *Getique* Coast,
 Steep'd in the Poison of their Countrie, boast,
 And by the Banks of two-nam'd ⁽¹⁾ *Ister* shoot.

But now it is decreed, and they, about
 The Hill, their horned Bulwarks raise; and, round
 The City, armed Towers do abound.
 Oh Faith, by antient Times ador'd, which now
 On Earth, we onely by thy Name do know!
 The Valiant Youth resolv'd stand, and see
 All hope of Flight cut off; their Walls to be
 Begirt with Arms: yet think a noble Death,
 Most worthy *Rome*. And that, *Saguntus* Faith
 By them preserv'd, she might more Glorious fall,
 Then stand: they now more resolutely all
 Their Strength collect. Then from contracted Strings
 Stones of vast Bulk the *Phocæan* ⁽²⁾ Engine slings:
 Or, changing weight, whole Trees with Iron bound
 Ejects; that, breaking through, the Ranks confound.
 A Shout both Armies raise, and furious come
 To Blows; as if they had besieged *Rome*.
 Among so many thousands, that did stand,
 Circled in Arms, like Corn on fertile Land;
 Bold *Hannibal*, desirous to enpire
 Into his Armie's minds that furious Fire
 Was lodg'd in his own Breast, doth thus excite
 Their Rage, and Stimulates the following Fight.

Do we stand still before a Captiv'd Foe?
 Aham'd we have begun? Aham'd to go
 On with this Omen! goodly Valour! Shall
 These be the first-Fruits of the *General*?
 Must we fill *Italie* with such a Fame?
 Premise such Fights as this? Go on, for shame:

This

(1) It being also called *Danubius* by the *Syrians*; by reason of an unfortunate Expedition they once made over it. *Enfath*, in *Dion*.

(2) The *Ballista* was a kind of Sling; invented (saith *Pliny*, lib. 7. cap. 36.) by the *Phœnicians*; wherewith they cast Stones, Spears, Darts, &c. and is here called *Phocæan*: for that the *Saguntines* were defended of the *Phœnians*, in whose Territory was *Platæa*.

This said, with Fury they invade the Wall,
On which they leave their Hands, and backwards fall.
With that in haste a Mount was rais'd, above
The Town, whereon the Fighting Squadrons move.
But with an ^(*) Engine, that by many hands
Was mov'd, the brave Besieg'd, the thronging Bands
Drive from the Gates. It was a mighty Oak,
Strange to behold; which, for defence, they took
From th' *Pyrenean* Hills. This, strongly lin'd
With num'rotus Pikes of Steel, could hardly finde
By Walls, resistance; and about besmear'd
With Sulphur, and with unctious Pitch, appear'd
Like an huge Thunder-bolt, and from the Walls
Of their high *Arcenal* it swiftly falls;
Cutting with trembling Flames the yielding Air;
(So Comets, running with their bloody Hair,
From Heav'n to Earth, cast a Prodigious light)
And with a furious Force, that did affright
Ev'n *Hannibal*, upon the Armie flies,
Tossing their smoaking Members to the Skies:
Till, fix'd to a vast Tower, the active Flames,
^(*) Through the raw Hides, consume the mighty Beams.
And there, in burning Ruins, both the Men,
And Arms involves. The *Carthaginians* then,
Grown wise by loss, through secret Mines convey
Their Troops, and so the City open lay.
That labour of Great *Hercules*, the Wall,
To th' Earth, with noise incredible, doth fall;
And in its Ruin Stones immense doth roll,
That *Eccho* from the *Alps* unto the *Pole*.
So airy Rocks, torn from their Native side
By Storms, with horror do an Hill divide.
The Breach was soon, with Heaps of Bodies slain,
Obstructing their Advance, supply'd again.

Amidst

(*) This Engine is described by *Livy* (*Liv. 21.*) to have been very long, smooth, and round: but square at the End: out of which came a Pike of Iron, (like that of the *romane Pile*) in length three Foot: that it might penetrate both through the Arms, and Bodies of the Enemy. About it they fastened Plax and Pitch: which kindled, and gathering Flames in its Motion, was not only very hurtfull to all that stood in its way, but terrible to those at Distance.

(*) These were called *Plani* by the *Latins*: and were made use of, to cover Beams, and Planks, while the Souldiers were working: to keep them from being fired by the Enemy.

Amidst those Ruins, both with equal Rage
Do meet; before the rest, in's prime of Age,
Murrus, ennobled by a *Latine* Line,
Himself a *Greek*, his Mother *Saguntine*;
Whose Parents, in a Sacred League combin'd,
Dulichian Nephews to *Italian* joyn'd.
He, as stout *Vaidus* his Companions calls
Aloud unto the Fight, upon him falls,
And wounds him, where unarm'd he did appear,
Between his Cask and Corset; with his Spear
Stopping his bold Attempts: and, as he lies
Prostrate upon the Ground, insulting cries;
Th' art down, false *Carthaginian*: surely thou,
As Conquerour, didst fancy foremost now
To climbe the Capitol: but, what could move
Such bold Desires? Go, war with *Stygian* Jove.

Then, as *Iberus* fiercely did advance,
To succour him, fix'd in his Thigh his Lance:
And, spurning *Vaidus* dying Face, quoth he;
This to the Walls of *Rome* your Way must be,
O fear'd, and valiant Hands! you all must tread
This Path, whither soe're your Haste doth lead.

And, as *Iberus* labour'd to renew
The Fight, his Target leis'd, and pierc'd him through
His naked Side. *Iberus*, rich in Land,
And Flocks, unknown to Fame, could well command
His Dart, and Bow, against a flying Beast:
Happy in's Private life, had he possesst
Those Weapons still, within his Father's Groves.
To succour him with speed now *Ladmus* moves:
On whom bold *Murrus* grimly smiling, Thou
(Said he) shalt tell *Amilcar's* Shade below;
That this right-Hand, after the *Vulgars* fall,
Shall give you for Companion *Hannibal*:

Then

Then, rising high, with's Sword on's Helmet struck,
 Which, through the very brazen Cover, broke
 His cracking Scull. Then *Chremes*, who his Hair
 Unhorn, like to a Cap, on's Brow did wear :
 With *Masulus*, and *Harcalo*, though old,
 Yet not unfit for War ; who with a bold
 And fearless Hand, a seeming Lyoness
 Would stroke : then *Bragada*, whose Shield's Impress,
 A River's Urn : *Hyempsal*, who the Wrack
 Of Ships from dang'rous Sands would boldly take,
 As Spoils, from raging Seas : these sadly all,
 Slain by his fatal Hand, together fall :
 And with them *Atyr*, skilfull to disarm
 Serpents of Poison, whose sole Touch could charm
 To sleep the banefull Adder, and apply
 The Ceraft, all suspected Broods to try.
 And thou *Hyarba*, *Garamantick*, born
 By Oracular Groves, thy Helmet, like an Horn,
 Bending about thy Temples, there wer't slain;
 Accusing *Jove*, and Destinies, in vain,
 That often falsely thy Return express'd.
 But now with Bodies slain the Heap encreas'd,
 And with the yet-warm Streams of slaughter smoaks;
 While *Murru* to the Fight aloud provokes
 The *General* : as when, pursu'd by cries
 Of *Spartan* Dogs, a Boar the Forest flies,
 And, met by Hunters, on his Back doth rear
 The Ensigns of his Rage, and his last War
 Attempts, and, as his foamy Blood he eats,
 Groaning, his Tusks against their Javelins beats.
 But in another Quarter, where Despair
 Had forc'd the Youth to fall, free from fear,
 That any Hand, or Dart, could work his fall,
 Raging amidst the Troops was *Hannibal* :

And

And shakes his Sword, that was, not long before,
 With Fire enchanted, on th' *Hesperian* Shore,
 Made by Old *Temisus* ; whose pow'rfull Skill
 Could temper, with his Charming Tongue, the Steel.
 So, in *Bistonian* Plains, the God of War
 Brandish'd his Sword ; when, in his Iron Car,
 The *Titans* he pursu'd ; or, with the Breath
 Of's Steeds, and Noise of's Wheels, extinguisheth
 The Flames of War. *Hofcus*, and *Pholus*, now,
Lygdus, and *Dirius*, to the Shades below,
 By him were sent. To them *Galesus* fair ;
 The Twins, *Chronus*, and *Gyas*, added were :
 With *Dannus* ; who all other did excell,
 In Pleading at the Bar, and by his Skill
 (Though a most Just Observer of the Laws)
 Still gain'd the Hearers minds unto his Cause.
 But, furiously, with Rage transported, now,
 This Language adds, as he his Darts doth throw ;
 Whither, proud *Carthaginian*, will the Spite,
 And Fury, of thy Father, thee incite ?
 Here are no Fabricks, by a Woman's Hand
 Erected, purchas'd with a Price ; or Land
 To Exiles measur'd, by an Ox's Hide :
 Here the Foundations of the Gods abide,
 And *Romane* Leagues. While thus he, boasting, speaks ;
 With a fierce Charge, the *Carthaginian* breaks
 Into the fighting Ranks, that him surround,
 And seizing on him Captive, having bound
 His Hands upon his Back, commands him strait,
 In slowly-killing Pains, to meet his Fate.
 Then bids his Ensigns to Advance ; and, through
 The Heaps of Slaughter'd Men, the Way doth shew,
 Exciting all by Name ; and gives away,
 Sure of Success, the City, as their Prey.

F

But

But now, inform'd by some, that Fled, that Heaven
 To *Murru*, in another Part, had given
 The Day with Victory, enrag'd, he flies
 Like a fierce Tiger, and that Enterprize
 Forsakes : while, as he goes, his Helmet seems,
 Upon his Head, to cast forth killing Beams.
 As when a Comet, with its fiery Hair,
 A Kingdom frights, and scatters through the Air
 Its Bloody Flames ; which, as they issue forth,
 With Horrour, threaten Ruin to the Earth.
 The Ensigns, Arms, and Men, unto his Rage
 Give way ; and, as he, Furious, doth engage,
 Both Armies tremble : while his Spear ejects
 A Light, prodigious ; that round reflects,
 Like Lightning, on his Shield. As when the Waves,
 Swelling up to the Stars, while *Corus* raves
 On the *Ægean*-Sea, hang in the Air ;
 Filling th' affrighted Sea-mens Hearts with Fear :
 And roaring, Thunder-like, as they encrease,
 Tofs, to and fro, the trembling ⁽¹⁾ *Cyclades*,
 Within their hollow Bosoms. Him, not all
 The Darts, that do invade him, from the Wall ;
 Nor Flames, cast at his Face ; nor Stones, by Art,
 Excus'd from mighty Engines, could divert.
 Soon as a shining Crest he did behold,
 And, by the Sun's reflection, Arms of Gold,
 Besmear'd with Blood, look red ; enrag'd, he saies.
 See *Murru*, who Our great Attempts delaies,
 And *Libya's* Affairs : I'll make Thee know,
 What thy *Iberus*, and vain Leagues can do.
 Keep still your Laws, Faith, Justice : but (said he)
 Leave your deceived Deities to Me.

Murru replies ; Th' art Welcome. My desire
 To Combate Thee, long since, did burn like Fire,

In

(1) The *Cyclades* are Islands in the *Archipelago* ; in number fifty three : situate round about the Isle of *Dreus* ; and from the Circle derive their general Name. *Solin*, cap. 17.

In hope to have thy Head : receive what's due
 For all thy Fraud, and under Ground pursue
 Thy Way to *Italy* ; to thee this Hand
 Shall a long Journey give to th' *Trojan* Land,
 And *Alps*, and high *Pyrene*, crown'd with Snow.

This said, perceiving his approaching Foe,
 From the high Breach, a firm, and weighty Stone,
 With all his Strength, he takes, and hurls it down,
 As he Advanc'd, and in its speedy fall
 Oppress'd him, as if stricken with the Wall.
 Shame fires his Thoughts ; nor, still wont to prevail,
 Though check'd, did then his conscious Valour fail.
 Gnashing his Teeth, he labours to ascend
 The Wall, through all the Darts, that it defend :
 But when he nearer shin'd, and stood upon
 The Rampart, all the *Tyrian* Troops came on,
 And compass'd *Murru* round, who all the Host
 Amaz'd, and soon among his Foes was lost.
 A thousand Hands, and Swords, together shine,
 Unnumber'd waving Crests on Casks decline :
 Loud Shouts, and Clamours, from all Quarters came,
 As if *Saguntus* all were in a Flame.
Murru, his Limbs, with instant Death possess'd,
 Drags after him, and these Last words express'd.

Aleides, Thou, who first these Walls didst rear,
 Whose Sacred foot-steps we inhabit here,
 Avert this Storm, which menaceth our Land ;
 If I defend not with a sluggish Hand
 Thy Walls. And looking up (as thus he pray'd)
 To Heav'n, Shall not our bold Attempts (he said)
 More justly favour'd be, Great *Hercules* ?
 Unless our emulous Valour thee displease.
 For, not unlike thy self, when Mortal, Me
 Thou shalt acknowledg. Then propitious be,

F 2

Thou

(*) First Sack'd by *Hercules*, in the Reign of King *Laomedon*.

Thou God, that first didst (*) waste unhappy *Troy*.
 Me rather, who the Reliques will destroy
 Of th' *Phrygian* Race, (said *Hannibal*) assit.
 And, as he spake, with all his Fury prest
 His Sword through *Murru*. Troubled at his Fall,
 The Youth run in; his Arms, and Corps, by all
 Well known, were to the Conquerour denide,
 For Spoil: the Troops encrease on either side,
 And stand all in an Heap; while Stones rebound
 'Gainst Helmets, & while Spears 'gainst Targets found.
 Some hard'ned Stakes do throw, some pond'rous Lead,
 By which the Crest's divided on the Head,
 And Glory of the Plumes in Slaughter fall.
 And now the Rivulets of Sweat o're all
 The * *Libyan*'s Members flow; on ev'ry Scale
 Stand barbed Arrows, in his Coat of Mail.
 No Rest, no Shelter left to shun a Blow:
 His Knees decline, and weary Shoulders bow
 Under his Arms. Then, from his parched Jaws,
 His Breath like Vapour breaking forth, he draws
 Deep sighs, and Groans, that check'd by panting throws,
 A broken Murmur through his Helmet goes.
 His Courage his Adversity outwies,
 Perswading Virtue, then to exercise
 Her Strength, when Fortune frowns: and so outweighs
 Dangers, by th' Glory of ensuing Praise.
 A suddain Noise, among the Clouds, breaks forth
 From the divided Heav'n, and shakes the Earth.
Jove, over both the Armies, thund'ring twice;
 Then, in an horrid Whirl-wind, in the Skies,
 Shak'd the revengfull Lance of unjust War,
 And couch'd upon his adverse Thigh the Spear.
 Ye, Rocks *Tarpeian*, where Powers Divine
 Reside! and *Trojan* Flames, that ever shine

* *Hannibal*.

On

On Virgin Altars! what great things (alas!)
 To you, by that fallacious Meteor, was
 Promis'd by Heav'n: for, had it nearer been
 Oppos'd against their Rage, we ne'r had seen
 A Passage through the *Alps*; nor *Allia*
 Should (*Tibrafennus*) to thy Streams give way.
 But *Juno*, on *Pyrene*'s Top, from far,
 Beholding his so early Heat, in War,
 And fruitless Onset, pulls his falling Spear
 From the hard Bones, where it did first appear.
 He hiding with his Shield the Blood, that swims,
 Diffus'd in Streams, upon his wounded Limbs;
 Fainting, with flow, and doubtfull Steps, retires.
 The Night, at length, arrives to their desires,
 And both the Earth, and Sea, in darkness hides,
 And, putting Day to flight, the Fight decides.
 But their resolved Minds still watch, with Care,
 And, lab'ring in the Night, the Breach repair.
 Extremities of Danger do incense
 Their Thoughts, and Courage; which takes Violence
 From their Despair. Hence Men oppress'd with Age,
 Women, and tender Children, all engage
 To help, and in that dubious State of things,
 With his yet bleeding Wounds, the Souldier brings
 Stones to the Work: the Senators their share
 Partake, and Nobles, in the Publick Care.
 They meet, and chosen Men exhort, with Pray'rs,
 To succour their deplorable Affairs,
 And from *Saguntus* Walls to drive away
 The *Tyrian* Flames. Now, go, with speed (say they)
 And, (*) while the wounded Tyger is restrain'd,
 And shut within his Den, their Ships ascend.
 A speedy Diligence is best in War;
 The way to Honour is, where Dangers are.

Haste

(*) Though *Plutarch* (in *Vita* *Marcelli*) admires, that *Hannibal* in those many fights against the *Romans*, and their Allies, was never wounded: yet *Livy* (*Liv. 21.*) is positive, that, in this Affair, going too unduly near the Wall, he was desperately wounded, by a barbed Lance, in the Thigh: which so much discouraged his Men, that his Officers had much ado to keep them from deserting their Trenches.

Haste ye, these antient Walls, that can no more
 Defend us, and our Faith, at *Rome* deplore.
 Come home with better Fates: in brief, Return,
 Before in Funeral Flames *Saguntibus* burn.
 With this sad Charge to the next Shore they hie,
 And or'e the Seas with swelling Canvase flie.
 Now *Tiibon's* rofie Wife had Sleep exil'd,
 And with her Horses early neighing fill'd
 The Mitty Hills, and shook her Reins, with Dew
 Surcharg'd: when from the Walls the Youth did shew
 Their high-built Tow'rs; that there by Night had bin
 Erected, and the City compas'd in.
 All Action's lay'd aside; the Souldier's sad;
 The Siege declines; that Heat stands still, that had
 So Active been; and, in that Danger, all
 Their Cares are turn'd upon the *General*.

(x) The *Saguntinorum*.

The (x) *Rutuli*, by this, the Seas had croft,
 Beginning now to see th' *Herculean* Coast,
 And Cloud-encompas'd Rocks, that to the Skies
 From the (y) *Monacian* Hills aspiring rise.
 Here *Thracian Boreas* his Imperial Seat
 Maintains: and, always Cold, sometimes doth beat
 Upon the Shore; sometimes, with roaring Wings,
 Cleaves ev'n the *Alps*; and, when himself he flings
 Over the Earth, from the still-Icic *Bear*,
 No other Winds against him dare appear.
 With whirling Blasts, the Ocean is broke
 Into divided Waves, that rise in Smoak,
 And hide the Hills from sight: then, as he flies,
 Heaves *Rhene*, and *Rhodanus*, unto the Skies.

When this dire Fury of fierce *Boreas* they
 Had scap'd, th' alternate Dangers of the Sea,
 And their sad War, and dubious Succes
 Of things, with frequent Sighs they thus exprfs.

Dear

Dear Countrey! Faith's renowned Temple! where
 Are now thy Fates? do yet thy Tow'rs appear
 Sacred on Hills? Or, of so Great a Name,
 Do Affes, the sad Reliques of a Flame,
 Onely remain; ye Gods? Oh! fill our Sails
 With gentle Winds, and give us prosperous Gales;
 If that our Temples Roofs the Fire invade
 Not yet, or *Latian* Ships can lend us Aid.

In such Complaints, they, Day and Night, deplore
 Their State; untill on the *Italian* Shore
 The Ship arriv'd: where Father *Tyber*, made
 More rich by *Anio's* Waters, doth invade
 With Yellow Waves the Sea. From thence they come
 Unto the Walls of their own-kindred, *Rome*.
 The *Consul* calls a Solemn Council; where
 Fathers of unstain'd (z) Poverty appear:
 Whose worthy Names do from their Triumphs rise.
 A *Senate*, that in Virtue equalize

The Gods: such Men, as valiant Acts to Fame
 Commend; whom just Desires of Right enflame:
 Their Beards, and Hair, neglected on their Brow;
 Their Hands familiar with the crooked Plow;
 Content with little: Hearts, whom no desire
 Of Wealth torments; who, often, did retire
 To their small *Lares*, in Triumphal Cars.
 But, at the Temple-Gates, the Spoils of Wars,
 Their Captiv'd Chariots, and Weapons stain'd
 With Blood, Opimous Spoils, which they had gain'd
 From *Generals*, with Axes terrible
 In Fight; then Bars of Gates, whose Cities fell
 Under their Fury; Targets, pierced through
 By Darts, and Swords, hang up: and here they view
Ægæthæ War; Ships scatter'd on the Sea,
 Whose Stems, there hanging, Testimonials be

Of

(z) The Primitive Virtue of the
Romans was eminently Glorious in
 the incorruptible Poverty of some of
 their Consuls: as, *Sc. Cincinnatus*,
Servilius, *M. Curius Dentatus*, *Pabi-*
lius, &c. Who contemn'd the Tem-
 ptations of their greatest Enemies, con-
 tenting themselves with little Posses-
 sions, and choos'ing, rather to command
 over a Wealthy People, than be rich
 Themselves. See *Livy's Epit. lib. 14.*

(y) *Monacian* Hills, hanging over
 a little Port, where *Hercules* had a
 Temple, called *Monacian*, because
 he would allow no other God to share
 with him in his Temple. And it was a
Cannon in the *Augustal Laws*. That
 no Chapel, or Temple, should be de-
 dicated to two Gods: for that, if any
 prodigie happened, the Priests could
 not determine, to which of the two
 Deities they should Sacrifice. *Id. Id. lib.*
lib. 11. cap. 1.

(a) The *Romanæ*, besieged, in the *Capitol*, by the *Gauls*. Attended to give some Talents for their Ransom. The *Gauls* brought false Scales, and the *Romanæ* Treasures refusing to weigh the Gold, so much to their disadvantage, an Insolent *Gaul* cast his Sword into the heavier scale, intimating they would have on all Advantage. But, *Camillus* arriving at the same Instant, to their Relief, the Sword was taken, and (the *Gauls* repulsed) kept, as a sacred Relique, in the *Capitol*.

(b) *Camillus* was a Noble *Romanæ*, no less famous, for the preservation of his Country; then *Romulus*, for founding it. He was five times *Dilectus*, and was chosen, by the besieged *Romanæ*, to his second Dictatorship, while he was in banishment. At which time he gave that memorable Defeat to the *Gauls*. The Arms, which he wore in that Expedition, were preserved in the *Capitol*. See *Livy*, lib. 5.

(c) *Pyrrhus*, (descended from *Æneas*) King of *Spain*, who gave great Testimonies of his Virtue, in his Expedition into *Italy*, to Aid the *Tarentines* against the *Romanæ*. With whom he had several Conflicts, with various Events, and was forced to quit *Italy*, through Conduct of *Fabius*.

(d) The *Gels* were a sort of Weapons, used by the Celtic *Gauls*, and seem, by *Varræ*, to have been Long, and slender, like Darts. For that such, as had no Targets, carried more than one of them, in their Hands. Those, reserved in the *Capitol*, were, either taken by *Camillus*, or from the *Celte*, who (as *Appian*) were Mercenaries to the *Carthaginians* in the first *Punic* War.

(e) *Iberus* (now called *Ebro*) runneth, from its Fountain in *Cantabria*, with a large Navigable Stream, through a large Tract of Ground, by many late Cities, for the space of two hundred and threescore Miles. The *Carthaginians* were obliged, by the Articles, between them, and the *Romanæ*, after the first War, not to pass over the River. Which Articles were violated by *Hannibal*, who this way led his Army, over the *Pyrenean* Hills (near which it runs) in his March towards *Italy*.

(f) A People, bordering upon the greater *Lybian Syrtis*; whose manner of Living is described by the Noble *Lucan*, (Lib. 9) and thus by Mr. May

“Yet this dull Earth

“Unco a few small Hearts affords a birth;

“Which are the hardy *Nasamonians* rare:

“Near the Sea-Coast they bleakly feared are.

“Whom barbarous *Syrtis* with the World’s Loss maintain.

“For Spoil, they, lull upon the Sand remain.

“And, though no Merchants Trade with them, yet Gold

“They have; and still, by Shipwreck, Traffic hold

“With all the World.”

Of *Libya*’s vanquish’d Fleet: the Helmets here
Of curled *Senones* are fix’d; and there

The Sword, the Judg of their (a) redeeming Gold:

With these, the honour’d Trophies of the bold

(b) *Camillus*, and his Arms, in Triumph borne

(The *Gauls* now all repuls’d) at his Return:

Here were the Spoils of great (c) *Æacides*;

And *Epirotick* Ensigns: among these,

Dreadfull *Ligurian* Crests, with the rude Shield

Of *Spain*, and *Alpine* (d) *Gels*, they beheld.

But, when the Ruins they had born, and fear’d,

As written in their Squalid Looks appear’d,

So, that *Saguntus* Image seem’d to stand,

Before their Eyes, and their Last Aid demand;

Grave *Sycoris*, with Tears, began, and faith.

Ye, *Romanes*, famous for your sacred Faith;

Whom justly all the *Nations*, that give place

Unto your Arms, acknowledg *Mars* his Race;

Think not, that we have measur’d o’r the Sea,

For Dangers light. Our Walls, and Countrey, we,

Besieg’d, and falling, saw: and there, whom wilde

Beasts, or the raging Seas, brought forth, beheld,

Fierce *Hannibal*. Far from these Walls, Oh! far,

Keep him, ye Gods, I pray: and to our War

Confine his dreadful Hand. What mighty Beams

He hurls? How Strong, how Great in Arms he seems?

Over *Pyrene*’s Hills he makes his Way,

And, scorning that (e) *Iberus* Flood should stay

His Speed, he listeth *Calpe*, in his Bands,

With those, that dive in (f) *Nasamonian* Sands;

And seeketh greater Walls: that, if the Sea,

Whose Rage we lately felt, shall cease to be

His Bar, into your Cities he will break.

Think you, this desp’rate Youth would undertake

The

The charge of so great Broils, and violate
With Arms your League, or thus precipitate

By Vows into a War; onely to give

Saguntus Laws, or Us of Life deprive?

Oh! haste, suppress the rising Flame, for fear

The Danger prove too strong for tardy Care.

Or, though you have no Terrors of your Own,

Nor yet the Seeds of War, which he hath sown,

Appear: can your *Saguntus* be deny’d

An helping Hand, so near in (g) Blood ally’d?

All the *Ileri*, *Galli*, all that are

Still thirsting under *Libya*’s fiery Star;

Under his Ensigns march. We pray you, by

Th’ ador’d Beginnings of the *Rutul*,

Laurentine Household-Gods, and by these dear

Pledges of Mother *Troy*, with speed prepare

To Aid our Pietie, who are compell’d

For poor (h) *Acrisioean* Walls to yield

(i) *Tyrinthian* Tow’rs. You nobly did contend

Gainst a *Sicilian* Tyrant, and defend

Campanian Walls; and, once, to have expel’d

The *Sammites* strength, was a great Honour held,

Worthy *Sigeæ* Anceftours. I call

To Witness you Eternal Fountains, all

That, from Time’s birth, live in *Apulia*,

And close *Nasamonian* Pools: when *Ardea*,

(Too happy then) first sent her Youth abroad,

With *Turnus* Altars, for a new Abode;

That they, beyond *Pyrene*’s Hills, with care,

All the *Laurentine* Deities did bear.

Why then, as Members from the Body torn,

Or else cut off, should we expect your Scorn?

Or why should We, defended of your Blood

Be now oppress’d, because w’ have firmly stood

G

Unto

(g) The *Saguntines* were Allied to the *Latines*, by the *Ardeates*, derived from the *Ægeyrians*, who built *Saguntum*.

(h) *Ardea*; from *Arifrus*, whose Daughter *Danaë* built it.
(i) *Sigantum*.

Unto your Leagues: Thus, having ended all
Their sad Complaints (a wofull Sight) they fall,
Spreading their Squallid bodies on the Ground.

The Senate strait consult, and, as they, round,
Their Votes do pass, bold *Lentulus*, who seems
Ev'n then to see *Saguntus* fall in Flames,
Adviseeth; That they instantly demand
The Youth be punish'd, and to waste the Land
Of *Carthage*, with a suddain War, if they

(*) *D. Fabius Maximus Dictator*,
famous for his prudent Conduct against
Hannibal: of whom, see Book 6.

Refuse. But (*) *Fabius*, who did wisely weigh
Future Events, in Dubious affairs
Not too Elate, who would not stir up Wars
On Light occasions, and well was Skill'd
To manage them, yet not engage a Field,
Gravely advis'd; In matters of that Weight,
Not to be Rash: but try, if't were the Hate,
And Fury, of the *General* had mov'd
Those Arms; or if the Senate them approv'd:
That some be sent, who truly might Relate
The State of things. This, as fore-knowing Fate,
And providently pond'ring in his Breast
The rising Broils, wise *Fabius* exprest.
As when, at Stern, a Skilfull Pilot finds,
By Signs, some future Danger in the Winds,
Contracts, unto the reeling Yard, the Sails.
But Tears, and Grief, with Anger mix'd, prevails
With all, to hasten on the hidden Fates:
And, from the Senate, chosen Delegates
Are to the *General* sent; and, if he stand
Deaf to the League, in Arms, have in Command,
To turn to *Carthage* City, and declare
Gainst them, who had forgot the Gods, a War.

The End of the First Book.



Bellum Segestane sine pacis comp. prestat
Quid Stabat legere
Nec tunc non natus

Illustri. V. G. Principi Jacobo
Secundo, Caroli Secundi Fratri Totius



Senatus, Aeneas, gromis, fidei, Anna,
Accepit in fidei Legem, centage, Priori
Parvum, totum, de Lasso, fidei, Anna,
Dua, Eborac, Caroli, Martyni, Fidei, tota
Anglice, Thaly, fidei, Anna, fidei, Anna,
Humilime, fidei, Anna



SILIUS ITALICUS

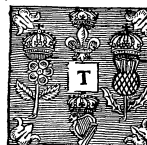
OF

The Second Punick VVar.

The Second Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Embassadours from Rome, to Carthage sent,
Young Hannibal's deserved Punishment,
For Violation of the League, demand:
Gainst Hannibal, for them, doth Hanno stand.
The Carthaginians doubtfull to declare
What they intended; either Peace, or War,
Stout Fabius offers, and to Rome returns.
In voluntary Flames Sagunthus burns:
And, to deprive the Conqu'rou of the Spoil,
The People, and their Wealth, compose the Pile.*



HE Latian Ship, o're the Her-
culean Seas,
The Senate's grave Commands,
with Speed, conveys,
And some chief Senators. Wife
Fabius: who,

Descended of Tyrrinbian Race, could shew
(a) Three hundred Ancestours, that, in one Day,
The cruel Storms of War had cast away;
When Fortune, that unequally withstood
Their Labours, stained with (b) Patritian Blood

G 2

The

(a) The People of Rome afflicted on all sides, by their envious Neighbours, the Family of the Fabii undertook the War against the Poenians, and marched out three hundred & six men. Of whom (saith Livy in his second Book) the Senate would have refused none, to be their General: but they were so unhappy in their Expedition, that they all dyed on the Place. One Youth only remaining, of whom the great Reforger of the Name defended. See more below in the seventh Book.

(b) Patritii, or Patrum, were the chief of the Roman Nobility, so called either from their number of Fathers, or from their wealth, Grandeur, or Number of Children: out of which Remains, at first chose his Senate of an hundred, in time they came to be three hundred, and were called Senators, and their Son Patritius, endowed with extraordinary Privileges.

(c) *Publius Valerius* (who was made the first Consul with *Brutus*, after the Expulsion of the Kings) had the Surname of *Publicola* given him, for that he was a great Lover of the People, and their Interests. Of him defended this Consul's Person, who was join'd with *Fabius* in this Embassy.

The Banks of *Cremera*. An equal Share,
 With him, in Cares. (c) *Publicola* did bear;
 Who did from *Spartan Volesus* descend,
 And (as his Name imports) the People's Friend,
 The *Romane Fajces*, as His Grand-fire, bore.
 When *Hannibal* first heard, that these, before
 The Port, arriv'd, bringing Decrees of State;
 That now (amidst the Flames of War) too late,
 Forfaken Peace demanded, and withall,
 The Punishment of Him, the *General*,
 Included in the League. He strait commands
 His threatening Ensigns, and his armed Bands,
 To shew, along the Shore, their Targets, stain'd
 With Blood, and Swords, that late in Slaughter reign'd:
 And cries, There's now no Place for Words; you hear
 The *Tyrrhen* Trumpets sounding ev'ry where,
 And Groans of Dying Men. While yet they may,
 'Twere best, they would return unto the Sea;
 Unless they long to be besieg'd. All know
 What Armed men, in Heat of Blood, may do:
 How lawless Anger is, and what drawn Swords
 Will dare to Act. By these His threatening Words
 Repuls'd, from the inhospitable Shore,
 They haste to *Carthage* with the lab'ring Oar;
 While he, to Animate the Army, rails,
 And thus pursues the Vessel, as it fails:
 Prepares that Ship to carry o're the Sea
 My Head! Alas! Blind Souls, and Hearts, that be
 Proud with Successes! Doth your Impious Land
 Arm'd *Hannibal* to Punishment demand?
 I'll come, ne're ask it: you enough of Me
 Shall have, e're you Expect, and that proud She,
 Which now doth Foreign Gods defend, ev'n *Rome*,
 Shall fear for her own Gods, and Gates, at Home.

Although

Although you climb *Tarpeian* Rocks again,
 Or in your (d) *Capitol*, immur'd, remain:
 No Gold your captiv'd Lives shall dis-engage.
 Their Minds incensed by his Words, and Rage
 Join'd to their Arms, soon Clouds of Arrows, round,
 The Skies obscure; and echoing Towers resound
 With Storms of Stones: all prosecute the Fight;
 While yet the flying Ship remains in Sight,
 And views the Walls. But still the *General*,
 His Wounds discovering, on his Troops doth call
 For promis'd (e) *Piacles*; and fills the Air
 With new Complaints. We, we (Companions dear)
 Demanded are. See *Fabius* from the Poop
 Shews, in Contempt, our Chains, and we must stoop
 To the proud *Senate's* Wrath. If you repent
 Of what's begun, or our just Arms intent
 Be worthy Blame: the *Romane* Ship from Sea
 Recall, I care not; come, deliver Me
 Enchain'd unto the Wrack: for why should I,
 Born of *Eoan* *Belus* Race, deny
 To be their Slave? Although so many Hands
 Of valiant *Libyan*, or *Iberian* Bands
 Circle me in? No, let the *Romane* State
 For ever rule, and Ensigns propagate
 To ev'ry Age, and Nation: let us dread (spread
 Their Words, and Frowns. This said, deep Sighs are
 Through all the Camp, and all convert their Hate
 Against *Aeneas* Race, and stimulate, (Throngs
 With Shouts, their Rage. Among the Numerous
 Of un-girt *Libyans*, and diff'rent Tongues,
 Fierce in the War against the *Romane* Name,
Hastylite with *Marmarick* Ensigns came,
 Sprang from *Hyarba Garamantick*. He,
 Of *Ammon* born, *Medusa's* Caves, that be

(d) The *Capitol* besieged by the *Gauls*, in the time of *Furius Camillus*. See below.

(e) *Piaculum* is properly a Sacrifice for the Expiation of some heinous Offence. But here a vindictive Satisfaction for the Affronts, and Losses, the *Carthaginians* had sustained in former Wars. If any carp at the Word, as *Karce English*, I shall desire them to interpret the Author (for it is his) without a *Periphrasis*, which I believe not proper in this Place.

In

In *Phorcas* Isles, *Cynipian* *Mace*, and
 Sun-burnt *Battiades*, did once command;
 With *Nasamon*, and *Barce* ever-dry,
 And *Autololian* Woods, and Shores, that by
 Near Treach'rous *Syrts*; *Gentilians*, that ride,
 Swift, without Bridles. His first beauteous Bride
 The *Nymph Tritonis* was: from whence the Queen
 Her Stock did boast; That *Jove* himself had been
 Her Grand-sire, and in Groves, fore-telling Fate,
 The Names of her great Ancestours relate.
 She, still accusom'd to a Virgin-Bed,
 In Hunting, and in Woods, her Life had led;
 The Basket, or the Distaff, to her Hands
 Unknown; She Hunting, and thy Virgin-Bands
 (*Diana*) lov'd, and with Her Heel t'impell
 The running Steed, or flying Beast to kill:
 As when, disdain'd *Geter*, and *Cicones*,
 Or *Rhosus* Family, or *Bistones*
 With Moon-like Arms, a Troop of *Amazons*
 Through the *Pangean* lofty Forest Runs;
 O're *Thracian Rhodope*, or *Hebrus* Plains.
 She, by her Countrey's Habit known, restrains,
 With Fillets of fine Gold, her flowing Hair.
 Her right-side to the Fight expos'd Bare,
 Her left a *Thermodoantiack* Shield,
 Bright as the Sun, defends. Thus through the Field,
 Shaking the smoaking Axel-tree, she runs
 With rapid Speed; while her Companions,
 Some in light Chariots, by two Horses Drawn:
 On Horse-Back some, that *Venus* Rites had known,
 With a more Num'rous Virgin-Troop, their Queen
 Attend. But She still in the Van is seen,
 Proud to expose to View her Fiery Steeds,
 (Chosen among the Best her Countrey Breeds)

And

And, as about the trampled Field the scowrs,
 Flings wounding Darts, into the highest Tow'rs.

But *Meopsus*, not enduring to behold
 Her, at the Walls so frequent, and so bold,
 Through the moist Air *Gortynian* Arrows sends;
 Which, by the winged Steel, where he intends,
 Give deadly Wounds. He, born in *Crete*, was wont
 (Bred 'mong the *Silyls* Sacred Caves) to Hunt
 In the *Distlean* Woods; and, when a Childe,
 Birds, mounting to the Skies, had often kill'd;
 And stop'd by suddain Wounds the running Dear,
 That scap'd the Toils; and, while he yet might hear
 The singing Bow, perceiv'd the Beast to fall.
 Nor could that Age any, more justly, call
 A skilfull Archer: had *Gortyna* sought
 The Conquest, and *Eoan* Arrows brought.
 But, when his former Sports the sad Decay
 Of Wealth deni'd, constrain'd to put to Sea.
 With *Meroe*, his Wife, and Sons, by Fate
 Into *Sagunthus* led, in low Estate,
 A Guest he there remain'd. His hopefull Pair
 Of Sons full Quivers at their Backs did bear,
 With light, Steel-pointed, *Cretan* Shafts; which he,
 Standing amidst the Valiant Youth, lets flee,
 Gainst the *Masilian* Troops: by which bold *Tyre*,
 With *Gravius*, *Glisco*, *Baga*, did expire,
 And *Lixus*; who deserv'd not to have bin
 The Object of so certain Aim, whose Chin
 The tender Down of Youth not yet indu'd.
 But, with his Arrows, while he thus pursu'd,
 The Fight, he aims against a Valiant Maid,
 Forlaken *Jove* invoking to his Aid,
 Unluckily. For *Sarpe*, born upon
 The hollow Banks of Sandy *Nasamon*,

No

No sooner saw him turn the fatal Bow,
 But she receiv'd within her Bosom (though
 Far distant) the swift Arrow, and her Fate;
 Which, with a gaping Wound, did penetrate
 So far, that at her Back her Sisters all
 First saw the Point appear. Before her fall,
 Incens'd, another of the Virgin-Train,
 Endeavouring to support, but all in vain,
 Her dying Limbs, and waiting with her Tears
 Her Eyes, whose Light almost extinct appears;
 With all the Strength, that Grief and Fury lent,
 Towards the Walls a deadly Arrow sent,
 Which through the Shoulder of Stout *Dorilas*,
 (As swift as Thought) with Rapid force did pass.
 The Bow was drawn so far, the Horned Ends
 Did seem to touch; and, as the Nerve extends,
 The space between the Bow the Shaft supplies,
 And, when Released by her Fingers, flies
 Before the active Winds: then, from the Walls,
 Headlong, the miserable Wounded falls;
 And turning, upside-down, his Quiver, round
 His dying Body, scatters on the Ground
 The shining Shafts. Then *Icarus*, who stood
 Near him (alike in Arms) his Brother's Blood
 Prepares to Vindicate; and as, in haste,
 His Hand unto the full-charg'd Quiver past,
 To draw an Arrow; by a weighty Stone,
 That from the Hand of *Hannibal* was thrown,
 He fell to Earth: a deadly Coldness all
 His stiffned Limbs possess'd; and, in his fall,
 From his fainting Hand, into its place again
 The half-drawn Arrow sinks. His Sons, thus slain,
 When Father *Mopsus* saw; thrice, to pursue
 Their with'd Revenge, in a sad Rage he drew

His

His *Cretan* Bow; but thrice his Right-Hand fail'd,
 And Grief, above his former Skill, prevail'd.
 Then, by their Death, of all his Joys bereft,
 Too late, alas! he griev'd, that he had Left
 His Native Soil: and, Snatching up the Stone,
 That against thee (Poor *Icarus*) was thrown,
 Beating his Breast, in Vain, when no Relief
 His Feeble Hands could give, to Ease his Grief,
 By speedy Death, himself he Head-Long sends
 From an High Tow'r, and on his Son extends
 His dying Limbs. While thus Unfortunate,
 In Foreign Wars, this Stranger met his Fate;
Teron, who kept *Alcides* Temple, and
 With Incense, at his Altars, us'd to Stand,
 To new Designs the Army Stimulates,
 And, in a sudden Sally from the Gates,
 Invades the *Tyrian* Camp. He neither Spear
 In's Hand, nor Helmet on his Head, did bear:
 But, trusting to his Strength of Youth, his Broad
 And Lofty Shoulders (like th' (*) *Oetean* God)
 With an Huge Club, destroys the trembling Files
 Upon his Head a Lyon's threatening Spoils,
 With Gaping Jaws, he wore. An hundred Snakes,
 Carv'd on his Shield, display'd their Marble Backs;
 'Mong which a Monstrous double *Hydra* spreads,
 In several Serpents, her divided Heads.
 Thus Arm'd, he *Juba*, and *Micipsa*, (Fam'd
 For Valiant Deeds, and from his Grand-fire Nam'd)
 With aged *Tapsus*, and *Saces* the *Moor*,
 Driv'n from the Walls, and flying to the Shore,
 Fiercely Pursues; and, by one Valiant Hand,
 The Streams of Blood the Neighbouring *Ocean* stain'd.
 For, Hot with Slaughter, and not satisfy'd,
 That *Idus*, *Rothus*, and *Jugurtha* Dy'd,

H

Or

(*) *Hercules*.

Or that *Marmarick Coibo* he had kill'd,
Hasbyte's Chariot, and her Moon-like Shield,
 Shining with Gold, he covets, and t' invade
 With all his Force, and Rage, the Warlike Maid.
 Him, with his Bloody Weapon, when she spy'd
 Come rushing on, she turns her Steeds aside,
 And in fallacious Circles, wheeling round
 The Champain Field, divides the yielding Ground;
 And, as if wing'd with Speed, she makes her way,
 With her light Chariot, through the winding Sea.
 Thus, while she flies his Sight, swift as the Wind,
 The Horses raise a Cloud of Dust behind,
 And, with the rattling Wheels, in pieces tear,
 An adverse Troop. She, to augment their Fear,
 From her sure Hand, did frequent Darts expell:
 By which Bold *Thamyris*, and *Lycus* fell,

(f) *Eurydamas*, the most unfortunate of all *Penelope's* Suitors: who, urging her to Marry him, assured her her Husband *Ulysses* was drowned, but he, arriving at the same time, flew him.
 See *Hom. Odys. Lib. 15.*

With Stout (f) *Eurydamas*, whose noble Name
 Derived was from him; who, known to Fame,
 Fondly to high Embraces once aspir'd,
 And, mad with Love, *Penelope* desir'd:
 But by her Chaste, and Modest Arts deceiv'd,
 And the fallacious Web, so oft unweav'd,
 Gave out *Ulysses*, in the Sea, was drown'd.
 But, what he fain'd of him, he after found
 Real in his own Fate, and he expires
 By *Ithacus* dire Hand; his Nuptial Fires
 Turn'd into Fun'ral Flames: and, here, of all
 His Race the last, *Eurydamas* doth fall,
 Slain by a *Libyan's* Hand; whose Chariot makes
 Her way, and all his Bones in pieces breaks.

But now, perceiving *Teron*, after all
 His Labours, hard beset, to work his Fall,
 Into the Fight again, the Furious Maid
 Returns with Speed, and, as, about t' invade

Her

Her Fo, she waves her Ax before her Brows,
Herculean Spoils to thee, *Diana*, Vows.
 But *Teron*, no less big with hopes of Praise,
 Himself against her bounding Steeds doth raise,
 Casting before their Eyes the Lyon's Skin,
 And threatening Jaws: affrighted, they begin
 To yield to Fear, and, turning swiftly round,
 Cast, with its Load, the Chariot to the Ground.
 Then on *Hasbyte*, who endeavours now
 To quit the Fight, he leaps, and, on her Brow,
 Strikes his *Herculean* Club: by which her Brains,
 Dash'd through her broken Skul, upon the Reins,
 And fervent Wheels, disperfed ly; while He,
 Hastening that such a Trophy all might see,
 With her own Ax cuts off the Virgins Head.
 Nor was his Anger there determin'd;
 But fixed on a Spear he strait commands
 To bear't, in view of all the *Punic* Bands,
 And drive the Chariot to the City-Gates.
 These Slaughters *Teron*, ignorant of Fates,
 And that the Favour of the Gods declin'd,
 Commits; while his own Death's not far behinde.
 For now Fierce *Hannibal*, whose Face the Throne
 Of Rage, and Death appear'd, came Furious on,
 Incens'd, and griev'd to see *Hasbyte* dead,
 And the yet-bleeding Trophie of her Head
 In Triumph borne. But when the Troops beheld
 The bright Reflections of his Brazen Shield,
 And, as he mov'd (though distant far) did hear
 The fatal clashing of his Arms, with Fear
 Possess'd, they trembling fled unto the Walls.
 As when, to their known Beds, the Ev'ning calls
 The winged People, from the search of Food:
 Or, when, on the *Cecropian* Hills, a Cloud

H 2

The

The Hony-lab'ring Bees, on tender Flowers
 Disperst, affrighteth, with approaching Showers :
 Like one congested Heap, unto their Hive,
 And fragrant Cells, they haste, and Murm'ring strive,
 One Climbing on anothers Back, to gain
 Their Entrance at the Port, and shun the Rain.
 Thus Fear the *Saguntines* precipitates,
 While Few discern their way, unto the Gates.
 Oh flatt'ring Light of Heav'n ! is Death to be
 Shun'd with so great a Fear ; which none can flee,
 Since joined to their Birth ? They cry for Aid,
 Repenting, that they had this Sally made
 From their safe Walls, and Works : while still, in vain,
Teron their Flight endeavours to restrain.
 Sometime Dire Menaces, sometimes his Hand
 He does imploy, and cries, Why flee ye ? Stand ;
 He is my Enemy : to me the Crown
 Of this great Fight belongs ; and from our Town,
 And Walls, the *Tyrians* by this Hand, alone,
 Will I Repell. Stand therefore, and look on :
 Or, if this *Pannick* Terroure drive you all,
 To seek th' inglorious Shelter of a Wall ;
 (A shame, the greatest, that the adverse Fates
 Can add) against Me onely, shut the Gates.
 But *Hannibal*, while yet a sad Despair
 Of Safety seis'd their Hearts, and horrid Fear
 Did reign in ev'ry Breast, a while suspends
 The Slaughter of his Enemies, and bends
 His course unto the batter'd Walls, which he
 Resolves, with all his Force shall Stormed be.
 Th' *Herculean* Priest, perceiving his intent,
 Labours, with speed, this Mischief to prevent.
 At which Fierce *Hannibal*, more furious grown,
 Cries out ; Receive, fond Porter of the Town,

That

That Punishment of Fate, that shortly shall
Saguntus self involve, and, by thy Fall,
 Open the Gates. His Rage could not afford
 More Words : but, as he waves his fatal Sword,
 The *Damian* Youth flings his contorted Oak,
 With all his Force, against his Breast : the Stroak,
 Clashing against his Arms, with horroure sounds,
 And from the hollow Brasts the Club rebounds.
 Then having lost his Weapon, and his Strength
 Employ'd in vain, unto the Walls, at length,
 He turns ; and, with the rest, forsakes the Fight.
 Th' insulting Conquerour upbraids his Flight,
 And follows at his Back. Then, with sad Cries,
 The weeping Matrons, lifting to the Skies
 Their trembling Hands, from the high Walls, proclaim
 Their Griefs, and Fears : some, calling him by Name,
 Tell him, They fain would send unto his Aid,
 And let him in ; but that they are afraid,
 With him they should receive the Conqu'ring Fo.
 But now (alas !) He can no farther go ;
 For *Hannibal* oppres'd him with his Shield :
 And, as the City from the Walls beheld,
 Cry's ; Go, and let *Hasbte* Comfort take,
 In thy approaching Death. And, as he spake,
 Into his panting Throat, which now abhor'd
 A longer Life, thrusts his revenging Sword.
 Then, from the very Walls, in Triumph leads,
 Through all the Camp, his Spoils, and captiv'd Steeds.
 Which, at the thronged Gate, excluded stand
 By Multitudes, that fled his fatal Hand.
 And now, the raging Troops of *Nomades*
 Haste to perform their Queens sad Exequies :
 Adding all Funeral Rites, and bearing thrice
 The Corps of *Teron* (as a Sacrifice

To

To Hallow her dead *Afhes* round the Pile,
Cast into th' Flames his Club, and Lyon's Spoil,
And sing'd his Face, now of all Form bereft,
And to th' *Iberian* Fowls his Carkas left.

While thus Affairs before *Saguntus* stand,
They, who, at *Carthage*, were in chief Command,
Consult upon the War, and what shall be
Return'd to *Rome's* Imperious Embasie.
Whose Oratours with Fear their Hearts had fill'd:
While some to their Demands perswade to yield;
Urging their Faith, and League, that, long before,
They, and their Fathers, at the Altars swore,
The Gods to Witnes call'd. Others the Love
Of the ambitious Youth's Attempts doth move,
To hope for Better things, if they pursu'd
The War. But ^(c) *Hanno*, whom a Native Feud
Against the *General*, had long enflam'd,

(c) *Hanno*, a Noble *Carthaginian*, Head of this Faction, that oppos'd the Ambition of the *Barcaan* Family. He always perswaded the *Carthaginians* to keep Peace with the *Romans*, and, endeavouring to induce them to it, by weakening *Hannibal's* Designs, obstructed all resolutions of Relief for his Army, and by that means, in the end, ruin'd both him, and his Country.

Their Doubts, and rash Applause thus stoutly blam'd.
I might for Fear (grave Fathers) now refrain
(For him with Threats some labour'd to restrain)
To speak; but I will not desist, although
I saw my Death approaching by my Fo:
I call the Gods to Witnes, and to Heaven
I leave those Sacred Vows, that we have given,
Which to perform, our Countrey's Safety calls.
Although *Saguntus* be Besieg'd, her Walls
Sinking in Flames; not yet too late, my Fears
This Caution give, which oft, with anxious Cares,
Have broke my Rest, that this pernicious Head
Might not in Arms, and War, be nurtured;
And while I live, my Sense shall thus abide.
His innate Poison, and Paternal Pride,
I know. And as those Pilots, who the Skies,
And Stars do Contemplate, what Storms will rife,
What

What future Winds will cause the Seas to Rage,
To the affrighted Mariners Prefage.
Aspiring to a Throne, he doth invade
The Reins of Rule. All Leagues, all Laws are made
The Objects of his Arms: with which he falls
On Cities, and, from far, against our Walls,
By this last Act, *Aeneas* Warlike Race
He hath incens'd, and we have lost our Peace.
His Father's Ghost, and Fury, him excites,
And Memory of those Nefandous Rites
He once did Celebrate, and what of Old
Vainly to him *Masilla's* Priest foretold:
And thus the Gods, for his infringed Faith,
On his perfidious Head convert their Wrath.
With Hopes of a new Kingdom blind, he Arms
Gainst Foreign Lands, and now *Saguntus* Storms.
But let him not commix this Citie's Fate
With his own Fortune; let him expiate,
With his own Punishment, his proper Crime;
For now (Dear *Carthage*) at this very time,
He Thee Besiegeth, and Assaults thy Walls.
We ^(b) stain'd, with Gen'rous Blood, th' *Aeneas* Vales,
And scarce with hir'd *Laconians* could maintain
The War: our Navies, broken on the Main,
Have fill'd up *Scylla's* Caves: and we have seen,
When, from *Charybdis* Bottom, Decks have been
Spew'd up again. Vain Wretch! whose Soul no Fire
Of Piety doth Warm! do but retire
Thy Thoughts, a while, upon *Egathes* War,
And Limbs of *Libya* disperfed far.
Whither dost run? Why, thirsting after Fame,
Thus, in thy Countrey's fall, dost seek a Name?
The *Alps* may give Thee way, and *Apeninæ*,
Equal to them, his Snowy Head decline:

(b) After many Conflicts by Sea, and Land, between the *Romans* and *Carthaginians*, at length C. *Laetanius* the Consul put an end to the War, by a Naval Victory, obtained near the Islands of *Ægætes* (in the *Sivilian* Sea) where the *Carthaginians* received so great a loss, that they were constrain'd to beg a Peace, and yield to those Articles, which so much enflam'd both *Amilcar* and *Hannibal*, to break into a second War.

Yet

Yet, though thou gain'st some Ground, think it thou to
In those great Nations a mortal Mind: ^(f) *finis* : (f) *finis*
That they to Fire, and Sword, will yield: Alas,
You fight not now with a ^(g) *Neritian* Race:

^(h) Their Souldiers in the Camp are Bred, and Born,
And, e're the Down appear, their Cheeks are worn
With Brazen Helmets: Ease, and Rest's unknown
To Aged Men, who Pale, and Bloodless grown,
In the continued Service of the State,
In Fronts of Battails do provoke their Fate:

My self have *Romane* seen, who pierced through
Their Bodies, from their Wounds their weapons drew,
And turn'd them on the Fo: their Valour
Have seen, and thirst of Honour, when they dy.
If therefore, *Carthage*, thou decline this War,
Nor give thy Self up to the Conquerour,
How much of Mischief may prevented be,
And how much Blood shall *Hanno* save for Thee?

Thus He: but *Gestlar*, whose full Breaſt the while
With Anger, and Impatience, did boyl,
Who twice to Interrupt him had essay'd,
Replies. Is then a *Romane* Souldier made
One of the *Libyan* Councils, and must He
A Member of the *Tyrian* Senate be?
'Tis true, he is not Arm'd; but, well I know,
In all things else, he is a perfect Fo.
Us with the Snowy *Alps*, and horrid Height
Of lofty *Apennine*, he would affright,
With raging Seas, and Waves of *Scylla's* Coast:
Nor wants it much, but he a *Romane* Ghost
Still dreads; their wounds, and Deaths, he so doth praise,
And to the Stars an Humane Race doth raise.
Trust Me; though some cold Hearts with Fear may be
Possess'd, we have a mortal Enemy.

Ev'n

Ev'n I beheld their ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Regulus*, the Hope
Of the *Heſſorean* Race, their strongest Prop;
His Hands enchain'd behind, with publick Joy,
Into a Dungeon drag'd, ne'r seen by Day:

I saw, when Crucified, from the high Oak,
He, hanging, on *Hesperia* did look.
Nor doth the Face of Boys, that Helmets wear,
A cause of Terror unto Me appear;
Or, that their Cheeks with early Casks are worn:
We are not of a Race so sluggish born.

How many *Libyan* Troops their Years, in Deeds
Of Arms, out-go, and War on Naked Steeds.
The *General*, so soon as He could speak,
At th' Altar vow'd, this War to undertake:
To waste with Flames the *Phrygian* People, and
His Father's Arms resolv'd to take in Hand.
Ev'n in thy Sight (vile *Hanno*) he shall be
Revenger of the *Romane* Crueltie.

Then let the *Alps* encrease, and let them joy
To Heav'n their shining Heads, with *Apennine*.
Yet I dare say (though vainest Fears do find
Their Influence upon a guilty Mind) (Stars,
Ev'n through those Rocks, and Snows, may through the
His way he'll make, and scorn to think them Bars,
Which *Hercules* or'came, or to despair
Of second Honour. But the former War,
Its Devastations, and the Miseries
Of *Libya*, *Hanno*, vainly, amplifies:
Nor would, that we should undertake, and try
Again, these Labours, for our Liberty.
But let him lay those Throws of Fear aside;
And with the Women, safe at home, abide,
And save his sighing Soul: we, Fathers, we,
(It is Decree'd) will meet the Enemy;

I

And

(i) *Regulus* vanquished by *Xanthippus*, and led Captive to *Carthage*.
See *Lib. 6.*

(g) A *Neritian* Race, such as were
the *Saguntines*. For *Saguntum* was
at first a *Colonia* from *Zacynthus*,
and *Neritus*, Islands subject to *Cyffus*.
(h) Though in the Constitution of
the *Romane Militia*, none could ordi-
narily, be admitted into the List of
Souldiers, before the Age of seventeen
years; yet Examples there were of some,
that at fourteen years were in Arms,
and were eminent for their Valour;
as the Son of *Terquinius Priscus*,
Scipio Africanus (who rescued his
Father *Marcus*, &c. See *Liv. lib. 24.*
Silius, lib. 6. & 14.

And from thy Walls (dear *Carthage*) far remove
 The Tyrant *Romanes*, in despite of *Jove*.
 But if the Fates resist, and *Mars* give way,
 That *Tyrian Byrsa*, be condemn'd this Day,
 I'll rather choose to Die, then give up Thee
 (Dear Country) to Eternal Slavery,
 And go with Freedom to the Shades below:
 For as to that (Good Gods) which *Fabius* now
 Demands, that we lay down our Arms, and quit
Saguntus, when our Troops have conquer'd it.
 Then Burn your Targets, let your Navy be
 Consum'd in Flames, and wholly quit the Sea.
 But if our *Carthage* hath not merited
 To feel such things, as these, ye, Gods, forbid
 This Wickedness! oh, let our *Generals* hands
 Be free, and not bound up in peacefull Bands.
 This said, he silent fate, as custom was:
 The *Senate* straight proceed their Votes to pass,
 While *Hanno* urgeth to restore the Spoils
 Of War, and add's the Authour of those Broils.
 With that the Fathers, leaping from their Seats,
 Amaz'd, as if the Fo were at the Gates
 O' th' Temple, Pray the Gods, that it may be
 A Fatal Omen unto *Italy*.
Fabius, perceiving that their thoughts were far
 From Peace, and, treacherously, enclin'd to War,
 No longer able to conceal his Ire,
 With speed another Council doth require:
 And to th' assembled Fathers doth Declare,
 That in his Bosom he brought Peace, or War,
 Demands their Choice, that, Him they would no more
 Detain, with dubious Answers, as before.
 But, when no Choice of either they express,
 (As if he'd powr'd whole Armies from his Breast,)

Take

Take then a War (said He) (with that let's fall
 (His folded Garment) take a War, which shall
 To *Lybia*, like the former, fatal be,
 In its Events. This said, incens'd, He
 The Temple, and the City quit's, and home
 Returns, a Messenger of War to *Rome*.
 While such at *Carthage* was the State of things:
 Fierce *Hannibal*, enrich'd with Trophies, brings
 Again his Arms before *Saguntus* Walls;
 And, to his Aid, those many Nations calls,
 Whose Faith to *Rome* was shaken by the Fear
 Of dubious War; while they continued there,
 The People, that inhabited the Coast;
 Presents (the best *Callidick* Art could boast)
 Brought to the *General*. A shining Shield,
 That Beams, like Lightning terrible, did yield:
 An Helmet on whose rising Crest, a Plume
 Did tremble, and in Whiteness overcome
 The *Alpine* Snow. With them a Sword, and Spear
 Which afterwards to thousands Fatal were:
 With treble Chains of Gold, a Coat of Mail,
 Studded, 'gainst which no Weapon could prevail.
 These made of Brass, and harder Steel, inlay'd
 With *Tagus* Wealth, triumphing, he survey'd,
 And in the Carved Works was pleas'd to see
 His Nations happy Birth, and Hiltory.
Dido, the first Foundation there did lay,
 Of *Carthage*: and, her Navy sent away,
 The Work begun, th' industrious Youth pursu'd.
 Some with long Piles, and Banks, the Port includ'd:
 To others Reverend *Bitias* prepares
 Their Houses Platforms, all in equal shares.
 And, as they turned up the Fertile Ground,
 A Warlike Horses Head, by chance, they found.

1 2

The

(*) The Poet in this relation follows *Livy lib 21. Polyb. l. 3. &c.* But both *Antiochus* and *Marcus Varro* differ in the manner of *Fabius* his Proposal. The first affirm's, that he delivered to the *Carthaginians* an Epistle, wherein was written, that the *Roman* People sent to them a *Spear*, and a *Calice*, two Ensigns of Peace and War, that they might choose which of the two they pleas'd, and that their choice, should be deemed that which was intended by the *Romanes*. The *Carthaginians* replied, They would choose neither, but that those, that brought them, should leave which of them they pleas'd, and that should be their Choice. *Favus* slew them, they sent neither *Spear* nor *Calice*, but two little *Tallies*, wherein both were Carved.

(*) At the first, they digged up the Head of an Ox, which they interpreted a Token of Labour, and Servitude but, at length (saith *Eusebius*, finding the Head of an Horie, they blurted it, as an Omen of a Wealthy Soil, and Rest, and there began the Foundation of *Carthage*.

The (*) Omen, with an universal Shout
Of Joy, they all appeared to Salute,
Among these Figures sad *Aeneas* stands,
Wrack'd on her Coasts, and with extended Hands,
Deprived of his Fleet, and Friends, is seen
To crave Assistance. Him th' unhappy Queen
Views with an earnest Eye, and Entertains
With Smiles: for Love within her Bosom Reigns.
Then they Describ'd the Cave, and secret Rites,
The Lovers us'd to warrant their Delights.
Mean while the Cries of Men, and Dogs, appear
To Strike the Marble Sky; till suddain Fear,
Of an Impetuous Storm, the Hunters all
Constrain'd, for Shelter, into Woods to fall.
Not far from these, upon the Empty Shore,
Elixa Weeps, and did, in Vain, implore
The *Trojan*-Fleet's return, that now to Sea
Had hois'd up Sails, and bore her Love away.
Then on a lofty Pile, at last, She stands,
Wounded; and to the *Tyrians* commands
Revenging Wars: the *Trojan* Prince, the while,
Beholding, from the Sea, the flaming Pile,
To the propitious Fates his Sails doth spread,
Resolv'd to Follow, wherefoe're they Lead.
Apart from these, at *Stygian* Altars, stood
Young *Hannibal* (a Childe) who secret Blood
Offer'd, with the infernal Priest; and there
The War against *Aeneas* Race did swear.
But Old *Amilcar*'s Image seem'd to be
Alive, and Triumph over *Sicily*:
You'd think he breath'd forth War; within his Eys
A Flame of Terrour, with grim Aspect, lies.
Upon the left Side of the Shield, a Band
Of *Spartans*, with their ragged Ensigns, stand:

Whom

Whom Bold *Xanthippus*, as a Conquerour, led,
From fair *Amycle*, fam'd by *Leda*'s Bed.
Near these, hung *Regulus*, their sad Renown,
Upon a Cross; and, to the trembling Town,
Faith's great Example was. A joyfull Face
Of Things adorns the rest: where some the Chace
Of Beasts pursue, and carved Houses shine.
Not far remote from them, with parched Skin,
The black-*Moor*'s Sister, in an horrid Dress,
Tames, with her Country's Speech, a *Lyones*. (moves
Then, through the Fields the wandring Shepherd
Free without Stop, through unforbidden Groves:
Near them his Dart, and (whom the *Cydon* names)
His barking Dog, his Cottage, and hid Flames
In Veins of Flint; then, lively, they express
His Pipe, familiar to the lab'ring Beast.
Then on a lofty Hill *Saguntus* stands,
And by unnumbered Nations, and Bands
Of Fighting men, Besieged-round appears,
And to be push'd at, by their trembling Spears.
About the Borders, rich *Iberus* seems
To make the Circle up, with winding Streams:
Over whose Banks fierce *Hannibal*, from far,
Calls (*) *Africk*-People to the *Romane* War.
On his broad Shoulders, as he, smiling, tries
These wealthy Presents; proudly, thus, he cries.

In how much *Romane* Blood shall I imbrue
These Arms? with how great Punishments pursue
That Gowned *Senate*; that themselves do make
Revengers of the War we undertake?

Now in the Siege the Fo grows old, a Day
Concludes the Citie's Fate; while, weary, they
Their forein Aids expect: but, now, no more
They look upon the Seas, or helpless Shore;

Perceiving

(*) Upon Conclusion of the first *Punic* War, the *Carthaginians* were obliged by *Ariste*, not to pass over the River *Iberus*: which *Ariste* was transgressed by *Hannibal*.

(*) Diffuring of their long expected aid from the *Romanes*, the *Spaniards*, after eight months Siege, resolved to dy within their Walls. What miseries they endured, till the City was taken, are at large discoursed in *Livy*, lib. 22.

(*) Perceiving Deaths approach, with sad Despair :
For their parch'd Entrails, the Contagious Air
Enflames, while Famine in their Bowels reigns,
And dries the Blood, in their contracted Veins.
From their fahn Cheeks, their sinking Eyes, within
Their Heads retire, and through the shrivled Skin
The Bones, and ill-knit Joints (a wofull Sight)
With Nerves, consum'd, appear ; the Dew of Night,
Some gather from the Earth, to quench the Fire
Of thirst, and some themselves do vainly tire
For Liqueur, while they hardest Oaks do bruise ;
Their rav'ning Hunger, which doth nought refuse,
Compels them to strange Food. From Shields they tare
The Hides to feed upon, and leave them bare.

These Ruins of his Citie from the Skie,
Alcides look'd on, with a mournfull Eye,
But all in vain ; for him the strict command,
And fear of his great Father *Jove* withstand,
That he should nothing act 'gainst the Decree
Of his severe *Step-Mother. Therefore He,
Concealing his Design, to Faith repairs,
Who in the farthest part of Heav'n, the Cares
Of Deities revolv'd : thus, at her Shrine
He tries Her Counsels : Thou great Power Divine !
Born before *Jove* himself : who art the Grace,
And Honour both of Gods, and Humane Race,
Consort of Justice, without whom nor Seas,
Nor Earth, can know the benefit of Peace ;
A Goddess (where thou art) in every Breast !
Canst thou behold *Saguntus*, thus oppress'd,
Unmov'd ? That Citie, which, for Thee alone,
So many, so great ills, hath undergone ?
For Thee the People dy, upon Thee, all,
Men, Women, Children, that can speak, do call,

By

By Famine overcome : from Heaven relieve
Their sad Estate, and some Assistance give.
Thus He ; To whom the Heav'nly *Maid* again
Replies. I see all this, nor is't in vain,
That thus my Leagues infringed are : a Day
Shall come, *Alcides*, that shall sure repay,
With Vengeance these their dire Attempts. But I
Was forc'd from the polluted Earth to fly,
To seek, in *Jove's* blest Mansions, a Place,
Free from the num'rous Frauds of Humane Race.
I left their Tyrans, that their Scepters hold,
Fearing, as they are Fear'd : that Fury, Gold,
The vile Reward of Treacheries, I left,
And above all, the Men, who now bereft
Of all Humanity, like Beasts by Spoil,
And Rapine, live, while Honour is the Foil
To Luxury, and Modesty by Night,
And her dark Crimes oppress, avoids the Light,
The place of Right, the too imperious Sword
Doth arrogate ; and Force alone's Ador'd :
Vertue gives way to Vice ; for look upon
The Nations of the Earth, and there is none
Is Innocent ; their frequent Fellowship
In Crimes, alone, the Common Peace doth keep.
But that these Walls, erected by thy Hand,
May in the Book of Fame for ever stand,
By an End worthy Thee, and that they may
Not give their Bodies up a Captive Prey,
To the Proud *African* (which, onely, now
The Fates, and State of Future things allow)
The Honour of their Death will I extend
Beyond the pow'r of Fate, and them commend,
As Patterns, to Posterity, and go,
With their prais'd Souls, unto the Shades below.

This

This said; The constant Virgin, through the Air,
 Descends, and to *Saguntus* doth repair;
 Then struggling with the Fates: through every Breast
 She goes, invades their Minds; which, all-potent
 By her great Deities, each Soul doth prove
 Her Altar, burning by her Sacred Love.
 Now, as if Strong again; for Arms they cry,
 And in the Fight their weak Endeavours try.
 Strength, above Hope, they find, while the sweet Name,
 And Honour, of the Goddess doth inflame
 Their Hearts; resolved, for her Sake, to dye,
 And suffer things, far worse than Death; to try
 The Food of Savage Beasts, and Crimes to add
 To their Repast: but their chaste Faith forbade
 Longer, with so much Guilt, to view the Day,
 Or with Man's Flesh their Hunger to allay.

Her when *Saturnia* (who by chance came down
 Into the *Libyan* Camp) within the Town,
 (Which she so hated) saw, she doth upbraid
 The Virgin's Courage, and the War she made.
 Then in a Rage, with troubled Steps she went
 To that dire Fury, that doth still torment
 The guilty Souls, and thus upon her calls,
 With Hands extended. Strike (said she) those Walls,
 Thou Darling of the Night, let thy fell Hands
 Destroy that People, 'tis *Juno* commands;
 My self, within a Cloud, will here stand by,
 And see the Issue of thy Industry.
 Those Weapons, which sometimes immortal *Jove*
 Disturb, by which thou *Acheron* dost move,
 Thy Flames of Sulphure, and thy hideous Snakes
 In Curls, thy horrid Voice, which silent makes
 Hell's Triple-headed Porter, and let fall
 From its Jaws his poisonous Spume, commixt with Gall:
 What

What Plagues, and Mischief, what Impiety
 Soe're within thy fruitful Breast do lie
 Upon these hated *Rutulii* throw down,
 And let *Saguntus* sink to *Acheron*;
 Thus let their peevish Faith rewarded be.
 Incited by these words, *Tisiphone*
 Invades the Walls, then, round about, the Hill
 Trembles, and roaring Waves the Shore do fill.
 Innumerable Serpents, on her Head
 Hissing, her tumid Neck, and Breast, or'espread.
 Death, walking with her, his wide Jaws extends,
 On whom pale Sorrow, and black Grief attends.
 All Plagues were present, that created were,
 While *Cerberus* with howling rends the Air.
 Forthwith she counterfeit *Tyburna's* Face,
 Her Voice, her Speech, her Gesture, and her Pace.
Tyburna, of a Noble Race, deriv'd,
 Her Blood from *Damius*, and by War depriv'd
 Of her dear Husband, *Murrus*, then bewail'd
 Her Widdowed Bed. The Fury having veil'd
 Her self, with her sad Countenance, her Hair
 Dishevel'd, to the Assembly doth repair,
 And tearing there her Cheeks, What end (said she)
 Of our great Faith, and Citie, shall we see?
 I have my *Murrus* seen, who, every Night,
 Doth me, with his yet gaping Wounds, affright,
 And lamentably, thus, on me doth call,
 Flie, my *Tyburna*, flie this Citie's Fall.
 Or if the Conquering *Libyan* deny
 The Earth to thee, to me, *Tyburna*, flie.
 Our Gods are slain, and we (poor *Rutulii*)
 Are lost, the *Punic* Sword doth all enjoy:
 I tremble, and his Ghost, as yet, before
 Mine Eyes, me-thinks, appears. Shall I no more
 K Thy

Thy Stately Palaces, *Saguntus*, see:
 Happy my *Murrus* was, thrice happy He,
 Who saw his Countrey standing, when he fell!
 But *Victorious Carthage* will compell,
 (After so many Miseries of War,
 And Dangers of the Sea) their Yoak to bear,
 And serve *Sidonian Ladies*, and to lie,
 Captives in *Libya's* Bosom, when we die.
 But you, whose conscious Valour doth deny,
 (O brave young Men!) a possibility
 To be made Captives: to whom Death will be
 A certain Guard against all Misery;
 With your own Hands, your Mothers now redeem,
 From Slavery. True Virtue gets Esteem
 From hardest things. Go on, that Praise to gain,
 Which, hardly, meaner People can obtain.

With this sad Language having fill'd their Ears,
 The *Fury* to an antient Tomb repairs,
 Which on the Hill was built by *Hercules*,
 A Land-Mark unto such as Plough'd those Seas,
 By him adorned with all Sacred Rites.
 Come thither, from the Bottom she excites
 (A Sight of Terror) a *Cærulean Snake*,
 With Spots of Gold upon his Scaly Back;
 His shining Eyes are fill'd with bloody Flames:
 And (to increase the Terror of those Beams)
 He hisseth loud, and shakes his forked Tongue,
 And then, with Speed, into the trembling Throng
 Of Citizens he glides, and from the Walls,
 Into the midst of all the Citie, falls.
 Thence like a Fugitive he makes his way
 To th' Shore, and drown's himself i'th' foaming Sea:
 Then all distracted are; and, as betrayd,
 Its silent Mansion ev'ry frighted Shade

Fled,

Fled, and refus'd to stay in Conquer'd Ground,
 And, now, Despair of Safety doth confound
 Their troubled thoughts: they, now, their Meats detest,
 And mad *Erimys* Reigns in ev'ry Breast.
 Nor is the Wrath of Heav'n, which they endure,
 More grievous, then the sad Delays of sure,
 And certain Death. They all contend their Fate
 To meet, with Speed, and longer Life do hate.

(c) Amidst the City, by the Industry
 Of all the People, rais'd to the Skie,
 There stood a lofty Pile; to which they bear,
 And drag, their Riches, that congested were
 In long-continued Peace. Their Wealth, acquir'd
 By their own Hands, and stately Robes admir'd
 For Art, embroid'ed with *Callaic* Gold
 By Skilfull Matrons; and their Arms, of old,
 Brought from *Dulichian Zacynthus*, by
 Their Grand-fires; and those Gods, the *Rutul*
 Took from their antient Abodes; with all,
 They could their own, as yet, Unconquer'd, call:
 Their Shields, and hapless Swords, and what within
 The Earth, in time of War, had buried been,
 Again digg'd up, they add unto the Pile,
 Glad, with themselves, to burn the Conqu'rou's Spoil.
 When these the *Fury* saw together heap'd,
 She shakes her Lamp of Sulphur, lately steep'd
 In burning *Phlegethon*, and drives away,
 By *Stygian* Darknes, the affrighted Day.
 Then they began the Work, whose sad Renown
 Their Memories, with lasting Fame, shall Crown,
 Through all the World, and them Unconquer'd call.
 For, prompted by *Erimys* (Chief of all)
 Scorning Delays, they all, with Triumph, preft
 Th' unwilling Swords into each others Breast.

K 2

Then

(c) The *Saguntines* driven to the sad
 Choice, either of yielding to the Mercy
 of the Conqueror, or to perish by the
 Sword, which now had so far prevail-
 ed, as that they had lost more, then
 half the City, and daily quitted
 Ground, so that little was left to them
 within their Trenches, besides the
Forum (or great Market-place) they
 heaped all their Riches into one Pile in
 the *Forum*, and with it burned them-
 selves, to avoid the insulting Fury of
 their Enemies.

Then thrice the Strokes of her Infernal Whip
 Sound sadly through the Citie ; while they dip,
 In Blood of Kindred, their unwilling Hands ;
 And ev'ry Man, with thoughts of Horrour, stands
 Amaz'd at what he Acts, and doth bemoan,
 With Floods of Tears, the Milchief, that is done.
 This, mad with Rage, and sense of Misery
 So long endur'd, Obliquely turns his Eye
 Upon his Mother's Breast : whilst that invades
 His dear Wife's neck with's Ax ; then, straight, upbraids
 Himself, and, check'd with Horrour, doth survey
 What he's about to do ; then flings away
 The Weapon 'midst his Rage : yet cannot she
 Escape ; for straight the Blows redoubled be
 By Fierce *Erinyes* : who through all appears,
 And, with her Breath, inspireth horrid Fears.
 Thus in the Husband Nuptial Love doth dye ;
 Those sweet Delights are lost, and Memory
 Of Hymeneal Tapers. Then, at length,
 The mangled Corps he throws, with all his Strength,
 Upon the Pile : whence a dark Pyramis
 Of Smoak, like a black Storm, doth waving rise.
 But thou, *Tymbrenus*, with unhappy Rage,
 And Piety Sinister, dost engage,
 Amidst the Throng ; hasting t' Anticipate
 The *Carthaginians*, in thy Father's Fate :
 Wounding that Face, and Members, that were known,
 In all things, to resemble so thine Own.
 And you, *Lycormas*, and *Eurymedon*,
 Twins, so alike in Form, that both were one,
 Who labour'd in your Sons to propagate
 Your Names, and Forms, here sadly met your Fate,
 In prime of Age. But Thee that Sword, from Guilt,
 Absolves ; which, through thy Throat transfixed, spile
 Thy

Thy Blood ; *Eurymedon* : while, with her Woes
 Distracted, and deceiv'd, Oh ! whither goes
 My dear *Lycormas*, your sad Mother cries :
 Here turn thy Sword. And, as *Lycormas* dies
 By his own Hand, She, by the Marks, again,
 Of his Twin-shape, deceiv'd, exclaims in vain ;
 Whither, *Eurymedon*, doth Rage thee lead :
 Thus she, with changed Names, invokes the Dead :
 Till, to her trembling Breast the Sword apply'd,
 On her ambiguous Sons, she, Frantick, dy'd.
 This noble Citie's horrid Miseries,
 Their Punishments for Faith, and Prodigies
 Renown'd, with their sad Acts of Piety ;
 Who can relate, without a weeping Eye :
 Scarce could the *Punic* Camp, and cruel Foe,
 Forbear their Pity, in their Tears, to strew.
 That Citie, Faith's most antient abode,
 The Authour of whose Walls was held a God,
 By the *Sidonians* treach'rous Arms doth fall,
 And their Fore-Fathers mighty Actions all,
 By the unequal Gods, neglected are ;
 While Fire, and Sword, consumes them ev'ry where.
 That Place, that wants a Flame, is impious held ;
 And Clouds of Smoak, with pitchy Darkness, swell'd
 Up to the very Stars : At length, the Tower,
 That stood upon the Hill, by all the Power,
 Of War, till then, untouch'd (from whence the Shore,
 And *Carthaginian* Camp, they us'd t' explore,
 And all *Saguntus*) with those blest Abodes
 On Earth, the Sacred Temples of the Gods,
 Now sinks in Flames ; whose Image, from the Main,
 By Waves, that seem to burn, 's return'd again.
 But now, behold ! *Tyburna*, 'midst the Heat,
 And Rage of Slaughter, most unfortunate,
 Arm'd

Arm'd with her Husband's Sword, in her right-Hand,
 Her left a flaming Taper waving, and
 Her Hair dishev'ld, her Breasts made black, and blew,
 With Strokes of Grief, and to the publick View
 Expos'd with naked Arms, to *Murrus* Tomb,
 O're Heaps of mangled Carcases, doth come.
 As when, tormenting Souls, th' Infernal King,
 With Groans, like Thunder, makes his Courts to ring,
Aleô at his Throne doth strait appear,
 To act his Will, and Plagues administer.
 Her Husband's Arms, that lately with much Blood
 Defended were, as then thee weeping stood,
 Upon the Tomb she lays, and, having pray'd
 Th' *Elysian* Ghosts to entertain her Shade,
 She puts the flaming Taper underneath,
 And willing to accelerate her Death,
 These, in the other World, my Self (said She)
 My dearest *Murrus*, will convey to Thee.
 Then, taking up the Sword, her self she laïd
 Upon his Arms, and gaping did invade
 The rising Flames, Dispersed on the Ground,
 Promiscuous Heaps of half-burnt Bodies, round
 About her ly, unhappy Funerals!
 As when a Lyon, fierce with Hunger, falls
 On trembling Flocks, which greedily he eats,
 With Thirsty Jaws, and Blood regurgitates
 From his extended Throat, o're mangled Heaps
 Of half-devour'd Trunks, and Limbs, he leaps;
 Then walking round them, with a murm'ring Noise,
 Grinding his Teeth, surveys what he destroys:
 The Sheep, and Guardian-Dog, the Company
 Of Shepherds, with the Master, prostrate ly,
 And all the Cottages, as if a War
 Had late been there, destroy'd, and wasted, are.

And

And now the *Carthaginians* do invade
 The City, by these Ruins empty made.
 This Work, which glad *Saturnia* commends,
 Perform'd, to Hell *Tisiphone* descends,
 And with her, as in Triumph, proudly takes
 A num'rous Troop, to the Infernal Lakes.
 But you, blest'd Souls! who cannot equal'd be
 By any Age, since Time's Nativity,
 May you the Glory of the Earth become,
 And, happy Dwellers in *Elysium*,
 Adorn the chaster Seats of pious Souls!
 But you, whom unjust Victory enrolls,
 In Fame's large Catalogue, ye Nations, hear; (dear,
 Break not the Leagues of Peace, nor Crowns more
 Then Faith esteem. Cast from his COUNTRY, He
 A wandring Exile, through the World, shall be;
 And *Carthage*, trembling, shall behold him Flie,
 While, in his troubled Sleeps, affrighted by
Saguntine Ghosts, He'll with he there had dy'd
 By them: and, when a Sword shall be deny'd,
 This great unconquer'd Captain then shall go,
 (*) Deform'd by Poyson, to the Shades below.

(*) After the Forces of *Antiochus* were broken, and he made Peace with the *Romans*, *Hannibal*, when he had spent some time about *Crete*, and *Rhodes*, still suspecting his safety, fled to *Prusias*, King of *Bithynia*, who at first civilly received, and employed him in his Wars; but, at length, fearing the Power of the *Romans*, he basely sought to betray him unto the hands of their Ambassador, *C. Flaminius* (whose Father *Hannibal* had slain, in the Fight near the Lake *Thrasimene*) which to avoid, hiding none other remedy to escape that Treachery, he poysoned himself.

The End of the Second Book.



SILIUS ITALICUS

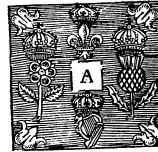
OF

The Second Punick VVar.

The Third Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Bostar to Ammon's Oracle is sent,
To understand the future War's Event.
To Carthage, Hannibal His Wife, and Son,
Conveys by Sea, unwilling they should run
The Hazard of the War. A Num'rous List
Of all the Nations, that Him Assist.
Pyrene overpass'd, He marcheth on,
Untill His Conqu'ring Army stood upon
The Banks of Rhodanus: whose rapid Stream
By Art, and Industry, He overcame.
At length ascends the Alps, great Miseries
The Army, in their tedious March, surprize;
Untill arriving in the Taurine Plain,
They there Encamp. Bostar returns again,
From Horned Ammon's Temple, and declares
The God's Command to prosecute the Wars.



LL Tyes of Faith by Tyrian
Arms undone,
And Walls of ^(a) Chast Sagun-
tus overthrown,
Through Jove's Displeasure:
Strait the Conqu'rouer went
To the World's Bounds, and
Gades, ^(b) by Descent

(a) The Metaphorical Epithet of the Poet, given to Saguntum, as a City of centre, and inviolate Faith

(b) The Carthaginians, and Ishobitans of Gades, being both derived from the Tyrians: who, for the Benefit of Trade, planted themselves in several parts of the world, and had many Colonies in Libya, whence, with them, Diomedes Siculus, (lib. 5.) believes a Colony came, that built Gades. For that Gades, in the Punick Tongue, signifieth a walled Town.

To Him ally'd: and diligent to finde
What Prophets, and prefiging Souls divin'd,

L

Concerning



To Stages Nominum
Magnae Reine
Sili Generis sacrimogage Dna Spantur
Memoria Mystridini agderatidmiquae
Anglis legentis Henrici Glacetrina Ducis



Sed jam preteritis ulm' meminisit Latres
Cognoscat proprias de corpore: natus Alpes
Principis et ob Eximias virtutes perpetuo
Tabula Religioe Consecrata

Concerning his Command: *Bosph* is strait
Dispatch'd by Sea, to know ensuing Fate.

(e) This Oracle was a long time very famous, so, that *Alexander* hazarded both himself, and a great Part of his Army, to visit the Temple, through the Sands, between *Egypt*, and *Myfyda*: where when arriv'd, the flatt'ring Priest declared him the Son of that God. But (as *Strabo* observes) after the *Romans* became Masters of *Egypt*, the Credit of this Oracle submitted to the *Syphs* Books, and the *Es-travian* *Autury*, and in the time of *Strabo*, the Temple was not to be seen, but in Ruins.

'Tis a Belief, in Sanctuaries long
Preserv'd, where horned *Ammon*, plac'd among
The parched *Garamantians*, emulates
Gyrrean Caves, that in a Grove, which Fates
Foretells, he future Ages did declare,

With their Events. An happy Omen the
To his Designs he fought, and, long before
The Day arriv'd, all Chances did explore,
And Fortune of the War. But here, the God
Ador'd, the Holy Altars he doth load
With Spoils, snatch'd lately at *Saguntus* Fall,
Half-burnt from the then flaming *Arcenal*.
'Tis a Report (and not believed Vain)
That, from the first Erecting of that Fane,
The Timber Firm continues, and hath known
The Hands of the first Architects alone.
Here they rejoice to think the God doth dwell,
And from his Temple doth Decay repell.
And they, that have the Honour to repair
Into the secret Places, must with Care
Provide, that Women do not enter in,
And from the Gates must banish bristled Swine.
Neither before the Altars may they wear
Discolour'd Robes: their Bodies cover'd are
With Linen; and *Pelusiack* *Turbans* Crown
Their Heads: their Garments loosely hanging down;
They Incense burn, and, by their Fathers taught,
The Sacrificing Vest with Studs is wrought:
Bare-foot, short-hair'd; their Beds from loose Desires
Are free; their Altars keep Eternal Fires.
Within no Statues of the Gods appear,
Or Images. The Place a Rev'rent Fear,

And

And Majesty; adorn. But, carv'd with Skill,
The Gates the Labours of *Alcides* fill.
There the *Lernæan Hydra* lies, her Snakes
Cut off; and there, with God-like Strength he breaks
The *Æmean* *Lyon's* gaping Jaws: and then
Hell's Porter, drag'd from his Eternal Den,
Affrights the Ghosts with Howling, and disdains
His Thralldom; while *Megara* fear'd the Chains.
Near these, the *Thracian* Horses; and the Boar,
Arcadia's Plague: the Hart, whose Fore-head wore
Horns, that, in Breadth, the Arms of Trees surpass'd:
Next them, a Conquest, no less easie, plac'd,
Earth-born *Antæus* on his Mother stood;
And the two-formed *Centaur's* ugly Brood,
While the poor (d) *Acarnanian* seems to fear
His Naked Front: then *Oeta* doth appear
To shine with Sacred Fires, and to the Skies,
On winged Flames, his mighty Soul doth rise.
These various Shapes of Valour having fill'd
A while his Eyes; near to them he beheld
A Sea, that, rising to a wondrous Height,
Fell on the subject Earth, with all its Weight;
No Shores do give it Bounds, but ev'ry where
The Waters, o're the Fields, diffus'd are.
For, where blew *Nereus*, in *Cærulean* Caves,
Turns, from the Bottom, the contorted Waves,
An Inundation breaks; and, by Release
Of hidden Springs, fierce Torrents do encrease:
Then, as if Trident-struck, with furious Throws,
Th' impetuous Billows labour to impose,
Upon the trembling Earth, the swelling Main:
Then strait the falling Tide retires again,
And the forsaken Vessel leaves aground;
While, looking for the Flood, the Decks are crown'd

(d) The *Acarnanians* were wont to cut off the Hair from their Fore-heads, lest their Enemies, closing with them in Fight, should lay hold of it.

L 2 With

With idle Seamen: stooping from above,
In her bright Chariot, the Moon doth move
These restless Kingdoms of *Cumæ*,
And the continual Labours of the Sea;
Bringing the Tide, and bearing it away,
While still alternate *Tethys* doth obey.
These view'd in Haste: for weight of many Cares
Lay on his Thoughts; first to remove, from Wars;
The Comfort of ^(*) his Bed, and Son, as yet
An Infant, and depending on the Teat;
For they their Virgin Nuptial-Tapers join'd
In Youth, and still retain'd a loving Minde.
But at *Saguntus* Siege begot, the Child
Not yet the Age of twice six Moons fulfill'd,
And *Hannibal*, resolving to remove
Those dear, and tender Pledges of his Love,
From Arms, and future Danger, to his Son
Directs his Speech; and smiling, thus begun.

Oh! Thou great Hope of *Carthage*, and no less
A Terror to the proud *Æneades*!
May'st Thou exceed thy Father in thy Fame,
And by thy Actions build Thy self a Name!
May'st Thou a greater Warriour appear
Then was thy Grand-fire; and, now sick with Fear,
May *Rome* teach Matrons to prepare their Tears,
When they discourse the number of thy Years!
If my divining Soul do not delude
My Sense, this very Boy, we may conclude,
A mighty Labour to the Earth will be:
I know my Countenance in his, I see
Beneath his angry Brow, his threatening Eyes,
Observe the weighty Echo of his Cry,
Those Elements of Anger, that from me
Deriv'd are, if any Deity.

By

By Chance, so glorious Acts anticipate,
And break off their Beginnings, by my Fate;
(Dear Wife) endeavour to preſerve, with Care,
This Pledge of War: and, when thou first shalt hear
Him speak, within my Cradle him convey,
And on *Eliza's* Altar let him lay
His tender Hands, and, to my Ashes, sweet
The Prosecution of the *Roman* War.
Then, when, more firm in Years, his Cheeks shall wear
The Flower of Youth, let him in Arms appear;
And, scorning Leagues, a Conqu'ror at *Rome*,
Raise in the *Capitol* for me a Tomb.
But Thou, whom th' happy Honour of a Birth,
So High, attends, renown'd through all the Earth,
For Faith, and Constancy; remove, O far,
Remove, from Dangers of uncertain War,
And leave these harder Labours: We must go
O'er Rocks, and Hills, that cover'd o'er with Snow,
Seem to prop up the Heav'ns. We, what may make
Juno, her self, admire, must undertake
Alcides Labours, and the *Alps*, that are
A Toil, more greivous, then the sharpest War.
But, if inconstant Fortune my Design
Shall thwart, and promis'd Favours shall decline:
May'st thou live long, and hasty Fate extend
Thy ev'ner Thread of Life, beyond my End!

Thus He. *Imilce*, of *Cyrrhean* Race,
Whose Ancestour (Renown'd *Castalus*) was
Apollo's Priest: and *Castulo*, in *Spain*,
So called from his Mother, doth retain
As yet the Name; and from that sacred Line
Deriv'd her Parents, since the God of Wine,
Shaking high *Calpe*, with his *Thyrſus*, and
Arm'd *Menades*, subdu'd th' *Iberian* Lands

And

(*) The Wife of *Hannibal*.

And *Milicus*, who (of a *Satyre* born,
 And *Nymph* (*Myrice*) on his Front, the Horn
 Of this lascivious Father planted wore,
 A Potent Scepter in that Country bore.
 From him her Country did *Imile* claim,
 And sam'd Original; from him, her Name,
 Corrupted by their barbarous Speech. She than,
 Tears flowing, with sad Language, thus began.
 Forgetfull, that My Safety doth depend
 On Thine, dost thou refuse Me to attend
 On thy Designs? Is thus thy Nuptial Vow,
 And first-Fruits of my Bed neglected now?
 Or shall I wanting be to climb with Thee
 The Frozen Hills? believe, and try in Me
 A Woman's Strength. No Labour is too great
 For my Chast Love: but, if on me You set
 No other Rate, but of my Sex alone,
 And part for that; I yield; I look not on
 My Fate, May *Jove* consent! Go Happy Thou,
 Go, and propitious Gods our Pray'rs allow!
 And when in Fight, and Heat of Arms, you are,
 Think then on Me, and this Your Son, with Care.
 For I nor *Romanes*, nor their Darts, nor Fire,
 Do dread so much, as Thee: who dost desire
 To Run upon their Swords, and dost present
 Thy Head to Danger. Thee no good Event
 Of Valour satisfies. Honour, to Thee
 Alone, seems vested with Infinity.
 Souldiers to dye in Peace, to Thee appears
 A Fate ignoble. Oh! my many Fears!
 Forgive Me, for I tremble: yet, I none
 Do fear, that shall encounter Thee alone.
 But pity Us, great Father *Mars*, this Storm
 Avert; nor may the *Trojans* do Him harm!

Now

Now

Now to the Shore they haste, the Seamen climb,
 And, hanging on the Yards, their Canvase trim,
 And fit them for the gently-breathing Wind:
 While to allay his Fears, and ease his Minde,
 Oppress'd with Cares, Thus *Hannibal*; Oh spare
 These Omens, My most constant Wife! Forbear
 Thy Tears. In Peace, or War, We all must have
 A Period to Our Life. Our first Day gave
 A Being to Our last. Brave Thoughts do few
 Enflame, by Noble Actions to pursue
 Eternal Fame; such onely mighty *Jove*,
 Hath destin'd to the blest Abodes above.
 Shall I the *Romane* Yoak endure, and see
 The Towers of *Carthage* in Captivity?
 Ghosts do by Night affright Me, and the Shade
 Of My dead Father doth My Sloath upbraid.
 The Altars, and the horrid Sacrifice
 I once did offer, stand before mine Eys.
 Shortness of dubious Life forbids Delay
 Of Time. Shall I sit still, that *Carthage* may,
 Alone, acknowledge Me, and speak My Fame?
 And shall not all the World know what I am?
 Shall I relinquish Honour, through a Fear
 To Dy? Alas! How little Distant are
 Death, and a Silent Life. Yet think not I
 Do Praise affect, with mad Temerity:
 I have Esteem for Life; for Glory wears
 Titles, and is ador'd in length of Years.
 Great Trophies of this War shall also Thee
 Attend: if Heav'n, and Gods propitious be.
 All *Tyber* shall Thee serve; th' *Iljan* Dames,
 And the rich *Romane*, with the Wealth he claims.
 While thus they sadly talk, and mutual Tears,
 Express their present Grief, and future Fears:

From

From the tall Ship, the Master (put to Sea)
 Beckons to come aboard without Delay.
 Then, from Her Husband snatch'd, with fixed Eys,
 She views the Shore, till the swift Vessel flies
 Through liquid Paths, and takes Her Sight away;
 While Sea from Land retires, and Land from Sea.
 But, *Hannibal*, resolving to remove,
 With Cares of War, His pensive Thoughts of Love,
 Goes to the ruin'd Walls: the which He views,
 And, often, in His Wifh their Fall renews;
 Walking about the Ruins, till, at length,
 His Labours overcame His stubborn Strength;
 And Sleep insensibly, with pleasing Charms,
 Compos'd His Minde, intent on War, and Arms.
 Then *Jove*, designing still to exercise
 The *Trojan* Race in Future Miseries,
 Revive their antient Labours, and by Wars
 To raise their lasting Name unto the Stars,
 His slothfull Rest, and Resolution curbs,
 And, by infused Fears, His Sleep disturbs.
 And, now, *Cyllenius*, through the humid Shade
 Of Night, His Father's high Commands conva'd:
 And, lighting on the Earth, thus sharply He
 The sleeping Youth upbraids. 'Tis base to see
 A *General* in Sleep consume the Night:
 They must be Vigilant, would stand in Fight.
 The Seas oppress'd with Navies Thou shalt see,
 And the *Ausonian* Youth, insulting, flee
 O're all the *Ocean*: while Thou dost stand,
 At first Attempts, in the *Iberian* Land.
 Is it an Action of sufficient Fame,
 Or Valour, to commemorate Thy Name;
 That, with so great *Attaques*, *Saguntus* fell?
 Awake, if any Thing within Thee dwell,

Fit

Fit for brave Actions; rise, and go with Me;
 And, where I call Thee, bear Me Company:
 But, I forbid Thee to look back; for this
 By th' greater Thunderer commanded is.
 And if Thou dost obey, Thou shalt become
 A Conquerour before the Walls of *Rome*.
 With that He seem'd to lead Him by the Hand,
 With Speed, and full of Joy, to *Saturn's* Land.
 When strait a Noise breaks forth, with a loud Crack,
 Like Thunder, round about; and, at His Back,
 The Hiss of direfull Tongues the waving Air
 Shakes, and repels: while He, with fudden Fear
 Surpris'd, no more retaineth in His Minde
 The Precepts of the God; but looks behinde.
 When dragging Groves from hills, &, with the Strokes
 Of His vast Bulk, eradicating Oaks,
 And bearing Rocks along, through invious Waies,
 A Serpent, black as Night, his Tongue displaies
 With dreadfull Hissing, and to's Eys appears
 As big, as that, which the unequal Bears,
 In num'rous Foldings, doth at once behold,
 And both the Constellations unfold.
 So large his Jaws, immanely, he distends,
 And, lifting up his Head, in Height ascends,
 Equal to Hills. Heaven's Rage ingeminates
 The Noise, and, mix'd with Hail, new Fear creates.
 He, with his Monster frighted (for nor Sleep,
 Nor Night, did then their former Empire keep,
 And, with his Wand, the God had put to Flight
 The Darknes, and with Sleep had mingled Light)
 What mighty Plague it was, demands, and where
 'Twould fall, or whither that vast Body bear,
 That then the Burthen of the Earth was made,
 Or, gaping, what sad People 'twould invade?

M

To

To whom *Cyllenius* answers. Thou dost see
 The War, so much desir'd, and fought by Thee.
 Thee greatest Wars attend; the dreadfull Fall
 Of Woods, and Forests, with high Storms, that all
 The Face of Heav'n disturb, the Slaughter Thee,
 And Death of Men, the great Calamity
 Of the *Idean* Race, and saddest Fate
 Do follow, and upon Thee daily wait.
 As great, and terrible, as that dire Snake,
 Which now the Mountains, with his scaly Back,
 Depopulates, and drives the Forests through
 The Fields before him, and doth Earth imbrue
 With frothy Poison. Such thou having past,
 And overcome the *Alpi*, with War shalt waite
 All *Italy*; and, with a Noise as great,
 The Cities, and their Walls, shalt ruinate.

Thus wounded with these Stings, the God, and Sleep
 At once forsake him, and cold Sweat doth creep
 O're all his Limbs: while, in a wofull Fright,
 His Dreams revolving, he retracts the Night.
 And now, with happy Omens, to the King
 Of Gods, and *Mars*, they Holy Off'rings bring:
 But, first, a Snow-white Bull devoutly they
 To *Hermes*, on deserved Altars, lay.
 And, all these Rites perform'd, He strait commands
 His Ensigns to advance. With that the Bands,
 Whose Languages, and Manners, different were,
 With Clamours shake the Camp, and fill the Air.

But now, *Calliope*, declare to Fame,
 What, and how many valiant Nations came,
 (Rais'd by his dire Attempts) to *Italy*;
 What Cities, with untam'd *Iberians*, He
 Did arm; what Troops on th' *Paretonian* Shore
Libya presum'd to muster, and before

Great

Great *Rome*, to challenge, to her self, the Reins
 Of Rule, and on the Earth impose new Chains:
 No Tempest, rais'd by impetuous Storms,
 Went on so furiously; no dire Alarms
 Of War, when twice five hundred Ships o're-spread
 The Sea, and fill'd the trembling World with Dread.

(f) *Xerxes* his Navy, consisting of a thousand ships, when he made that unhappy Expedition against *Greece*, and boasted to make a Bridge over the *Hellespont*.

The *Carthaginian* Youth, the Chief of all,
 Their Ensigns spread: of Body light; not tall
 Of Stature: but of that proud Grace depriv'd.
 Apt for Deceit, they readily contriv'd
 Their secret Frauds. A Round unpolish'd Shield,
 With a short Sword, their Arms; and in the Field
 They Bare-foot march'd; ungirt, with Garments rec'd.
 They cunningly conceal'd the Blood was shed.
 Captain to these, in Purple splendid, tall
 Above the rest, Brother to *Hannibal*,
Mago, in's Chariot, with the Noise alarms
 The Fo, and 's Brother imitates in Arms.
 Next these, divided in *Sidonian* Bands,
 (Built before Town's of antient *Byrsa*) stands
 Old *Utica*. Then *Aspis*, which the Shore
 Encompass'd with *Sycanian* Walls: whose Store
 Of crooked Turrets, that a Warlike Shield
 Resembled, all the Neighbouring Sea beheld.
 But young *Sycheus* drew the Eys of all
 Upon himself: whom, Son to *Hafdrubal*,
 With a vain Pride, his Mother's high Descent
 Had fill'd; and 's Uncle *Hannibal* content,
 With no less Pride, still to repeat his Name.
 Near these, the Warlike Souldier, that came
 From watry *Berenice*, and the Bands,
 That, with long Dolons arm'd, among the Sands
 Of thirsty *Barce* dwell. Then to the Fight
Cyrene, sprang from *Pelopi*, doth excite

(g) *Dolus* was a sort of Weapon, not always of one Fashion, being a long Staff with an head of Iron, sometimes a short Sword fasten'd to it, sometimes a Dagger, and sometimes a Whip.

M 2

The

The false *Battiadæ*: whom, once extoll'd,
 And by *Amilcar* fam'd, *Ilertes* old
 In War, but young in Counsel, did command.
 With *Tabraca* (then *Tyrian* People) and
Sarranian Leptis, *Oea* too combin'd,
Trinacrian Colonies, with *Africk* join'd:
 And *Tingis* sent, from a Tempestuous Sea,
 By *Lixus*: *Vaga*, and *Hippo* fam'd to be
 The Love of Kings, and their Delight of old.
 And *Ruspina*, that doth from far behold
 Unequal Billows, rising on the Main:

With ^(b) *Zama*, where the *Libyan* Troops were slain
 By valiant *Scipio*. ^(c) *Thapsus* too, that stood
 Renown'd, as oft imbrud with *Romane* Blood.
 These Nations, both in Arms, and Body great,
 Whole Name, and Deeds, did still perpetuate
Alcides Honour; taller by the Head.

Then all his following Bands, ^(k) *Anteus* led.
 Then came the *Æthiopians*, not unknown
 To fruitfull *Nile*; who that mysterious Stone
 Do cut, that draws, untouch'd, the distant Steels:
 With *Mibians*; whose parched Bodies feel
 The Fury of the Sun; not wont to wear
 Helmets, or Coats of Mail, or Bows to bear;
 Accustom'd, when in Fight they did contend,
 With Flax their Heads, and Bodies, to defend,
 And, in some deadly Poison, to imbrue
 Their Swords, or to infect the Darts they threw.
 Then first *Cinyphian Mace* did begin
 To learn *Phœnician* Warlike Discipline:
 Their squalid Beards, their Faces over-spread,
 And Goat-Skins rough their Shoulders covered;
 With Sling-Darts arm'd, they came into the Field.
 But th' *Adymachide* a painted Shield,

And

And Swords, like Hooks, by Art intorted, bear;
 And their left-Legs with Armour guarded were:
 But they Rude Tables have, and uncouth Fare;
 For in hot Sands their Viands roasted are.
Mafsilians then, with Ensigns shining bright;
 Who, last of all, behold the falling Light
 Of Day, which the *Helperian* Seas do drown.
 These, with long curled Tresses hanging down,
 Fierce *Bocchus* leads, and views upon the Shore,
 Growing, on sacred Trees, the precious Ore.
Getulians likewise, from their wandering Home,
 Into the Camp, to his Assistance, come;
 Familiar with wild Beasts, they could allay,
 With Words, the Lyon's Rage. No Houses they
 Possess; but dwell, continually, in Wains,
 Bearing their restless *Lares* through the Plains.
 A thousand winged Troops, whose Steeds obey
 The Wand, as nimble as the Winde, their Way
 Into the Camp do break. As when the Hills,
 And Plains, a Pack of Dogs with Echo fills;
 And with full Crie, in view, the flying Deer,
 Do follow, and precipitate with Fear.
 These, his stern Face, and Brow, with Rage o're-spread,
Acberas, slain *Hasbye's* Brother, led.
 And near to them, the Medicinal Troops, in Arms
 Advance, the tann'd *Marmarides*: whose Charms
 The Poison of fell Serpents can allay,
 And make the horned Cerast to obey.
 Then her unskilfull Youth *Bamura* sent;
 A Nation poor in Steel for Arms, content
 Their Spears to harden onely in the Fire:
 Yet, with this weak Defence, did they desire;
 To mix their horrid Murmurs with the rest,
 And furiously unto the Battel press.

Then

(b) *Zama*, a small City, five days journey distant from *Carthage*; made famous by the Overthrow given by *Scipio* to *Hannibal*.
 (c) See the Continuation of the second Book.

(k) *Anteus*, a *Libyan* King, slain by *Hercules*.

Then fierce *Autoloes*, whose nimble Speed
 Outstrips the Torrent, or the fleetest Steed:
 Birds to their Speed, in Flight, might seem to yield;
 And, when they overran the Champaign Field,
 It was as vain a Task, to think to finde
 Their Foot-steps, as to trace the lighter Winde.
 Next, who by Juice, and Fruit of that fam'd Tree,
 The Hospitable ^(f) *Lotus* nourish'd be,
 Are list'd in the Camp, with those, that stand
 Amaz'd to see, in *Garamantick* Sand,
 The *Dyspades*; whose boiling Poyson fills
 With Flames, and with strange thirst the wounded kills.
 When *Perseus* had cut off the *Gorgon's* Head,
 (As Fame reports) her banefull Blood was shed
 On Sandy *Libya*; and, since that, the Ground
 With *Medusæan* Serpents doth abound.
 These by a Captain, most renown'd in War,
 And born in *Meninx* Isle, commanded are:
Chosroes was his Name, who still did bear
 In's fatal Hand, a missile barbed Spear.
 Then *Nasamon*, who durst invade the Sea
 For Ship-wrack, and deprive her of her Prey.
 Next, those, who near to *Pallas* Pools do dwell:
 And where the Warlike Maid (as Fame doth tell)
 Among those Waters, with her Olive found,
 With it did first enrich the *Libyan* Ground.
 Then all those Nations, that inhabit, where
 The Sun doth fall, and *Hesperus* first appear.
 Before the rest, the stout *Cantabrians*, whom
 Nor Frost, nor Summer's Heat could overcome,
 Nor Hunger; and were still observ'd to be
 Above the Reach of all Extremity:
 Who, when their Heads are crown'd with hoary Hairs,
 From some high Rock prevent their weaker Years:

Life

(f) See the Continuation of the Second Book.

Life, without War, they hate; in Arms they place
 The cause of Life; to live in Peace, is base.
 With these, unhappy *Memnon's* Servant, from
 The *Eaß*, a Stranger to his Native Home.
 Th' *Affyrian*, sprinkled with *Adonis's* Tears,
 Within another World, in Arms appears.
 His Horse was little, and unknown to War;
 Yet swift, and firmly on his Back would bear
 The skilfull Rider; or, in easie Reins,
 Hurry the peacefull Chariot o're the Plains.
 Next, *Herdrus*, who *Pyrene* meteth o're
 In Chafe, and fights with Arrows, like the *Moor*.
 To joyn with these, the Warlike *Celte* came;
 Who with th' *Iberi* did divide their Name.
 By these 'tis Honour held, in War to dy,
 And to be Burnt. For, when their Bodies ly
 Expos'd abroad, they do believe't to be
 'Gainst Heav'n, and Gods, a great Impiety,
 If on their Limbs devouring Vultures tire.
 Then Rich *Gallecia*, in Divining Fire
 And panting Entrails skilfull, thither brings
 Her Youth; who sometimes in their Language sings
 Rude Sonnets; sometimes, with alternate Feet
 Striking the Ground, the barbarous Numbers meet;
 Or beat the lofty Tune upon the Shield:
 Their Pastime this, and chief Delight, is held;
 (g) The Womens Labours other things fulfill:
 For 'tis beneath the Men, to sow, or till
 The fertile Ground; and whatsoever's done
 Without a War, their Wives perform alone.
 These, with the *Lusitanians* drawn from far
 Removed Caves, and Dens, conducted are
 (h) By *Viriathus*, whom the active Fire
 Of Youth then warm'd; who after did acquire

By

(g) This Custom (not wholly omitted in Spain) was not peculiar, only to the old Inhabitants of *G. Ælia*, but to the *Celte*, *Iberians*, and others, who imposed those more servile Labours on their Wives.

(h) *Viriathus* was, at first, a cunning Hunter, then a Robber; after, by his Valour, raising to be a General of a *Lusitanian* Army, and with it overthrew three *Roman* Captains, in three several Conflicts: but was in the end slain by some of his own Party, corrupted by *Cepio* the *Roman* Consul. See *L. F. H. Hist.*

By shedding *Romane* Blood, a noble Name:
 With these the neighb'ring *Ceretani* came,
 Once great *Alcides* Camp: and *Vassons*, who
 No Helmets us'd to wear: ⁽⁶⁾ *Ilerda* too,
 Which after saw the *Romanes* Civil Rage:
 Neither did *Concarus*; who doth assuage
 His Thirst with Horse's Blood (whose Fierceness shews
 He sprang from *Massagets*) this War refuse:
 Now *Ebeus* Phœnician Arms assumes;
 And *Arabus*, who, arm'd with ⁽⁷⁾ *Acrides*, comes,
 Or slighter Darts, and fierce the War attends:
 With these the *Balearique*, who descends
 From *Lindus*. But *Tropelemus* with Slings
 Is arm'd, and winged Lead in Battell flings.
 From *Oena*, and *Ætolian* Tyde, came
 The *Gravians*, who had chang'd their *Graian* Name.
 Next ⁽⁸⁾ *Teucrican* Carthage sends a youthfull Band:
Phocensians, and *Tarraco*, whose Land
 In Vines abounds, whose Grapes, in Clusters swell'd,
 By *Latian* Bacchus, onely, are excell'd.
 'Mong these the *Hedetanian* Cohorts went
 In shining Arms, from cooler *Suero* sent:
 And *Setabis*, which lofty Towers adorn:
 That *Setabis*, whose Textures seem to scorn
 The proud *Arabian* Webs, and overcome,
 In rarest Art, the best *Egyptian* Loom.
Mardonius these Commands, and *Cæso* known,
 For Horse-manship, their Camps now joyn'd in one.
 But the *Balarian* Light *Vetonian* Wings
 Tries, by the open Sea; and when the Springs
 Approach, and *Zephyrs* breath their warmer Airs,
 Preserving hidden Lust, his Herds of Marcs
 Expofeth, and by ⁽⁹⁾ generative Winde,
 Makes them conceive, and propagate their Kind.

But

(6) *Ilerda* situate near the River *Sicoris* (in Spain) where *Cæsar* besieged *Petresius*, and *Africanus*, two of *Pompey's* Generals.

(7) *Acrides* were a kinde of Pole-axe, which, fastned to a Chain, they throw at the Fo, and drew back again.

(8) New Carthage in Spain, founded by *Tæcer*.

(9) This generative Winde was from the *Wiff*, in the *Vernal Equinox*. And of this, not onely the *Poets*, but even Philosophers, as *Aristotle*, *Varro*, and *Pliny*, who (*Lih. 3. c. 4.*) mention them to be about *Lindus* in *Peruget*. And the like by *Saint Aureliane* (*Lih. 21. De Civit. cap. 3.*) in *Cappadocia*, but they allow them not so long lived, as our Airbour, by four years. However, both the Winds and Moors, if ever they had this Virtue, have long since lost it.

But they are not long-liv'd, their Age doth haste,
 And th' seventh Year is, commonly, the Last.
 But *Sufana* (whose Walls *Sarmatian* rear'd)
 On Horses not so light, in Arms appear'd:
 These Strong, and full of Mettle, to the Bit,
 Or their fierce Master's Will, do scarce submit.
 Them *Rindacus* commands: with crooked Spears
 They fight, and ev'ry Crested Helmet bears
 The frightfull Jaws of Beasts: Themselves they give
 To Hunting; and by Theft, and Rapine, live.
 But, above all, *Parnassian* *Cassala*,
 With noble Ensigns, shines: and *Hispal*, who,
 Assaulted daily by Alternate Tides,
 Renown'd, against the Ocean firm abides:
 Near these, familiar with *Lyæus* Rites,
Nebrisia: where the *Satyrs* their Delights
 Enjoy by Night; and, cloath'd i'th' Panther's Skin,
 There *Menades* their Mysteries begin:
 There *cia* too (to Heighten these Alarms)
 The Nephews of great ⁽¹⁾ *Argonthonius* Arms;
 A Warlike King, whose Life the Age surpast
 Of Men, and thrice ten times ten years did last.
Tartessos too was there; which still surveys
 The Seeds of *Phæbus* diving in the Seas.
 Then fatal ⁽²⁾ *Munda*, that as deep a Stain
 Of *Romane* Blood, as the *Æmatian* Plain,
 Did after bear; and *Corduba*, the Grace
 Of the Gold-bearing Land, the War embrace.
 These *Phorcis*, with long yellow Tresses crown'd;
 And fierce *Arantibicus*, in Arms renown'd;
 Led, from their Native Country, to engage
 In *Libya's* Quarrel: both of Equal Age,
 Born upon *Bethe's* Banks; whose horned Brows
 Were overshadow'd with fat Olive-Boughs.

N

These

(1) *Argonthonius* was King of that part of Spain, where stood *Carrisa*, and *Tartessus*, upon the River *Bætis*: whose healthful soil is extolled, both by *Pliny*, *lib. 7. cap. 4.* and *Strabo*, *lib. 3.* Thole neither allow him above half that Age, ascribed to him by the *Poet*.

(2) Where *Cæsar* besieged the two Sons of *Pompey*: the one whereof was slain there in fight, and the other fled. The slaughter of the *Romanes* there was so great, that *Cæsar* made a *Counter-Mine* in an *Atrique* of thirty thousand Carcases.

There the *Sidonian* Captain, through the Field,
 Clouded with Dust, commanded, and beheld
 Muster'd in Arms: and, in what Place see're
 All His bright Ensigns could, at once, appear,
 He drew them up in Triumph; all along
 Covering the Ground, with Shadows of the Throng.
 As when, descending through the Liquid Plain,
 To visit farthest *Tethys* in the Main,
 Where weary *Phæbus* rests, the God of Seas
 His Chariot drives; the blew *Nereides*
 Rush from their Caves, and each, contending, swims,
 Displaying, in perspicuous Waves, their Limbs;
 But *Hannibal*, disturbing the Repose.

(*) That vast Ridge of Hills, that
 divides Spain from France.

O th' World, to th' Top of high *Pyrene* goes:
 (o) *Pyrene*, (whose rough Brows the Clouds enfold)
 From far the Rich *Iberi* doth behold;
 Divided from the *Celtæ*, and still stands
 A firm Divorce between those mighty Lands.
 The Hills their Name from a *Bebriciæ* Maid
 Did first derive, and by the Crime (tis said)
 Of *Hercules*, a Guest; when, by the Fate
 Of those his Labours, rais'd by *Juno's* Hate,
 Triple *Geryon's* Land he did invade:
 And then, in *Bebrix* cruel Palace, made
Lycæus Vassal, he *Pyrene* left,
 Her Form bewailing, now by him bereft
 Of her Virginity; and (if we may
 Believ't) of her unhappy Death (they say)
 That God was Cause: that God, who in her Womb
 Began to swell. For She her dearest Home,
 Frighted, forsook; and, with an awful Dread,
 Her Father's Ire, as from a Serpent, fled.
 Wandering in desert Caves, *Alcides* Night
 She did Lament, and all his Vows recite,

And

And Promises, unto the Shady Groves:
 Till, thus bewailing his ingratefull Loves,
 And lifting up her Hands t' implore his Aid,
 She to the salvage Beasts a Prey was made.
 But when, at length, the God return'd again
 With Spoils, a Conquerour, *Gerion* slain;
 Her mangled Limbs with Tears he did bewail,
 And, when he saw her Face, with Rage grew Pale.
 The lofty Hills, struck with his God-like Voice,
 Appear to shake: when with a mournfull Noise
 He on *Pyrene* calls; and under Ground
 The Dens of Beasts, and all the Rocks, resound
Pyrene's Name: then sadly he prepares
 Her Sepulchre, Embalming her with Tears:
 Nor can the Teeth of Time destroy her Fame,
 The Hills retaining her lamented Name.

Now, o're the Airy Mountains, and through vast
 Condensed Woods, bold *Hannibal* had pass'd
 The Bounds of *Bebrix*, and, by's armed Hand,
 His Way, through the inhospitable Land
 Of *Volians*, breaks: untill His Army stood
 Upon the Banks of that (*) unruly Flood;
 Which from the *Alps*, and Snowy Rocks, descends
 Upon the *Celtæ*, and himself extends
 Into a swelling Stream, that makes his Way
 O're Land, with a large Current, to the Sea.
 To its great Force mix'd *Arar* adds, that seems
 To stand (so slow his Pace) with silent Streams;
 Which *Rhodanus* once seizing, bears away
 In restless Billows, and, without Delay,
 Drowns in the Main, and forceth it disclaim,
 Near to its Native Shore, its Country's Name.
 But now the Hostile River all invade:
 While some upon their Heads, and Shoulders, lai'd

(*) *Rhodanus*.

N 2

Their

Their Arms; and, breaking through the Torrent, strive,
Which, on the adverse Bank, shall first arrive.
To Skifs, (that late were Trees) their Steeds they binde,
And Waft them o're: nor do they leave behind
The Elephants, whose Fears awhile withstood;
For covering, with mighty Beams, the Flood,
So much by them abhorr'd, and ev'ry Plank
With solid Earth o're-spreading, from the Bank
The Beasts descend; whom to the other side
Swimming (as on the Ground) they gently guid.
The River, frighted with so vast a Weight
Of the fierce Herd, the threatening Billows strait
From his Sandy Bottom turns, and all his Springs
Lets loose, and, to his Aid, with Murmurs brings.

Now the *Tricassian* Coast the Army gains,
And fertile Fields; now through *Vocuntian* Plains
They move, where swift *Druentia*, troubled, rolls
Huge Stones, and Trunks of Trees, and so controls
Their pleasant March: for from the *Alps* it springs,
And, thence with roaring Waves devolving, brings,
Eradicated Trees, and Quarries torn
From hollow Rocks, at the Creation born;
Then, deviating, his fallacious Streams
Turns from their Course, and is not what he seems.
The Fords deceitfull are, to Foot unstable,
The Chanel to small Barks innavigable:
But, then increas'd by fall of sudden Storms,
O'rewhelms a Multitude of Men, with Arms
Surcharg'd; who, sinking in the foaming Waves,
Disembred, in the Bottom finde their Graves.

But now, all Memory of Labours pass'd,
And Fears, the *Alps*, so near in View, displac'd.
All Parts with Frost, and undissolving Hail
Are cov'rd, and Eternally prevail

To

To keep their aged Ice: the lofty Brow
O'th' airy Hills is bound about with Snow;
Which, opposite to *Phœbus* rising Beams,
Will know no Dissolution by his Flames.
As far, as the *Tartarean* Abyss
Of that pale Kingdom, where the Dwelling is
Of mournfull Ghosts, and *Sygyian* Waters are
Removed, from the upper Earth: so far
Erected, through the Air, the Mountains rise,
And, with their Shadow, intercept the Skies.
No Springs, no Summer's Glories do appear:
But deform'd Winter still inhabits there,
And on the Cliffs perpetually defends
Her Seat, and thither, from all Quarters, sends
The swelling Clouds, and Hail-commixed Showres.
Here all the Storms, and Winds, their furious Powers
Dispose. Beyond the Rocks no Eyes extend
Their Sight; the Hills above the Clouds ascend.
Though *Atbos* lay on *Taurus*, *Rhodope*
On *Mimas*, or though snowy *Pelion* be
On *Ossa* Heap'd, or *Othrys* were beheld
On *Hæmus* lai'd; to these they all must yield.
Alcides, first, to these unknown Abodes
Aspir'd to go: whom, cutting Clouds, the Gods
Beheld, and cleaving highest Hills, to clime
Those Rocks, untrod-on since the Birth of Time.
But now the Souldiers their March retard;
As if those sacred Bounds, which Nature barr'd;
Bearing those Impious Arms, they had transgress'd,
And, going forward, should the Gods resist.
'Gainst which the *General* (whom nor the Height
O'th' *Alps*, nor Terrours of the Place, affright)
To cure their Minds, with Monsters terrifi'd,
And to recall their Courage, thus reply'd.

Is't

Is't not a Shame, that, through Oblequious Fear
Of Gods, You, that so many Trophies wear
Of War, now weary of Success, should yield
Your Backs to Snowy Hills, and be repell'd
With idle Terrours; while no Courage warms
Your Hearts, and You to Rocks submit your Arms.
Oh! (My Companions) think, You now assail
The Walls of *Rome*, or *Jove's* high Temple scale.
This Labour will give up into Your Hands
Antonia, and bring *Tyber* into Bands;

This said; the Army, mov'd by promis'd Spoils,
In haste the Mountain climb, nor think what Toils
Enfue: while He commands them to forsake
Alcides Foot-steps, and new waies to take;
To tread in Paths, that might be call'd Their own,
And by Their Names, in future Times, be known.
Then through untrodden Places, first of all,
He breaks, and, from the Top of Rocks, doth call
His Troops: and where, in hard congealed Frost,
In the white Cliffs, the slippery Path was lost,
His Sword th' obdurate Ice divides, and now
Into deep, gaping, Pits of yielding Snow
Whole Squadrons sink; and, from the hollow Top,
To Bury them alive, fresh Ruins drop.
Sometimes fierce *Corus*, on his gloomy Wings
Collecting Snow, against their Faces flings;
Sometimes, uniting all his Rage in Storms,
From the Advent'rous Souldier takes his Arms;
Which, with the whirling Blasts, unto the Skies,
In Circles, that delude the Sight, arise.
The higher they Ascend, and seek to ease
Their Steps, the more their Labours still encrease:
To one great Height, a greater doth succeed,
And ev'ry Hill another seems to breed.

Hence

Hence all their Sweats, and Labours, which before
They had overcome, they durst not now Explore:
Such Fears repeated Objects do present,
And, whereof erst their trembling Eies were bent,
The horrid Face of Winter, ever White
Appearing, gives sad Limits to their Sight.

So Mariners, that late forlook the Land,
And now amid't the calmed Ocean stand,
While no propitious Wind, or gentle Blast,
Fills the loose Sails upon the steady Mast,
From the smooth Sea divert their weary Eies,
And fix their Expectation on the Skies.

Above these Miseries, and sad Distress,
The Places gave; in a most fordid Dress,
An *Alpine* Band, like salvage Beasts, their Locks
Stiff with eternal Squallour, from the Rocks,
And aged Mountain Caves, their Faces show;
And, with their constant Vigour, through the Snow,
Through Thorns, and invious Paths, by them alone
Frequented, and familiarly known,
By various Incurfions, on Them prest,
And their enclosed Enemy infest.
All Places now assume another Form:
The Snow's made red with Blood; there Ice grew warm
With purple Streams; and that, which ne're before
Could be overcome, resolves, by reeking Gore.
And as, with Iron Feet, the Horfe divide
The yielding Frost, their Hoofs, there fix'd, abide
Within the closing Ice. Nor was their Fall
The onely Mischief: but they leave withall
Their Limbs behind; which, by the piercing Frost,
Fall, as cut off, and there are sadly lost.
(c) Through all these Miseries, when they had past
Twelve daies, as many tedious Nights; at last

To

(c) In this Passage over the *Alps*,
other Authors affirm, he spent fif-
teen days, and broke his Forces more,
then if he had fought his way through
Armies of his Enemies, losing in his
March from *Rhodanus*, before he arri-
ved in the *Taurine* Plains, above six
and thirty thousand Men, and a vast Num-
ber of Horses.

To the desired Top they come, and there;
 Hanging on broken Cliffs, their Tents they rear.
 But *Cytherea* (who, through Fear, grew Fair)
 Goes to her Father, with this sad Complaint.
 What stint of Punishment, I pray? what end
 Of Plagues, shall the *Aeneades* attend?
 When shall they, after Toils by Sea, and Land,
 Repose? Why now doth *Carthage* take in hand,
 And labour thus, to drive my Progeny
 From that Renowned City, giv'n by Thee?
 See! on the *Alps* they *Libya* impose;
 Threatening our Empire's Ruin: and the Woes
 Of lost *Saguntus* *Rome* may justly fear.
 Oh! whither shall we *Troy's* last *Albes* bear?
 Those sacred Ruins, and th' *Assarick* Race,
 With *Vesta's* Secrets? Give us, *Jove*, a Place,
 Where we may Safely dwell. Is it so small
 A thing; that they have Wandering sought, through all
 The World, their Exile? Or shall *Troy* become,
 Again, a Prey, in captivated *Rome*?

Thus *Cytherea*: whom the Thunderer
 Thus answers. *Erycina*, cease to fear;
 Nor let these high Attempts, or what's design'd,
 By envious *Libya*, perplex thy Mind.
 Thy Blood possesseth, and shall Long possess
 The high *Tarpeian* Town's: the Fates no less
 Permit. By this great weight of War, will I
 Perpend their Virtue, and their Valour Try.
 Shall that brave Nation, that so long hath been
 Inur'd to War, that hath with Triumph seen
 So many their great Labours overpast,
 The Honour of their Ancestours, at last,
 Decline? Or shall they, whom our Seed did raise,
 Who never spar'd their Blood in seeking Praise,

(C Still

(Still thirsting after Fame) obscurely spend
 Their Time, or with Inglorious Silence end
 Their Daies, as poison'd with the Love of Ease?
 Valour suppress'd doth perish by Degrees.
 It is a mighty Work, not to be done
 Without much Toil, and Labour, that alone,
 Among so many valiant Nations, *Rome*
 Should to her self the Reins of Rule assume:
 Yet shall the Time arrive, when She shall be
 The Chief, Ennobled by Calamity.
 Hence their great Acts shall add unto the Skies
 New Stars, and Names: hence *Paulus* shall arise;
 Hence *Fabius*, and *Marcellus*, who shall be
 Pleading, for his Opimous Spoils, to Me.
 These, by their Wounds, shall raise in *Italy*
 An Empire, that not all the Luxury
 Of their degenerate *Iffuecan* destroy.
 And there's already born a Warlike^(c) Boy;
 Who shall the *Carthaginian* recall
 To his own Countrey, and, before the Wall
 Of *Carthage*, of his Arms shall him deprive.
 Then *Cytherea* shall thy Issue live
 Long in Command; Then, by the *Cures* shall
 Celestial Virtue to the Stars extoll
 Her self: and, by their Sacred Rites, proclaim
 A large Addition to *Iulus* Name.
 Then from a^(d) *Sabine* Stock a Branch shall spring,
 Whose Father shall enable him to bring
 Trophies from unknown *Thule*, and shall be
 The first, that *Caledonian* Woods shall see.
 With his Victorious Troops; who shall confine,
 Within his hollow Banks, the swelling *Rhine*;
 Shall govern the rebellious *African*,
 With Vigilance; and, when an aged Man

O

Palm-

(c) After the Battel of *Canne*,
Rome was reduced to such Distress, that
 some considered to quit their Countrey,
 but by the Virtue of *Fabius*, *Scipio*, and
 others, they recovered to that Height of
 Glory, that afterward made her *Mis-*
stress of the world.

(c) *Scipio Africanus*, who, invading
Libya, forced *Hannibal* to quit *Italy*,
 to relieve his own Countrey. See Book
 14.

(d) *Vespassian*, in whose Time, and
Domitian's, the Poet lived.

Palm-bearing *Lamæ* shall subdue;
Nor shall He, after Death, those Kingdoms view,
That are for ever Dark, or th' *Seydan* Lake,
But of our ^(b) Honours, and this Place, partake.

(b) *Vespassian* Desired.

(c) *Titus* made Companion in the Empire with his Father *Vespassian*.

Then shall a ^(c) Youth, excelling in his Strength
Of Understanding, on Himself, at length,
Assume the Burthen of His Father's Care,
And, in His Empire, have an equal Share:
He the *Judean* War, so full of Rage,
Shall quite extinguish in his tender Age.

(d) *Niphat* in this contradicts *Geronius* (who saies, that he performed that Expedition with admirable felicity) affirming, that he retired without so much as seeing the Enemy.

(e) In the War between *Vitellius*, and *Vespasian*, *Domitian*, then a Youth, hid himself in a Chapel of the *Capitol*, which by Chance was set on Fire. In Memory of his miraculous Escape, He (when escaped) Dedicated a Temple there to the Honour of *Jupiter*, his Preserver.

But, thou, ^(d) *Germanicus*, who, though a Child,
Thy Father's Acts transcendest, and hast fill'd
The yellow *Germanes* with an awfull Dread,
Fear not the *Capitolian* Fires; thy Head,
Amidst those Sacrilegious Flames, shall be
Preserv'd. Thou long, and happy daies shalt see:
To thee *Gangetic* Youth their Bows, unbent,
Shall offer up; and *Bactria* shall present
Her empty Quivers: from the Icy *North*
Thou shalt, in Triumph, bring thy Chariot forth,
And through the City ride: then from the *East*
Such Trophies gain; as *Bacchus* ne're possessest.
Thou frozen *Ister*, scorning to give way
To *Dardan* Ensigns, shalt compell t' obey,
And in *Sarmatic* Limits shalt restrain.
Thou *Romane* Nephews, that shall Honour gain
By Eloquence, shalt in thy Speech excell:
To Thee the Learned Sisters, that do dwell
Near *Thebian* Springs, shall offer Sacrifice.
Thy *Lyre* shall sound more sweetly, then did his,
That *Hebrus* made to stand, and *Rhodope*
To follow, and shall utter things may be
Admir'd by *Phœbus*. Raised by thy Hand
On the *Tarpeian* Rocks, where Faith doth stand,

Ador'd

Ador'd of old, Rich *Capitol* shall shine,
And to the Stars their lofty Turrets joyn.
But thou, O born of Gods! which shalt give Birth
To future Deities, the happy Earth
Rule with thy Father's Power; thy Fate shall be
Retarded, and these Heav'nly Mansions thee
A late, and Aged, Guest shall entertain:
Quirinus shall give place, and Thou shalt gain
Between thy Brother, and thy Sire, a Throne,
And, near Thee fix'd, shall shine thy Starry Son.

While *Jove* the Series of Times to come
Doth thus unfold, the *Libyan* Captain, from
Th' unequal Hills, through Waies perplex'd, descends,
And, dubiously, on Quarries moist contends
To fix his sliding Steps. No furious Shocks
Of Foes deterr him: but the obvious Rocks;
Whose prone, and threatning Cliffs obstruct the Way,
So, as Besieg'd, they stand, and the Delay,
And Difficulties of their March lament:
Nor would the Time allow them to Foment
With Rest their frozen Limbs. They spend the Night
In Labour, and their Shoulders all unite,
With Speed, the Forests from the Hills to bring.
The highest Mountains naked made, they fling
The Trees in Heaps together, and surround
With Flames the Rocks: which, with a dreadful sound,
Now yielding to their Bars of Iron, breaks,
And, to the weary Troops, a Passage makes
Into *Latinus* Kingdom. When they'd past,
Through all these Miseries, the *Alps*; at last,
The General within the *Taurine* Plains
His Tents doth pitch, and there Encamp'd remains.

In the mean time, from *Garamantian* Sands,
With *Ammon's* Oracles, and dark Commands,

O 2

Boflar

Boſtar, with Joy, arrives, and doth appear
To glad their Hearts, as *Jove* himſelf were there;
And thus begins. Great *Hannibal*, whoſe Hand
Hath baniſh'd Bondage from thy Native Land;
We have through *Libya* paſs'd, where Sands ariſe
Up to the Stars, and liſt us to the Skies.
Us Earth, more furious, then the Raging Main,
Had almoſt ſwallow'd up: The barren Plain,
From the firſt Entrance, to the fartheſt Bound
Of Heav'n, extends: nor can an Hill be found
By Nature rais'd, in all that ſpacious Tract,
But what, with hollow Clouds of Sand impact,
The nimble-turning Whirlwinds build: or when
Fierce *Africus*, eſcaping from his Den,
To ſpoil the Earth; or *Cornus*, that the Stars
Doth with the Ocean waſh, with furious Wars
Invade the Field, and with congeſted Sand
Make Heaps, that there in ſtead of Mountains ſtand:
Obſerving Stars, o're this inſtant Ground
We fail; for Day Our Voyage would confound.
And *Cynofura*, that a faithfull Star
Doth prove to the *Sidonian* Mariner,
The wand'ring Traveller, who ſeems to abide
Still in the Midſt, through the deep Plain doth guid.

But when we, weary, to the Sacred Grove,
And Woody Empire came, of horned *Jove*,
Where, on large Columns, ſtands the ſhining Fane;
With what a chearfull Brow our Entertain
Ariſbas gave, (the God's divining Prieſt)
Who to his Houſe conducted Me his Gueſt?

(1) Near to the Temple, in the Grove, a Spring
Doth riſe (a ſtrange, and memorable Thing)
Which, at the Birth of Day, and its Decline,
Is Warm; when *Sol*, in midſt of Heav'n, doth ſhine,
It

(1) Of the Cauſes of the Changes of
this Spring (called by *Dionora Sicu-
lus*, lib. 17. The Fountain of the Sea)
ſee *Lucretius*, lib. 6. Engliſhed by Mr.
Sandy in his Comment on *Orvid*, *Metamorph.* lib. 15.

It ſoon grows Cold: but, in the Shades of Night,
That Heat is greater made, that ſhuns the Light:
Full of the God, theſe Places, then, he ſhews,
And Glebes, made wealthy without Help of Plows,
And chearfully thus ſpeaks. This Shady Grove,
Theſe Woods, whoſe Tops do touch the Feet of *Jove*,
Connex'd to Heav'n, here Proſtrate, falling down,
Boſtar adore; for unto whom unknown
Are *Jove's* fam'd Gifts, through all the World; the Pair
Of Doves, that in the Top of *Thebe* were?
Of which, the firſt, that the *Chaonian* Land
Did touch, and on *Dodona's* Oak did ſtand,
Fill'd it with Prophecy. But that, which o're
Carpathian Seas, unto the *Libyan* Shore,
With Snowy Wings, repair'd; this Sacred Seat
(2) The *Cytherean* Bird did then create:
And where you Altars, and dark Groves, behold
Standing between the Horns (ſtrange to behold)
Of a choice Ram, the Leader of the reſt
O'th Wealthy Flock, from its inspired Breaſt
Answers, to the *Marmarick* People, ſung.
Then out of Earth this Wood, thus Shady, ſprung;
And Groves of aged Oaks, that now the Skies
Do ſeem to touch: and ſuch at firſt did riſe,
By antient Favour; keeping, as before,
Their Pow'r, and we with Altars warm adore.
While I theſe things with Admiration view,
Struck with a Noiſe of Terrour, open flew
The Temple-Doors, and ſtrait a greater Light
Our Eyes beheld. The Prieſt, array'd in White,
Before the Holy Altars did appear,
The People all contending to go near.
Then I, as I was order'd, having pray'd:
Behold! the God doth ſuddenly invade

(2) Theſe Doves (ſaith the *Fable*) once gave their Oracles, (the moſt
antient of all Greece) in a Grove ſe-
cured to *Jupiter*, near *Dodona*, a City in
Chaonia: but, quitting that place, one
fled to *Delphus*, the other to this Grove:
whence both places became *Oracular*.

The

The Prophet; and, through all the Echoing Grove,
 Grave Murmurs from the trembling Beams do move.
 And, now, a Voice more loud, then usual, through
 The yielding Air doth break. For *Latium* you
 Intend (said he) and to infest with War
 The Issue of *Asfaricus* prepare.

I see what warlike *Libys* intends:

And now the cruel God of War ascends
 His Chariot, and his furious Steeds expire,
 Towards th' *Hesperian* Coast, a gloomy Fire,
 While Blood upon their Reins doth largely flow.
 But thou, who dost desire Events to know
 Of Battels, and th' Extremities of Fate,
 (Courageously attempting Toyls so Great)

(4) The Plains in *Apulia*, called by
 the name of *Pianura*, near *Cannæ*, where
Hannibal gave that Memorable Over-
 throw to the *Romans*.

(5) Th' *Ætolian* Captain's *Lapygian* Field
 Invade, encrease of Honour thou shalt yield
 To thy *Sidonian* Fathers: after Thee,
 Into the Bowels of rich *Italy*,
 No Conquerour shall further penetrate;
 Till, by thy Hand subdu'd, the *Dardan* State
 Shall tremble, and their Youth ne're quit their Fears,
 While *Hannibal* alive, on Earth, appears.

These Oracles brought *Boftar*, and Defires
 Of present Battel into all inspires.

The End of the Third Book.



SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

The Fourth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

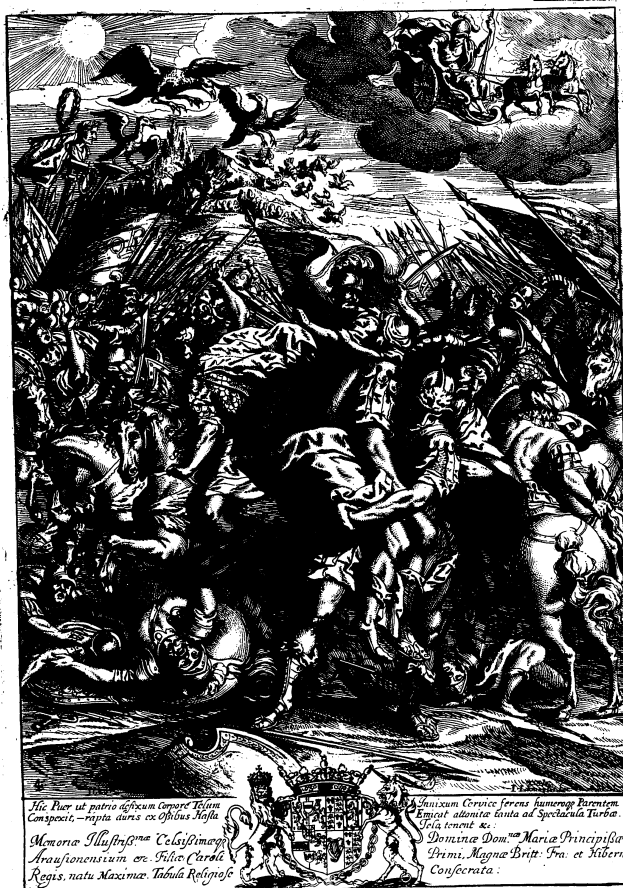
*The People's Fears, when Hannibal had past
The Alpine Hills: the Senate's Care, and Haste
To oppose His Progress. On Ticinus Shore
The Armies meet. What Auguries, before
The Fight began, foretold the Libyans Stay
In Italy: the Romanes lose the Day.
Scipio in Fight's relieved by his Son,
Then but a Boy. The Romanes, marching on
To Trebia, their Arms with Gracchus join,
And lose a second Day. The Apennine
When Hannibal had with His Army cross'd,
In Cold, and Moorish Grounds, an Eye He lost.
His Son, demanded for a Sacrifice
To Saturn, by the Senate, He denies;
And promiseth hereafter to make good
Those Rites, again, with Noble Roman Blood.*



*O W Fame Ansonia's fright-
ed Cities fills
With Rumours; That the
Cloud-encompass'd Hills,
And Rocks, that threaten'd Hea-
ven, the War imbrac'd;
That now the Carthaginians had
past'd*

*Those pathless Waits: and often doth repeat,
That Hannibal, who seem'd to emulate*

Alcides



*Hic Puer ut patris agnoscat Corpore Regis
Composuit, nuptis stans ex officio Regis
Memoria Illustrissima Celsissimaeque
Arausianensis, ex Filio Carole
Regis, natu Maxima. Tabula Religiosa*

*Antiquam Cruxis ferens lanumque Parentem
Emicat alente litta ad Spectacula Turba.
Ista tenet &
Domina Dom. Maria Principissa
Primi, Magna Brit. Fra. et Hibern.
Consecrata.*

Alcides Labours, did the Plain possels.
 And thus mischievous Tumults doth exprefs,
 Encreafing as She goes; and, Swifter far,
 Then swiftest Winds, with the Report of War,
 Shakes the affrighted Towns. The People's Fear
 (Apt to believe the Vainest things they hear)
 The Rumour feeds. Now all with Care, and Speed,
 Prepare for War, the Noife whereof is fpread
 Through all *Aufonia*, muft'ring Arms, and Men.
 They whet their Piles, and (Ruft wip'd off agen)
 Its cruel Splendour to the Steel reftore.
 The Youth their Plumed Helmets, long before
 Lai'd up in Peace, repair: their Loops they join
 To Darts; and new, from Forges, Axes fhine.
 With thefe, impenetrable Coats of Mail
 They form, and Breast-Plates, deftin'd to prevail
 'Gainft many Hands, and frufterate ftrongeft Blows.
 Some, carefully, provide *Italian* Bows;
 While others teach the panting Steeds to wheel,
 Or trot the Round; and whet on Stones their Steel.
 Then with like Care, and Speed, they Stones convey
 To ancient Walls, and Castles; whose Decay
 Was wrought by Time: in thefe their Magazin
 Of Arms they make, and fpeedily begin
 With Bars of Oak their Trenches, and their Gates
 To fortify; while Fear precipitates
 All that they Act, and doth in chief Command.
 Some in the Defert Fields, amazed, ftand;
 Others their Houfhould-Gods, and Home forfake,
 And, frighted, on their trembling Shoulders take
 Their feeble Parents, whose weak Thread of Life
 Was almoft fpent. One drives before, his Wife,
 With Locks difhevel'd, dragging a little Son,
 That in each Hand unequally doth run.

Thus

Thus do the People vent their Fears, nor fcan
 The Caufe, or whence thofe Rumours firft began.

The *Senate*, though thefe bold Beginnings fill'd
 Their Hearts with Terrour, and they now beheld,
 Ev'n in the Heart of *Italy*, a War,
 To which the *Alps*, and pathlefs Rocks, from far
 Seem'd to defcend, oppofe a valiant Mind
 Againft Adverfity, resolv'd to finde
 Honour in Dangers, and by Valour raife
 A Name fo great, of fuch Immortal Praife,
 As Fortune never did before beftow,
 Or to the beft Succelfes would allow.

But, now, his Troops, chill'd with a long Excefs
 Of Cold, and Tyr'd, doth *Hannibal* Carefs
 In fafe Retreats, and to their joyfull Eyes (Prize.
 Shews through rich Fields their Way, and *Rome* their
 Yet He omits not to purfue the Cares
 Of War; and, ftill confulting his Affairs,
 He, onely, takes no Reft. As, when of old
Aufonia's happy Territory bold,
 And Warlike, Nations fiercely did invade,
 And by their Valour to the World were made
 A Terrour, the *Tarpeian* Thunderer,
 And Captiv'd *Romanes*, felt a cruel War.

(a) While He endeavours, with his Gifts, the vain,
 And wav'ring, Nations to his Side to gain,
 And join in Arms; the *Conful Scipio* from
 (*) *Maſſilia*, by Sea, returning Home,
 Arriv'd, fuddenly, upon the Shore:
 And thefe great Captains, that had try'd before
 The fev'ral Labours of the Sea, and Land,
 Now, in the Plain, more near to Danger ftand,
 And joyn their Fates; while a moft difmal Hour
 Approach'd. For, when the *Conful*, with His Power,

P Came

(a) Soon as *Hannibal* had paſſed the *Pyrenean* Hills, the *Gauls*, though it was Rumoured, that the *War* was intended againſt *Italy*, hearing how 't had fubjugated *Spain*, betook themſelves to their Arms, reſolv'd to oppoſe him: but, upon *Treſury* at His Camp near *Hibera* (now *Jellia*) the petty-Kings, won by His large Bribes to His Party, gave free paſſage to His Army by their City *Iafion* (now *Sanſſon* in *Cofcia*) whereupon the *Bei*, mortal Enemies to the *Romanes*, immediately revolted from their Obedience, and with Him invaded *Italy*. See *Livy*, lib. 21.

(*) *Maſſilia* in *Provence*.

Came to the Camp, and Fortune all Delay
 Had laid aside, the Troops no longer Stay
 Endure; but all, incens'd with Desire
 Of Fight, the Fo in view, the Sign require.
 The *Tyrian* Captain then, to animate
 His num'rous Army, doth aloud relate
 His glorious Conquests in th' *Iberian War*:
 That not *Pyrene's* Hills could set a Bar
 To his Commands; nor furious *Rhodanus*:
Saguntus burnt; that, through the *Celtæ*, thus (been
 He had, conqu'ring, made his Way, and where 't had
Alcides Labour, he in Arms had seen
 His *Libyan* Horse insult; and, trampling on
 The Rocks, with Neighing make the *Alps* to groan.
 But, contrary, the *Consul* to the Fight,
 And noble Actions, doth his Men excite.

You have (said He) a Tyr'd, and weary Fo,
 Already half confum'd with Frost, and Snow:
 Who scarce can drag his Limbs, benumm'd with Cold.
 Go on, and let him Learn, that was so Bold
 To pass those Sacred Mountains, and those high
 And airy Rocks, how far this Trench doth ly
 Above *Herculean* Towers: that with more Ease
 He may ascend those Hills; then break through these
 Impenetrable Ranks. Let him recite
 To Fame his vain Attempts, untill in Fight
 Subdu'd, and halting to Return again
 By the same Way he came, the *Alps* restrain (through
 His Flight. The Gods have brought him hither,
 Those Difficulties, that he might imbue,
 With his perfidious Blood, th' *Italian* Ground,
 And that his Bones, hereafter, may be found
 Scatter'd in hostile Land. I fain would know,
 If't be another *Carthage*, that doth now

Intend

Intend us War, or is't the same again,
 That, near *Ægates*, perish'd in the Main?

This said; the Army to *Ticinus* goes.
Ticinus in a shallow Chancel flows
 With clear, and quiet Waters, and the Stream
 So Slowly passeth on; that it doth seem
 To Stand, as it, with Silence, glides along
 To embrace the shady Banks, where Birds do throng,
 And their shrill Quires perpetually keep,
 As if to charm the lazy Flood asleep.

Now, at Night's Period, the Morn begun
 With shining Shades, and Sleep its Course had run:
 When, to explore the Place's Nature, round
 The neighbouring Hill, and view the *Champaign-ground*,
 The *Consul* went abroad: the *Libyans* too
 The like resolve, and it with Care pursue.
 This done, they both advance into the Field,
 With Wings of Horsemen; and, as they beheld
 The Clouds of Dust to rise, and heard the Sound
 Of furious Steeds, that, prancing, made the Ground
 To tremble, and the Trumpet's shrill Alarms,
 Each Captain cries, Now (Souldiers!) to your Arms.
 In both, an equal Valour, and Desire
 Of Honour, shin'd, in both an equal Fire
 To press into the Fight: and when, as nigh
 They came, as from a Sling a Dart might fly,
 A sudden Augury diverts their Eyes,
 And Minds (all Clouds dispers'd) unto the Skies.
 An Hawk pursuing, from the South, the fair,
 And gentle Birds, that by ⁽⁶⁾ *Dione* are
 So well belov'd, with his devouring Bill,
 His Pounces, and his Wings, fifteen did kill;
 Nor would be satisfied: his strong Desire
 Of Blood increas'd, and Slaughter fed the Fire;

P 2

Untill

(6) *Venus*, Doves sacred to her!

Untill, as stooping at a trembling Dove,
That knew not, in its Flight, which Way to move
To meet with Safety, from the Rife of Day
An Eagle came; and, frightening him away,
Towards the *Romane* Ensigns flies, and where
The *General's* Son (young *Scipio*) did appear
(Then but a Boy) in Arms, with a loud Cry
There twice, or thrice, Proclaims the Victory:
Then, with his Bill, his Helmet's Crest doth bite,
And to the Stars again resumes his Flight.
Liger, who knew, by his Divining Skill,
The God's Advice, and by his Learned Quill
Could Future things declare, aloud, to all,
Exclaims. Full eighteen years the *Libyan* shall
Th' *African* Youth in *Italy* pursue;
Like that rapacious Bird, and shall imbrue
His Hands in Blood, and wealthy Trophies gain.
But yet, proud *African*, thy Rage restrain;
For, see! *Jove's* Thunder-Bearer Thee denies
Italian Scepters. Chief of *Deities*
Be present! may thy Eagle's Omen be
At length confirm'd. For, noble Youth, to Thee
The final Fates of conquer'd *Libya* are
Reserv'd, and a most glorious Name in War;
Greater then *Carthage*, in her Height of Pride,
Unless those Birds, in Flight, the Gods bely'd.

But *Bogus*, contrary to this, doth sing
All happy Omens to the *Tyrian* King.
The Hawk a good Prefage; The Doves, that fell,
Slain in their Airy Region, foretell
The Fall, and Ruin, of the *Romane* State.
Thus having said, as Conscious of Fate,
And prompted by the Gods; He, first, doth throw
With Strength, a ready Jav'lin at the Fo:

But

But, through the spacious Field, thad Vainly flown,
And lost its killing Force; if Riding on
Full Speed, Ambitious to be first of all,
That gave the Charge, bold *Catus* Horse ith' Fall
Had not receiv'd it, on his Face; and, though
It then was weak, he met the Fatal Blow,
And found his Ruin: for the trembling Wood,
Fix'd in his Front, between his Temples stood.
Now, with loud shouts, both Armies, through the plain,
Came rushing on; and meeting, all Refrain
Their Reins, to stand the Charge. The furious Steed
Erected stands, and, struggling to get Head,
Flies, like a Tempest, through the Champagne-Field;
While to his Feet the Sand doth hardly yield.
Before the rest, a nimble Active Band

(c) Of *Boii*, whom stout *Chryxus* did command,
Assault the Van; and *Chryxus*, with a Rage,
Great as his Giant-Body, doth engage.
From *Brennus*, He his fam'd Original
Deriv'd; and, now, the Conquer'd *Capitol*
Among his Titles wore: upon his Shield
The Pensive *Romanes*, ready all to yield,
On the *Tarpeian* Sacred Hill behold
The *Celte*, weighing their redeeming Gold.
His Iv'ry-Neck a Golden Chain did bear,
His Garments with pure Gold Embroider'd were,
Bracelets of massie Gold adorn his Wrist,
And the like Metal shin'd upon his Crest:
By his fierce Onset, the *Camertine* Bands
At first were routed. Nothing now withstands
The *Boii*; who, in a condensed Throng,
Break through the thickest Ranks, and, mix'd among
The Barb'rous *Senones*, beneath the Feet
Of their fierce Horses, trample all they meet,

And

(c) The *Boii* were a Warlike People, inhabiting that part of *Gallia*, which was called *Lugdunensis* (the Territories of *Lyon*) they were inveterate Enemies to the *Romans*, and had several times invaded *Italy*; but, not long before, were Triumpher'd over by the Consul *Flaminius*; after which Victory, the *Romans* began to place Colonies on that side the *Alps*, which the rather provoked them to side with *Hannibal*.

And strow, with mangled Corps, the Field, which seems
 To swim in Blood, that in continued Streams
 From Men, and Horses, flows, and doth imbrue
 The sliding Steps of them, that still pursue
 Bodies half-dead, by Horses hoofs, are slain
 Out-right, which, flying round the fatal Plain,
 Scatter'd from their light Heels the purple Flood,
 And lave the Wretches Faces with their Blood.
Tyrhenus, born near high *Pelorus* Shore,
 First dying, stained with his purple Gore
 A conquering Dart; for, as he did excite,
 With a shrill Trumpet, others to the Fight,
 Reviving Courage by the Warlike Sound,
 Received, by a Barb'rous Dart, a Wound
 In's panting Throat: which quickly doth impair
 The rising Noise, yet the infused Air,
 Blown from his dying Mouth, awhile, doth pass
 (His Lips now silent) through the winding Brags:
Picens, and *Laurus*, both by *Chryxus* dy.
 But yet not both alike: for *Laurus* by
 His Sword was slain; selected near the *Po*,
 A polish'd Spear, gave *Picens* fatal Blow.
 For, as aside he turned, to Delude
 (By wheeling round) the Fo, that him pursu'd,
 The Spear, at once, both penetrates his Thigh,
 And's Horses Flank; and both together dy.
 Next he wounds *Venusus*, and from his Neck
 Retires the Weapon stain'd with Blood, to check
 Thy Speed (rash *Farfarius*) who by the same
 Dost likewise fall: with *Tullus*, near the Stream
 Of cold *Velinus* bred, *Ansonia*'s Pride,
 And of a glorious Name, had he not dy'd;
 Or had the *Tyrrians* their League maintain'd.
 With these the great *Tyburti*, who had gain'd

Renown

Renown in Wars, and *Romulus* his Hand
 Sent to the Shades below. *Hispellus*, and
Magnus, *Damius* too, his Ruin found
 From him, whom, with his Lance, he thought to wound.
 Nor was there room for *Tyrrians* to engage
 In Battel, with the rest. The *Celtick* Rage
 Fill'd the whole Field: no Shafts from any Hand
 Were sent in Vain; but fix'd in Bodies stand.
 Here, among trembling Files, *Quirinus*, high
 In Courage, and disdain'g Thoughts to fly,
 Resolv'd to meet, with an undaunted Mind,
 His Fate, if prosperous Fortune once declin'd:
 Inflames his furious Courser with his Spear,
 And with his Arms disperseth here, and there,
 The Shafts, that him invade; thinking to make
 His Way, and through the thickest Ranks to break,
 T'attach the King: and, certain to receive
 His Death, attempts by Valour to achieve
 That Honour, he could not survive. A Wound
 Into the Groin of *Tentalus*, the Ground
 Doth make to tremble, with his weighty Fall.
 Next *Sarmens* dy'd, for Valour known to all:
 Who his long yellow Tresses, that out-shin'd
 Pure Gold, contracted in a Knot behind,
 Had vow'd (if He return'd a Conquerour)
 A Sacrifice to Thee, the God of War.
 But the stern Fates, regarding not his Vow,
 Him, with his Hair unshorn, to th' Shades below
 Untimely sent. O're all his Snow-white Limbs,
 The reeking Blood, in Streams diffused, Swims,
 And stains the Earth. *Lycampus*, whom a Dart,
 That met him, as he mov'd, could not divert,
 Rush'd in, and, waving his Revenging Sword,
 With all the Strength, that Fury could afford,

Upon

Upon his Shoulder gives a fatal Wound,
Where his left Arm (by yielding Sinews bound)
Its Strength, and Motion did receive; which now
Hangs loosely down, and lets the Bridle go:
And, as he, Stopping, labour'd to retain,
Within his trembling Hand, the Reins again,
From's Body *Vegasus* lop'd off his Head,
And in his Helmet, as it largely bled,
Ty'd to his Horse's Main, it bears about;
The Gods saluting with a barb'rous Shout.

While thus the Field the *Gauls* with Slaughter feed;
The *Consul*, mounted on a Milk-white Steed,
Into the Fight advanc'd, with fresh Supplies:
And first, of all, with high-raisd Courage, flies
On the prevailing Fo, On Him attend
The choicest Youth, that *Italy* could send.
The *Marsi*, *Coræ*, and the *Latines* Pride,
Sabellus, who by all was magnifi'd
For flinging his swift Dart with certain Skill:
With stout *Tudertes*, from his Native Hill,
Devote to *Mars*; and the *Falisci*, who,
Deck'd in their Countries-Linen, Wars pursue;
With these, that by a silent River, near
(d) *Herculean* Walls, their wealthy Orchards rear,
With Apples crown'd. Next the *Cailli* came,
That dwell on Banks, where *Anyo's* swift Stream
To *Tyber* hafts; and those, that from their Slings
Send *Hernick* Stones, hardned in freezing Springs.
Nor were they absent, that inhabit where
Casinum still is crown'd with misty Air.
Thus went th' *Italian* Youth to War, and by
Th' unequal Gods were destin'd there to dy.
But *Scipio*, where the Fury of the Fo
Did highest Triumph in the Overthrow,

And

And Slaughter of his Men, spurs on his Horse;
And, as if from their Fall inspir'd with Force,
To their sad Ghosts kills frequent Sacrifice.
There *Padus*, *Labarus*, and *Camus* dies:
Brennus, whom many Wounds could scarce destroy;
And *Larus*, that, like *Gorgon*, turn'd his Eye.
And there *Leponticus* by cruel Fate,
Most fiercely fighting, fell: for, snatching at
The *Consul's* Reins, and, as he stood Upright
Afoot, the Horseman equal'd in his Height,
With his sharp Sword his Head the *Consul* cleaves,
And it, divided on his Shoulders, leaves.
Next *Abbatas*; that, in its furious Course,
Endeavour'd, with his Shield, to stop his Horse;
Was by a Kick struck dead, upon the Place;
The Beast still trampling on his wounded Face.
The *Romane* Captain, through the bloody Plain,
Thus raging Rides: as, when th' *Icarian* Main
Cold *Boreas*, with victorious Blasts, doth raise
From its deep Bottom, over all the Seas,
In batter'd Ships, the Mariners are tost,
And in white Foam the *Cyclades* are lost.
Chryxus now seeing Hopes of Life declin'd,
And Death's Approach, confirms his valiant Mind
With a content of Fate. His horrid Beard
Shin'd with a bloody Foam: his Jaws appear'd
All white with Froth: his Locks, with flying Sand,
And Dust made squallid, stiff, like Bristles, stand.
Thus *Tarius* fiercely he invades, who nigh
The *Consul* fought, and with strong Blows doth ply:
Then fells him to the Ground; for with a Spear,
(That his last Fate upon its Point did bear)
Wounded, he tumbles Headlong from his Steed:
Which mov'd by Fear, with uncontrouled Speed,
Q Drags

Drags him (his Legs fast in the Stirrop bound)
 About the Field. Blood issuing from the Wound
 Leaves a long winding Tract, that, with his Spear
 Trail'd in his Hand, doth in the Dust appear.
 The *Consul* prais'd his Death, and doth prepare
 To vindicate his Ghost: when through the Air
 An horrid Noise was heard; and he descries
 Those Shouts commended *Chryxus*, whom his Eys,
 Scarce known before, beheld. His Anger now
 Grew high, and viewing, with a troubled Brow,
 His Giant-Body, with a gentle Hand
 Clapping his Horse's Neck, he makes a Stand,
 And thus bespeaks him. We, as yet, have made
 A vulgar War, and to the *Syagian* Shade
 Have sent down People of no Name at all:
 But, my *Gargamus*, now, the Gods us call
 To greater Actions. See'st thou not how great
Chryxus appears? To thee I'll Dedicate
 Those Trappings, that with *Tyrian* Lustre shine:
 Their Grace, and golden Reins shall all be thine.
 This said: he *Chryxus* in the open Plain
 Aloud provokes the Combate to maintain.
 His willing Enemy the like Desire
 Inflames. On either Side the Troops retire,
 Commanded to give way, and strait beheld
 The Champions in the Lifts, amidst the Field.
 Great as the Earth-born *Mimas* did appear
 In the *Phlegrean* Plains, when Heav'n for Fear
 Ev'n trembled at his Arms: from's salvage Breast
 Such cruel *Chryxus*, here, himself express
 With horrid Murmuring: and, to engage
 His valiant Fo, with Howling whets his Rage,
 And thus, insulting, speaks. Do none Survive
 In Burnt, and Captivated *Rome*, could give

Thee

Thee Notice, what brave Hands the Progeny
 Of *Brennus* bring to War? now Learn of Me:
 And, as he spake, a knotty Beam of Oak,
 That would have shaken with its weighty Stroak
 A Citie's Gates, he flings. A dreadful Sound
 It makes, and, falling vainly, tears the Grounds:
 For, having lost his Distance, by a Throw
 Too strong, it flew beyond his nearer Fo.
 To him the *Consul* answers: Take to Hell
 This with Thee, and remember, that thou tell
 Thy Grand-fire, how far distant thou didst fall
 From the *Tarpeian*-Hill: and say withall,
 It was not lawfull for thee once to view
 The *Capitol*. And, as he spake, he threw
 A Jawlin (fitted to destroy so vast
 A Fo) which, from the thong with vigour cast, (through
 Pierc'd through his Cassock's numerous Folds, and
 His Coat of Mail, which Nerves confirm'd, into
 His Breast, whose Depth the Weapon wholly drown'd:
 With a vast Ruin, prostrate on the Ground
 He falls. The suff'ring Earth beneath the Weight
 Of's Arms, and Body, groans, and feels his Fate.
 So on the *Tyrrhene* Coast the Hills, that stand
 To oppose the Billows, that invade the Land,
 Struck by impetuous Storms, immanely roar,
 And raving *Nereus*, beating on the Shore,
 The Waves, divided by their furious Shocks,
 Drown in the angry Deep the broken Rocks.
 Their Captain slain, the *Celtæ* all to flight
 Themselves, and Hopes, commit; their Courage quite
 Declines. As when, on the *Pyrenean*-Hill,
 The busie Hunter, with Sagacious Skill
 Searching the secret Dens, to rouse his Game
 From their thick Coverts, fires the Thornes: the Flame

Q 2 With

With Silence gathers Strength, and to the Skies |
 Dark Clouds of pitchy Smoke aspiring rise ;
 Then all on fire the Hill doth strait appear,
 Loud Noises fill the Woods : The Beasts, for fear,
 And Birds, forsake their Shelter, and from far
 Through all the Vale the Cattle frightened are.
 When *Mago* saw the *Celtick* Troops were gone,
 And their first ^(c) Onset (which in them, alone,
 Is vigorous) was lost, he strait doth call
 His Countreymen to fight : and first of all
 The Horse-men ; who appear on ev'ry Side
 In Troops, and, without Reins, or Bridles ride.
 Now the *Italians* fly, and then renew
 The Fight. The *Tyrians* then for Fear withdrew,
 And now advance again. These their Right Wing
 In Moon-like Circles lead ; The other bring
 Their Left alike in Form : Alternately
 In Close-form'd Globes they fight, and, when they fly,
 With Art avoid the Slaughter of the Fo.
 So, when the Winds from sev'ral Quarters blow,
 Fierce *Boreas* one way drives the swelling Main,
 Which *Eurus* meeting tumbles back again,
 And with alternate Blasts, both furious, throw
 The *Ocean* (that obeys them) to'and fro.
 At length in *Tyrian* Purple shining, wrought
 With Gold, comes *Hannibal*, and with Him brought
 Terrour, and Fear, and Fury to the Field.
 And soon as He His bright *Callaick* Shield
 Held up, and struck a piercing Light through all,
 Their Hopes, and Valour both together fall.
 Their trembling Souls cast off all Shame of Flight :
 None care to seek a noble Death in Fight.
 Resolv'd to fly, they rather wish to know
 Death by the gaping Earth, then by the Fo.

So

(c) In this Character of the *Gauls*, in general (and not yet wholly worn out in the Nation) *Florus* agreeth with the *Poets*, That in their first Onset they seem to exceed Men ; but in the second are inferior to Women.

So when a Tiger from his *Caucasean* Den
 Descends, the Fields forsaken are by Men,
 And Beasts. All, as distracted, fly for Fear,
 And Shelter seek ; while, as a Conquerour,
 He wanders up, and down, the desert Plain,
 And now extends, then shuts his jaws again,
 As if some present Carcass he did eat ;
 And, gaping wide, doth Slaughter meditate.
 Him nor could *Metabus*, nor *Ufens* shun :
 Though *Ufens*, very tall, did swiftly run ;
 And *Metabus*, full Speed, on Horse-back fled :
 For *Metabus* was with his Lance struck dead ;
 And *Ufens*, falling on his Knees, did bleed
 By's Sword : so lost his Life, and Praise of Speed.
 Then *Siberius*, *Laurus*, and *Collinus* dy.
Collinus, born in a cold Climate, nigh
 The Chrystal Caves of *Fuinus*, and o'rel
 That Lake, by Swimming, pass'd from either Shore.
 The next Companion of their Fate, that fell
 Was *Masicius* ; born on that Sacred Hill,
 That crown'd with fruitfull Vines doth bear his Name,
 Near *Lyrus* nurs'd, that with a silent Stream
 Its Course dissembleth, and with glitt'ring Waves,
 Unchang'd by Rain, the quiet Margent Laves.
 But now the Heat of Slaughter grew so high,
 That they could scarce finde Weapons to supply
 Their Active Rage ; Shields clash on Shields, and Feet
 On Feet do press : and, as they, Furious, meet,
 Encountring close, the waving Crests, that crown'd
 Their Helmets, mutually their Fore-Heads wound.
 Three famous Twins, all valiant Brothers, whom
Sidonian *Barce*, happy in her Womb,
 In time of War, unto *Xantippus* bare,
 Most fiercely fighting, in the Van appear.

Their

(f) *Xantippus*, who was sent by the *Lacedaemonians* to be General for the *Carthaginians* against *Regulus* the *Roman Consul*: whom he vanquished, and took Captive to Carthage. See *Lit. 6.*

Their Power, and Wealth in Greece; their Fathers
(A valiant Captain) with *Amycle's* Name; (Fame
And *Regulus*, in *Spartan* Fetters bound;
With all that their Fore-Fathers had renown'd;
Inflam'd their Minds, in Arms to prove their high
Descent, and by their Deeds to testify
That they from *Lacon* sprang: to visit then
The cold *Taygeta*, and Wars again
Allai'd, through their *Eurotas* sail, and see
Those Rites, *Lycorgus*, were ordain'd by Thee.
But Heav'n, and three *Asfonian* Brothers, who
In Age, and Courage, equalled the Fo,
Sent by *Arctia* from those lofty Groves,
Where *Nympha* with the Nymph his secret Loves
Enjoy'd, deny'd they should to *Sparta* go:
Nor would the too impartial Fates allow,
That they ^(g) *Diana's* Altars should behold,
And Sacred Lakes. For now the fierce, and bold
Clytias, *Eumachus*, and *Xantippus*; proud
Of's Father's Name, engaged in the Croud;
And Heat of all the Fight. As when, within
The *Libyan* Plains, the Lyons do begin
A War among themselves, their Roaring fills
The Fields, and Cottages; or'e secret Hills,
And pathless Rocks, th' affrighted *Moor* doth fly;
His Wife endeavouring to suppress the Cry
O' th' tender Infant, hanging at the Teat
Of her large Breast; the raging Beasts repeat
Their Murmurs, and between their bloody Jaws
Crash broken Bones: while limbs beneath their Claws,
And cruel Teeth, still fight; as if with Scorn
To seem to yield, though from the Body torn:
So the *Egerian* Youth, fierce *Virbius*, here,
There *Cappys* press to fight; *Albanus* there,

Alike

Alike in Arms: Him *Clytias* by Chance,
Stooping to shun a Blow, strikes with his Lance,
Quite through the Belly. Strait his Bowels fill'd,
Extruded by his Fall, his hollow Shield.
Next by stout *Eumachus* was *Cappys* slain:
Who, as if fix'd, endeavour'd to retain
His Target; till a Sword from his Left Side
Lopp'd off his Arm, and by the Wound he dy'd:
While his unhappy Hand refus'd to yield
Its Hold, and stuck unto the falling Shield.
Two of the three thus miserably slain,
The last great Conquest *Virbius* doth remain:
Who, as he fain'd to fly, *Xantippus* slew
With his keen Sword, and eager to pursue
Eumachus by his Jav'lin likewise falls.
And thus the Fight by double Funerals
Is equal made. Then the Survivors dy'd
By mutual Wounds, and laid their Rage aside.
Oh happy you, whom noble Piety,
Urging your Fate, did thus persuade to dy!
Such Brothers future Times shall wish to see,
And your last valiant Acts your Memory
Shall crown with Honour; if our Verses live,
Or miserable Nephews, that survive,
Shall read these Monuments your Virtues claim,
And great *Apollo* envy not Our Fame.
But now his Troops, dispers'd through all the Plains,
The *Consul*, with his Voice, from Flight restrains,
While He could use His Voice. Whither d' ye bear
Those Ensigns? How are you destroy'd by Fear?
If the first Place of Battel you affright,
Or you want Courage in the Front to fight,
Behinde Me stand; but lay aside your Fear,
And see Me fight. Their Fathers Captives were,
From

From whom you fly. What Hopes can we pretend,
If once subdu'd? Shall we the *Alps* ascend?
Oh! think, you see Tower-bearing *Rome*, whose Head
Her Walls do crown, submissively, now, spread
Her Hands; while her proud Foes her Sons enchain;
Daughters are ravish'd, and their Parents slain.
And in their Blood, me thinks, I see the Fire
Of holy *Vesta* now (alas!) expire.
Oh! then prevent this Sin. Thus having said,
His Jaws with Dust, and Clamour, weary made;
His Left Hand snatching up the Reins; the Right
His Sword; his Breast to those, that fled the Fight,
He doth oppose: now threatens Them, and then
Himself to Kill, unless they turn agen.

These Armies when; from high *Olympus*, *Jove*
Beheld, the noble *Consul's* Dangers move
His Mind to Pity. Then, he calls his Son
(The God of War) and to Him thus begun.
My Son, I fear that gallant Man's not far
From Ruin, if thou tak'st not up the War.
Withdraw him, full of Fury, from the Fight;
Forgetfull of Himself, through the Delight
Of Slaughter. Stop the *Libyan General*,
Who will more glory in the *Consul's* Fall,
Then all those Numbers; that He doth destroy.
Thou seest, besides, how soon that ^(b)Warlike Boy
His tender Hands in Battel doth engage,
And strives by Action to transcend his Age,
Thinking it tedious to be young in War.

Thou guiding ^(c)Him, he shall hereafter dare
To attempt Great things, and his first Trophie shall
Be to prevent his Noble Father's Fall.

Thus *Jove*; strait *Mars* from the *Odryan* Field
His Chariot summons, and assumes his Shield:

Which

Which, like a gloomy Thunder-bolt, its Beams
Scatters abroad: his Helmet too, that seems
To other Deities a Weight too great:
And's Breast-Plate, that with so much Toil, and Sweat
The lab'ring *Cyclops* form'd: then shakes his Spear,
Stain'd with the Blood of *Titans*, through the Air,
And with his Chariot fills the dusty Plain.
The dire *Eumenides*, and dreadful Train
Of *Furies* him attend, and ev'ry where
Innumerable Forms of Death appear:
While fierce *Bellona*, who doth guid the Reins,
Whips on his Steeds, and all Delay disdains.
Then from the troubled Heav'n a Tempest forth
Doth break, and in dark Clouds involves the Earth.
His Entrance ev'n the Court of *Jove* doth shake,
And Rivers, by his Chariots Noise, forsake
Their Banks, and, struck with Horrour, backward fly
To their first Springs, and leave their Chansels dry.
The *Garamantian* Bands, now, ev'ry where
Invest with Darts the *Consul*, and prepare
New Presents for the *Tyrian* Prince: the Spoils
Of his rich Arms, his Head, through many Toils
Of that sad Day, bedew'd with Sweat, and, Blood.
While He, not to give way to Fortune, stood
Resolv'd, and then, more fierce with Slaughter grown,
Returns the num'rous Darts against him thrown.
Till over all his Limbs the Blood of Foes,
Mix'd with his own, in Streams diffused flows,
And then, his Crest declining, in a Ring
More closely girt, the *Garamantians* fling
Their steeled Shafts, with nearer Aim, and all,
Like Storms of Hail, at once, about him fall.

But, when his Son perceiv'd a Dart to be
Fix'd in his Father's Body (as if He

R

Had

(b) Young *Scipio*.

(c) *Scipio Africanus*, who (but fourteen years old) in this Fight rescued his Father, and, at twenty five years, undertook the War of *Spain*; and never relinquish'd it, till he had subdued *Hannibal*.

Had felt the deadly Wound) his pious Tears
 Bedews his Cheeks, and Palenes trait appears,
 To run o're all his Body, and with Groans,
 That pierce the Skies, his Danger he Bemoans.
 Twice he Attempted, to anticipate
 By piercing his own Breast, his Father's Fate:
 As oft the God of War converts his Rage
 Against the Fo; with whom he doth engage,
 And, Fearless, through the armed Squadrons flies,
 And, in his furious Speed, doth equalize
 The Deity, his Guid. The Troops, that round
 His Father fight, give Way, and on the Ground
 A Tract of Blood appears. Where'er he goes,
 (Protected by the Heavenly Shield) he mows
 Whole Squadrons down. On heaps of Arms he Slew,
 Such as oppos'd his Rage, with him that Threw
 The Dart, who dy'd before his Father's Eys;
 With many more, as pleasing Sacrifice.
 Then, snatching from the Bones the fixed Spear,
 Upon his Neck, from Danger, he doth bear
 His fainting Sire. The Troops at such a Sight
 Amazed stand: the *Libyans* cease to fight:
 Th' *Iberians* all give way. A Piety
 So great, in tender Years, turns ev'ry Eye
 Upon him, to Admire what they beheld,
 And strikes deep Silence through the dusty Field.
 Then said the God of War: Thou *Dido's* Towers
 Hereafter shalt destroy; and *Tyrian* Powers,
 Compell'd by Thee, a League shall entertain:
 Yet never shalt thou greater Honour gain,
 Than this. Go on (brave Youth) go on, and prove
 Thy self to be, indeed, the Son of Jove.
 Go on: for greater Things reserved be;
 Though better never can be giv'n to Thee.

This

This said: the Sun now stooping to the Main,
 The Deity returns to Heav'n again,
 Involv'd in Clouds. Darkness the Fight decides;
 And, in their Camps, the weary Armies hides.

But, when in her declining Wain the Night
Phæbe withdrew, and, by her Brother's Light,
 The rose flames from the *Eoan* Main
 Gilded the Margent of the Skies again;
 The *Consul*, fearing that the Plain might be
 A great Advantage to the Enemy,
 To *Trebia*, and the Mountains, takes his Way.
 And now the winged Hours advanc'd the Day,
 When with much Toil the Bridg was broken down,
 (O're which the *Romanè* Army pass'd) and thrown
 Into the Flood: when to the Rapid Stream
 Of swift *Eridanus*, the *Libyan* came;
 Seeking, by marching round, through various Waies,
 The Fords, and where its Course the River staies:
 Trees from the Neighb'ring Groves at length he takes,
 And, to transport his Troops, a Navy makes.
 The valiant *Consul* (from the antient Line
 O'th' *Gracchi* sprang, whose Ancestours did shine
 In Monuments, with noble Titles crown'd,
 For Valour, both in Peace, and War Renown'd)
 Thither, from high *Pelorus*, came by Sea,
 Incamping near the Banks of *Trebia*.
 The *Carthaginians*, likewise, in the Plain
 (The River over-pass'd) encamp'd remain,
 Encourag'd by Success of their Affairs:
 While their insulting *General* prepares
 Their Minds, and to their Fury still doth give
 Fresh Fuel. What third *Consul* doth survive
 In *Rome*? (said He) What other *Sicily*
 Remaineth now in Arms against us? See!

R 2

All

(k) *Sempronius Gracchus* had then the Command of the *Roman* Navy to guard *Sicily*, and the Coast of *Italy*, from the *Carthaginians*; whose Fleet he had disperſed; and, leaving *Sicily* under the Care of King *Hiero*, on the Fame of *Hannibal's* entering *Italy*, came with his Forces to *Trebia*, and joynd with *Corneilius Scipio*. Of his Death, ſee Book 12.

All the *Italian Bands*, and *Damian Line*,
 Are met. Now let the *Latine Princes* join
 In League with Me; now let them *Laws* require.
 But thou, that in the Fight, unhappy Sire,
 Ow'st to thy Son thy Life, so may'st thou live!
 May'st thou to him again that Honour give!
 May'st thou not dy in War so old! 'tis I,
 (When Fate shall call) that must in Battel dy.
 This with high Rage express'd; he doth advance
 With his *Messilian* Troops, and with his Lance,
 Ev'n at the Trenches, doth provoke the Fo.
 The *Latine* Souldiers, scorning thus to ow
 Their Safety to their Rampires, and to hear
 The Gates to Eccho with an Hostile Spear,
 Break forth: and through the Breach, before the Rest,
 The valiant *Consul* flies. The plumed Crest
 Of his bright Helmet waving with the Wind;
 His Cassock stain'd with honour'd Blood behind:
 He calls, with a loud Voice, the following Bands,
 And, where the Fo in strongest Bodies stands,
 He breaks his Way, and chargeth through the Plain,
 As when a furious Torrent, swell'd with Rain,
 Falling from lofty *Pindus* Top, doth fill
 The Vallies with a Noise; as if the Hill,
 By some rude Tempest, were in Pieces torn:
 The Heards, and salvage Beasts, and Woods are born
 Away; the foaming Waves o're all prevail,
 And pass with Roaring through the stony Dale.
 Could I like the *Meonian* ⁽¹⁾ Prophet sing,
 Or would *Apollo*, to assise me, bring
 An hundred Voices, I could not declare
 What Slaughter here the *Consul* made: what there
 The *Libyan's* Fury acted. *Hannibal*
Murranus, and the *Romane General*

Phalantus

(1) *Homer*.

Phalantus, old in Labours, and for Skill
 In War all famous, hand to hand, did kill.
 From *Anxur's* stormy Cliffs *Murranus*: from
 Sea-wash'd *Tritonis* did *Phalantus* come.
 But when, by his Illustrious Habit shown,
 The *Consul* was engag'd, *Cupentus*, one
 Depriv'd of half his Sight, that with one Eye
 Pursu'd the War, assaults him suddenly;
 And fixeth in the Margent of his Shield
 His trembling Lance. The *Consul* him beheld
 With boiling Rage; Now (Villain) lay aside
 (Said he) what ever Mischief thou dost hide
 Beneath thy Ugly, and Deformed Brow.
 And, as he spake, with Aim, directly through
 His glaring Eye he thrusts his fatal Spear.
 No less incens'd doth *Hannibal* appear;
 By whom, in silver Arms, unfortunate
Varrenus fell: *Varrenus*, whom of late
 Fertile *Fulgimia's* wealthy Fields with Gain
 Enrich'd, and, wandering in the open Plain,
 His curled Bulls, as white as *Alpine* Snow,
 Return'd from cold ⁽²⁾ *Clitumnus* Stream: but now
 The Gods were angry, and those Victims prove
 Nourish'd in vain; which for *Tarpeian* Jove,
 With so much Care, by him were fed before.
 Then light *Iberians* with the nimble *Moor*
 Advance. Here Piles, there *Libyan* Arrows fly;
 So thick, from either Side, they hide the Sky:
 And all the Space, between the River's Shore,
 And Champagn-Ground, with Darts is cover'd o're.
 So thick they stand, the Wounded have no Room
 To Fall, and Dy. There *Allius*, that from
Argyripa, through *Damian* Fields, with rude
 Unpolish'd Shafts, his flying Game pursu'd,

Was

(2) *Clitumnus*, a River in *Tuscan*
ny, wherein such Bulls, as were to be
 Sacrificed to *Jupiter*, were washed,
 and became White. See the Continuation
 of the first Book.

Was born, into the midst of all his Foes;
 Upon his *Lappian* Steed, and throws
 (Not vainly) his *Apalkan* Darts: his Breast
 The Skins of rough *Sammitick* Bears invest,
 Instead of Steel: his Head an Helmet wore,
 Fenc'd with the Tusshes of an Aged Boar.
 But him, thus Active, as if he had bin
 Then following: the Chase of Beasts, within
 The *Gargan* Woods, when *Mago* here spy'd,
 There bold *Maharbal*; they on either Side
 Charge him. As Bears, more fierce by Hunger made,
 From sev'ral Rocks a trembling Bull invade;
 Their Fury not permitting them to share
 Their Prey with Leisure: so both here, and there,
 Gaiest *Allius* discharged Weapons flew.
 At length, through both his Sides, the *Libyan* Yew
 Doth, singing, pierce into his trembling Heart,
 And Death remain'd ambiguous, to which Dart
 It should give way; for both together there,
 As in their Center, met. Now full of Fear
 The *Romane* Troops, with scatter'd Ensigns, fly;
 Whom to the Banks the *Libyan* furiously,
 (A Sight of Pity!) wandering up and down,
 Pursues, and in the River strives to drown.
 Then *Trebia* to their Ruin doth conspire,
 And raising, at *Saturnia's* Desire,
 His fatal Waves, begins a second War
 Against the weary Vanquish'd: who are
 By Earth, that shrink beneath them, where they stood,
 Devour'd, and cover'd by the treach'rous Flood.
 Nor could they from the thick, tenacious Mire,
 (If once engag'd) their weary Limbs retire:
 But stand, as bound, and fix'd within the Mud,
 Untill, o'whelm'd by the deceitfull Flood,

Or

Or Ruins of the hollow Banks, some fall;
 While others through the Slippery places crawl,
 And seek through the inextricable Shore,
 Their several Ways to Safety. But, as o'er
 The rotten Bogs they fly, and Ruin think
 To shun, by their own Weight oppress'd, they Sink.
 Here one swims swiftly, and now near the Land,
 Snatching the tops of Rushes in his Hand,
 To raise himself above the Flood again,
 Nail'd by a Jav'lin to the Bank, is slain:
 Another, having lost his Weapon, fast
 Within his Arms his struggling Fo' embraçt,
 And in one Fate, both joyn'd together, dy'd.
 Death in a thousand Shapes, on ev'ry Side,
 Appears. There wounded *Ligus* backward fell
 Upon the Shore; and, as the Flood doth swell
 With Heaps of Bodies, and his Visage laves,
 He sucks in, with his Sighs, the bloody Waves.
 But scarce half-way did fair *Hirpinus* swim,
 And beckned to the rest to follow him:
 When, carry'd by the Stream's impetuous Force,
 And gaul'd with many wounds, his head-strong Horse
 Obeys the Torrent, till with Labour tir'd,
 Under prevailing Waves, they both expir'd.
 Yet still these Miseries encrease: for, as
 The towred Elephants attempt to pass
 Into the Flood, with Violence they sell
 (As when a Rock, torn from its native Hill
 By Tempest, falls into the angry Main)
 And *Trebia* afraid to entertain
 Such Monstrous Bodies, flies before their Breast,
 Or shrinks beneath them with their Weight oppress'd,
 But as Adversity man's Courage tries,
 And fearless Valour, doth to Honour rise

Through

Through Danger ; stout *Fibrenus* doth disclaim
 A Death ignoble, or that wanted Fame :
 And cries, My Fate shall be observ'd, nor shall
 Fortune, beneath these Waters, hide my Fall.
 He try, if Earth doth any living bear,
 Which the *Ausonian* Sword, and *Tyrrhen* Spear
 Cannot subdue, and kill. With that, he prest
 His Lance into the right Eye of the Beast,
 That, with blind Rage, the penetrating Blow
 Purfu'd, and toising up his mangled Brow,
 Besmear'd with reeking Blood, with horrid Cries
 Turns round, and from his fallen Master flies.
 Then with their Darts, and frequent Arrows all
 Invade him, and now dare to hope his Fall.
 His immense Shoulders, and his Sides, appear
 One Wound entire, his dusky Back doth bear
 Innumerable Shafts ; that, like a Wood,
 Still waving, as he mov'd, upon him stood :
 Till in so long a Fight, their Weapons all
 Consum'd, he fell, Death hastning through his Fall.

But now (although a Wound, which by the way
 An Adverse Hand inflicted, did delay
 His Speed a while) implacable with Rage,
 Within the River, *Scipio* doth engage.
 And with unnumbered Slaughters doth infect
 The Enemy ; while *Trebia* seems oppress'd
 With Targets, Helmets, and with Bodies slain ;
 And scarce doth any vacant Space remain
 To see the Water. There *Mazæus* by
 His Lance, there *Goltar* by his Sword doth dy.
 Then against *Telgon*, who from *Pelops* sprung,
 And in *Cyrene* dwelt, a Pile he flung,
 Snatch'd from the stained Torrent, and within
 His gaping Mouth fix'd the whole Steel. His Chin
 Now

Now falls : against his Teeth the trembling Wood
 Rebounds with Noise, and sudden Streams of Blood,
 Together with his Life, flow from the Wound :
 Yet, after Death, no Rest his Body found ;
 For *Trebia* it t' *Eridanus* conveys,
Eridanus it tumbles to the Seas.
 With him, and others, *Lapfus* likewise dy'd,
 To whom the Fates a Sepulchre deny'd.
 What then avail'd his rich *Hesperides*,
 Or Groves by *Nymphs* frequented ? What his Trees,
 That, bearing Gold, extend their shining Boughs ?
 But *Trebia*, swelling, from the Bottom throws
 His curling Waves, unlocketh all his Springs,
 And all his Forces with fresh Fury brings :
 The Billows roar aloud, and, as they fly,
 Still a new Torrent doth their Place supply.
 The *General* perceiving this, his Blood
 With greater Fury boils. Perfidious Flood
 (Said He) severely shalt thou punish'd be,
 For this thy Insolence. I'll scatter thee
 In lesser Streams, through all the *Gallick* Coast,
 Untill the Name of *River* thou hast lost.
 I'll choak thee in thy Birth : nor shalt thou flow,
 Through this thy Chancel, to the Banks of *Po*.
 What sudden Rage is this, doth thee invade,
 And thee *Sidonian* of a *Latine* made ?
 Him boasting thus, the Waters in a Heap
 Assail, and on his lofty Shoulders leap.
 Himself against their Rage He doth oppose,
 And with His Shield sustains their furious Throws.
 Behind, the Storm-raised Surges thicker come,
 And cover His Plum'd Helmet with their Foam.
 That He should farther wade, the God deny'd ;
 While from His Feet the slippery Earth doth slide.
 S The

The angry Billows, now, begin a War
 Among themselves, and, striking Rocks, afar
 Diffuse the Noise through all the Neighb'ring Coast,
 And in the Fight his Banks the River lost.
 Then, lifting up his streaming Locks, his Brow
 Impail'd with Bull-Rushes, said He, Dost Thou
 So proudly threaten Thy Revenge on Me?
 And that the Name of *Trebia* shall be
 By Thee extinguish'd: Oh, Thou Enemy
 To this My Empire! see what Bodies I
 Do bear; that by thy fatal Hand were slain:
 Such Heaps of Shields, and Helmets here remain,
 That they my Waters from my Chancel force,
 And I'm constrain'd to leave my former Course.
 Thou see'st how deep with Slaughter they are stain'd,
 And backward flie. Refrain thy killing Hand,
 And pitch Thy Camp within this Neighb'ring Field.

This *Cytherea* from an Hill beheld,
 And, near her, *Vulcan*; who themselves did shroud
 From Mortal Eyes, within an airy Cloud.
 But *Scipio*, sighing, listeth to the Skies
 His Hands, and saith; Ye Gods, whose Auspices
 Have hitherto preserv'd *Dardanian Rome*,
 Must I, at length, a Sacrifice become
 To such a Death, preserv'd by You of late
 In so great Fights? Is it above my Fate
 To fall by Fortune? Oh, deliver me
 Again (my Son) unto the Enemy;
 That I may dy in Battel! and My End
 Unto My Brothers, and to *Rome*, commend.

Griev'd with this Language, *Venus* sigh'd, and all
 Her Husband's Fury on the Flood lets fall.
 O're all the Banks, the active Flames appear
 Dispersed, and the Streams, that many a Year

Had

Had there been Nourish'd by the aged Flood,
 Most furiously devour. The Neighb'ring Wood
 Doth likewise burn, and through the highest Groves
 (a) *Vulcan*, an uncontrold Conqu'rou, moves.
 Now Fir-Trees lose their Arms; the lofty Pines,
 And Alders sink, the Poplar too declines;
 And from their standing Trunks those Branches fell,
 Where Quires of Chanting Birds were wont to dwell.
 Ev'n from the Bottom of the troubled Flood,
 The Fire licks up the Waters, dries the Blood,
 Late shed upon the Banks. The parched Earth,
 (As when rash *Phaëton*, to prove his Birth,
 Did Fire the World) with Heat excessive cleaves,
 And Heaps of Ashes on the Waters leaves.
 Father *Eridanus* now thinks it strange,
 That his Eternal Course so soon doth change,
 The *Nymphs* their liquid Caves with mournfull Cries
 Now fill, and, as the Flood endeavour'd thrice
 To raise his scorched Head, the God of Fire,
 Throwing a Lamp, constrain'd him to retire
 Beneath his smoaking Waves, and thrice his Head
 Of Reeds deprives: at length, as Vanquish'd,
 And Weak, submitting to his Conqu'ring Fo,
 'Twas granted in his former Banks to flow.
Scipio, and *Gracchus*, then; from *Trebia*, all
 Their Troops, unto a fenced Hill, recall.

But *Hannibal* the River doth adore,
 And, with much Honour, sprinkles near the Shore
 His (b) Social Waters on the Holy Grails:
 Not knowing how much greater things (alass!)
 The Gods would act. What Woes for *Italy*
 Were (*Trafimenus*) then prepar'd by Thee.

Not long before, *Flaminius* did invade
 The *Boii*, and an easie Conquest made

S 2

Over

(a) This *Flood* alludes to that of
Homer, *Iliad* XXI Where the violent
 Inundation of the River *Scamander*
 is restrained by *Vulcan*, at the Prayer
 of *Achilles*.

(b) *Social Waters*, in token, that
 He then received that Part of this
 Country into his Protection, and A-
 mity.

Over that Nation, Weak, and void of all
 Deceit. But to contend with *Hannibal*
 Requir'd more Toil, more Vigilance, and Skill
 Him, fatal to his Country, and with ill
 Prefages born, *Saturnia* prepares
 As General, while *Italy's* Affairs
 Sadly declin'd: A man most worthy all
 The Mischief, that did on his Country fall.
 For, in the first Day, that he took in Hand
 The Helm of State, and th' Army did command:
 As Mariners, unskilfull to convey
 A beaten Ship through a tempestuous Sea,
 Obey the Winds, and leave to ev'ry Blast,
 Or Wave, the wandering Vessel; which at last
 Is driven by the Pilot's artless Hands
 On Rocks, or else is swallow'd up in Sands
 So, with rash Arms, *Flaminius* doth invade
 The *Lydians*, and those Mansions Sacred made
 By antient ^(p) *Corythus* Arrival there;
 And the *Mæonian* Colonies, that were
 Joyn'd to *Italian*, by their Grand-fires Blood,
 And in the Catalogue of Kindred stood,
 Nor did the Gods neglect to advertise
 The *Libyan* Captain of an Enterprize;
 That to his Name such Honour might produce.
 For when that Sleep, o're all the World, his Juice
 Of Poppy had diffus'd, and with his Wings
 Had cover'd o're the Tedious Care of things,
Junò the Figure of the Neighbouring Flood
 Assumes, and, as he slept, before him stood
 The dangling Tresses, on her watry Brow,
 Encompass'd with a wreathed Poplar-Bough,
 With sudden Cares, she dives into his Breast,
 And with this pow'rfull Language breaks his Rest.

Oh

Oh *Hannibal*, most happy in thy Fame,
 And unto *Italy* a fatal Name!
 Who, if th' *Ausonian* Land had giv'n Thee Birth,
^(q) Might'st with the Gods, when Thou forsak'st the
 Hereafter be Bachron'd. While yet we may, (Earth,
 And Fates permit us, banish all Delay:
 The great Success, which Fortune doth allow,
 Not long endures. Go on; the Blood, which Thou
 Didst to thy Father promise, when the War
 'Gainst *Rome*, before the Altar, Thou didst swear,
 Shall from *Ausonian* Bodies flow to Thee,
 And Thou Thy Father's Ghost shalt satisfy
 With Slaughter, and to Me securely pay
 Deserv'd Honours. Therefore now Obey:
 For I that *Thrasimeneus* am, that by
 The Bands, from *Tmolus* sent, encompass'd ly
 Beneath high Hills, and reign in shady Streams.

By this Advice excited from his Dreams,
 His Army, which the Deity doth fill
 With Courage, strait He leadeth to the Hill.
 High *Apenninus*, who his Fore-head joyns
 Unto the Stars, surcharg'd with lofty Pines,
 Was cover'd, then, with Ice. Among the steep,
 And slippery Rocks, all Trees, in Snow, as deep
 As is his Height, were hid, and to the Skies
 His hoary Head, with Frost congeal'd, did rise.
 Here He commands them on: for having cross'd
 The *Alps*, all former Glory had been lost,
 And quite extinguish'd; had they made a Stand
 At other Mountains: therefore they ascend
 Those broken Cliffs, whose Tops the Clouds invest
 Perpetually with Showrs. Nor did they rest,
 When once that Labour they had overcome;
 But strait descend into the Plains, that swim

With

(p) *Corythus*, a Town in *Tuscany*, built by King *Corymbus*, descend'd of *Tyrrhenus*, the son of *Arys*, King of *Mæonia*, and Father to *Lydia*, from whom the *Mæonians* were call'd *Lydians*, whose Colonies were plant'd in this part of *Italy* by *Tyrrhenus*.

(q) *Dedication* being peculiar to the *Romans*.

With thawing Ice, and where, in Moorish Ground,
The cold, unfrozen Waters did abound :
In these unwholesome Fens, the *Gen'ral's* bare,
Uncover'd, ^(c) Head, was shaken by the Air,
And on his bloodless Cheeks his melting Eye
In Tears descends. While, scorning Remedy,
He thinks the Time of Battel is to be
Purchas'd with any Danger. Therefore He
Disdains the Beauty of his Face to spare,
So He may have His Ends ; nor doth He care,
To part with other Limbs, if Victory
May be the Price, and thinks his single Eye
Enough ; if so a Conquerour He may
Behold the *Capitol* : or any way
Subdue a Fo, that bears the *Romane* Name.
Through all these Miseries at length He came
Unto the ^(d) Lake, where for His Loss of Sight
He kills unnumber'd *Piacles* in Fight.

But now, behold, from *Tyrian Carthage* sent
Ambassadors arrive. The first Intent,
And Motive, of their Journey was of Weight :
Yet could they nothing of Content relate.
It was a Custome 'mong those People, where
Exil'd *Elisa*, first, her Walls did Rear,
The Favour of the Angry Gods to seek
^(e) With Humane Slaughter, and (what ev'n to speak
Is Horror) on their flaming Altars burn
Their tender Sons. Those Lots an annual Urn
Reviv'd ; the bloody Rites to imitate
Of *Thoantëan Dian* : to this Fate,
And Lot of Heav'n, as Custome was, inspir'd
Of old, with Malice, *Hanno* then requir'd
The Son of *Hannibal*, although the Fear
Of his Return, and Arms, did then appear

As

(c) *Hannibal*, informed that the *Roman* Army, under the Conduct of *Flaminius*, was advanced to *Arretium* (now *Arezzo*) quitted his Winter-Quarters, and led the march Way to meet him through the Fens of *Hetruria*, lying by the River *Arno* ; where the excessive Moisture of the Place (besides the great Inconveniences to his Army, who were constrained to lay their Baggage under them in the Water, and sleep on it) deprived Him of His left Eye. *Liv.* lib. 22.

(d) This inhumane Custome was common to the *Carthaginians*, with other more Barbarous People : so that when they were overthrown by *Agathides*, the King of *Sicily*, they believed *Saturn*, (to whom they offered those horrible Victims) to be angry with them, and thereupon sacrificed to him two hundred Noble Children. *Diod.* lib. 20.

As, present, for Revenge, to other Eyes.
Mov'd by this dire Demand, with mournfull Cries,
Tearing her Hair, and Cheeks, *Imilce* fills
The Town. As when, on the *Pangean* Hills,
Edonian Froes their ^(a) *Treiterian* Feast
Perform, and *Bacchus* reigns in ev'ry Breast.
Imilce so, among the *Tyrian* Dames,
(As if she saw her Son amidst the Flames)
Cries *Is*, Husband, in what Part soe're
O'th' World thou wagest War, Oh, hither bear
Thine Ensign ; here, here is an Enemy
More violent, more near. Thou, happily,
Ev'n at the Wall's of *Rome*, receivest now
Darts, flying, in Thy Target, or dosth throw
A burning Lamp, *Tarpeian* Tow'rs to fire.
In the mean time, Thy Son, Thy only Heir,
Ev'n from the Bosom of Thy Countrey, to
The *Stygian* Altar's drag'd. Whilst Thou dosth go
To waite *Ausonian* Houses with Thy Sword,
Tread in forbidden Paths, break that Accord,
That League ; which, once, by all the Gods was sworn :
These dire Rewards doth *Carthage*, now, return
For Thy Deserts ; such Honours unto Thee,
Ingratefull, Shee decrees. What Piety
Is this, the Temples thus with Humane Blood
To stain ? Alas ! had Mortals understood
The Nature of the Gods, this horrid Crime
Had ne're been known. Go, and, at such a Time,
With Holy Frankincense, just Things desire
Of Heav'n ; and let those cruel Rites expire.
The Gods to Men are mild : let it suffice
(I pray) that we fat Oxen Sacrifice :
Or, if the Gods resolve, that this Decree
Shall stand, to Your Desires, accept of Me,

Me

(a) The Feast of *Bacchus*.

Me that have born him; why should You deprive
Libya of those great Hopes, that in him live?
 Why should *Ægates* more lamented be;
 Or, if the *Punic* Kingdoms we should see
 Now sinking; then the sad untimely Fall
 Of this brave Off-spring of my *Hannibal*?

This Speech, the *Senate* wav'ring 'twixt a Fear
 Of Gods, and Men, invited, to forbear
 Their Sentence, and to Her 'twas left to chuse;
 Whether She would the killing Lot refuse;
 Or else the Honour of the Gods obey.
 At this *Imilce* trembled, ev'ry way
 With Fear distracted: there Her Husband's Ire
 She apprehends; and there the fatal Fire.

This heard with greedy Ears: the *General*
 Replies, Dear *Carthage*, What can *Hannibal*,
 Though equal to the Gods, return to Thee,
 Worthy such Favours? What Rewards can be
 Invented? Day, and Night, I Arms will bear,
 And make, that to Thy Temples *Rome* repair,
 With gen'rous *Vidimes*, that their Blood derive
 From Her *Quirinus*. But My Boy shall live,
 Heir to these Arms, and War, My onely Hope;
 And, while *Hesperia* threatens, the onely Prop
 Of *Tyrian* Affairs by Sea, and Land.

And (Boy) remember that Thou take in Hand,
 And wage a War with *Rome*, while Life doth last.
 Go on, behold the *Alps* which I have past,
 Are open. Me succeed in Toils, and War,
 And you my Countrey's Gods, whose Temples are
 By Slaughter Holy made, who're pleas'd to be
 Ador'd with Fears of Mothers, turn to Me
 Your Minds, and pleas'd Aspect: for I prepare
 Your Sacrifice, and better Altars Rear.

You

You *Mago*, to the Top of yonder Hill
 Conduct your Troops; and let *Chaope* fill
 Those nearer to the Left; *Sicheus* shall
 Into those *Avenues*, in Ambush fall.
 While, I will *Thrasimenus* quickly view,
 With lighter Troops, and for the Gods their Due,
 Of Warlike Sacrifice prepare. For now,
 They, with clear Promises, great things allow,
 Which having seen (dear Countrey-men) you may
 Into your native City, home convey.

The End of the Fourth Book.

T THE



SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

The Fifth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Flaminius rash Valour at the Lake
Of Thracimenes. The Sidonians take
The Hills, for Ambush: Prodigious forebode
Before the Fight, the Roman's Overthrow.
Both Armies (while an Earthquake overthrew
Cities, and Rivers turn'd) the Fight pursue.
But the Sicilian Troops, that safely fly
The Field: and climb the Trees for Safety, dy,
Together, by Sichæus, whose sad Fall
(Soon after by Flaminius slain) by all
The Libyans is bewail'd. Stout Appius kill'd
By Mago, whom he wounds; what Slaughterers fill'd
All Quarters: how Flaminius bravely dy'd;
Whole Corps the Romanes, slain about him, bide.



O W Hannibal, preparing for
the Fight,
With secret Ambush, in the
dead of Night,
The Mountains of Hetruria
did invest,

And all the Passes of the Woods possist.

On the Left Hand, there was a Lake, that froll'd
Like a vast Sea, and all the Neighb'ring Field,

T 2

O're-flowing,



Obiit talis Nimbosque Ruente per Aras
Contestans Nili, dextra jacitare reliquit
Natusque Celsissimo Principi, Villano Frederico
Vindictæ Marchioni. Vixitque Brevis
Imperator. Tabula humilime



Flaminiū cecidisse sua, nec pugna prompto
Ultior. Outlore fuit, finemque dedere
Principi Amythonesum, Comite Naborie Cattine
re: Federati Belgii, Terra Marique
Dicata

O're-flowing, cover'd with tenacious Slime.
 Here *Faun*-got *Aunus* reign'd, in Antient time;
 But, now, 'tis known by *Thrasimene's* Name,
 Whose Sire ^(a) *Tyrhenus* (*Lydian Tmolus* Fame)
 To the *Italian* Coasts, that since do bear
 His Name, *Meonian* Colonies, from far,
 By Sea did bring; and is by all Renown'd,
 For having taught those Nations, first, to found
 The Trumpet, and their Silence broke in Fight.
 Yet, not content with this, he doth excite
 His Son to greater things; But, fir'd with Love
 Of the fair Boy (who with the Gods above,
 For Beauty, might compare) now, Chafte no more,

(a) *Tyrhenus* was the Son of *Arys*, King of *Meonia*, who, fearing a Famine, resolv'd to disburden his own Country, by transplanting some of his People, under the Conduct of one of his two Sons, (*Lydes*, and *Tyrhenus*) the latter, which was to determine it, fell upon *Tyrhenus*, who planted himself in that Part of *Italy*, which is now called *Tuscan*. He built twelve Cities, and was so pudent in Establishing his Affairs, that he was feign'd to be gray-headed from his Youth. He is said to have invented the Trumpet, and his People improv'd so eminently in civil Government, that from them the *Romans* borrowed all their Triumphal, and Consular Ornaments, with their Rods, Axes, & other Emblems of Authority, as likewise *Majesty*, *Jeopardy*, and *Rites of Sacrificing*. See *Strabo*, lib. 5.

(b) *Agylle* a small City in *Tuscan*.

^(b) *Agylle* snatch'd him, walking on the Shore,
 Into the Stream. This *Nymph's* Lascivious Minde
 Was still to Love of beauteous Boys inclin'd,
 And the *Italian* Darts soon warm'd her Breast;
 But him the carefull *Naiades* careft
 Within their mossy Caves: while He the Place
 Abhors, and seeks to shun their fond Embrace.
 From hence the Lake, a Dowry to his Fame,
 Still conscious of his Rape, retains his Name.
 And, now, the Chariot of the Dewy Night,
 His Bounds approach'd; although the Morn her Light,
 Not yet from her bright Chambers did display,
 But, from the Threshold onely, breath'd a Ray;
 And Men could less affirm, that Night had run
 Her Course, then that the Day its Race begun:
 When, through by-Ways, the *Consul* March'd before
 His Ensigns; after Him, the Horse, (no more
 In Order) haste: Next, in Confusion go
 The light-arm'd Bands; the Foot, disorder'd; too
 Forsake their Ranks: with them, though us'd in War,
 Unfit for Fight, the Suters mixed are;

And

And Ominous Tumults through all Places spread,
 Advancing to the Fight, as if they fled.
 While from the Lake, a Vapour, black as Night,
 Arose, and, quite depriving them of Sight,
 In a dark Mantle of condensed Clouds
 Involves the Skies, and Day desired shrouds.

But ^(c) *Hannibal* pursues His Fraud the while,
 And, in His Ambush closely siting still,
 Would not permit them, in their Haste, to be
 Oppos'd, while all the Shore appeareth free
 From Danger, and neglected by the Fo,
 Who, to their Fall, permits them on to go.
 For they, advancing through a narrow Way,
 (Before design'd, their Safety to betray)
 A double Ruin found. The Waters here
 Contract their Passage: there steep Rocks appear,
 And, on the Mountain's Top, within the Wood,
 T'engage them, there a *Libyan* Party stood,
 Ready to fall on any, that should fly
 To a Retreat. So, when a Fisher, by
 A Chrystal Brook, an Osier Weel doth twine,
 The Entrance large he makes, but binds within
 The Tonnel Close, contracting by Degrees
 The yielding Tops into a *Pyramis*;
 Through which deceitfull Hole the Fish, with Ease,
 Do enter, but return not to the Season.

(c) *Hannibal*, understanding the Temper of *Flaminius*, as a Person rash, and violent, waited till the Country between *Corone*, and the Lake *Thrasimene* with all the Miseries of War, thereby to provoke his Enemies to fight. *Flaminius*, not enduring it, as dishonourable, raised his Camp before *Arretium*, and Marched towards him. But he no sooner came between the Hills, and the Lake, but he found himself encompass'd by *Hannibal's* forces, and, unable to draw his Men into Order, they were totally defeated, and the Consul slain. Liv. Book 22.

In the mean time, the furious *Consul* lost
 His Reason, in this Storm of Fates: in Haste
 He calls his Ensigns on, untill, from Sea,
 The Sun's bright Horses re-advanc'd the Day,
 And Rosie *Titan*, to revive the World,
 The Clouds, that o're the Face of Heav'n were huilt'd,
 Had quite dispers'd, and sensibly to Hell,
 By his clear Rays resolv'd, the Darkness fell.

And

(d) Our Ancestours, saith *Tully* (*lib. de Divinat.*) never enterpris'd a War, before they had first consulted their *Agurs*. This kind of *Agury* (for they were several) was frequently us'd among them: and if the Birds (which were commonly Chickens kept in a Coop) refused the Meat thrown before them, the *Agur* pronounced the Enterprise not pleasing to the Gods, but if greedily devoured it, they encouraged it.

And then a Bird (which as an old *Presage*
The *Latines* us'd, before they did engage
In Fight) he took, & explore the Gods Intent,
And what should be the following Fight's Event.
The Bird, Divining future Miferies.

Refus'd her Meat, and from it, crying, flies.
With that a Bull (a sad *Presage*!) before
The Holy Altars, ceased not to rear,
And, waving with his Neck, the fatal Stroak,
O'th' falling Ax, the Sacred Place forsook.
Besides, as they endeavour'd, where they stood,
To pull their Ensigns up, the Earth black Blood
Into their Facets spouts; as to foretell
That Slaughter, which them, afterwards, befell.
Then *Jove*, the Sea, and Land, with Thunder shook,
And, snatching Bolts from *Juno's* Forges, strook
The *Thracian* Lake, that smoking seems
To burn, and Flames to live within the Streams.
Oh lost Admonishments, and Prodiges!
That strive, in vain, to stop the Destinies!
Ev'n Gods, themselves, must with the Fates dispence.

And here *Corvinus*, fam'd for Eloquence,
And of a Noble Name, (whose Helmet bore
Thy Bird, *Apollo*;) that did long before
The Maligner of his Grand-Father's decore,

Full of the Gods, and, troubled at the Fear
Of his Companion, intermingled them
With Counsel Prayers, and with these Words began

By the *Illick* Flames, the Fate of *Rome*, and show
Our Countre's Walls, and by our Soms, that from
This Fight's Extant due Fates as yet suspend,
Yield to the Gods. We pray thee, and attend
A Time more fortunate for Battels they
A Field will give thee, and a better Day.

Only

Onely disdain not Thou & expect the more
Propitious Gods, and that more happy Hour,
Which shall for *Libya's* Destruction call;
And when, not forc'd, as now, our Ensigns all
Shall follow; when our Birds shall gladly feed,
And pious Earth no more so strangely bleed.
How much is left to Fortune in this Place,
Skilfull in War, Thou know'st. Before our Face
The Fo appears: those woody Hills now threat
An Ambush; on the left Hand no Retreat
The Lake allows: the Pass is narrow too
Between those Hills. It's Wisdom then in you
With Stratagems to strive, and fight Delay,
Untill with fresh Supplies, *Servilius* may
Arrive, that with you, in Command, doth share,
And's Forces, in the Legions, equal are.
The War with Policy we must pursue:
To th' fighting Man the least of Honour's due.

Corvinus thus exhorts: the Captains were
No less importunate, and all with Fear
Divided. Sometimes for *Flaminius* pray
Unto the Gods: then him intreat & obey
The Pow'rs Divine, and not their Will oppose.
With that his kindled Fury higher rose,
And hearing (full of Rage) that new Supplies
Would soon be there; Saw you not Me (he cries)
When in the *Boian* War I charg'd, and when
So great a Ruin, and such dreadful Men
Came on: that, the *Tarpeian* Rock again
Did tremble, then what Multitudes were slain
By me? How, then, this vengefull Hand the Ground
Bestrew'd with Bodies, which the deepest Wound
Could scarce destroy: yet were they forc'd to yield,
And now their scatter'd Bones oppress the Field.

Therefore

(e) *Marcus Valerius* (a Youth, and a *Triumvir*) being a *Centurion* of extraordinary Stature advance from the rest of the Army to challenge any *Roman* to a single Combate, obtained Leave of the *Consul* to encounter him, and, as he advanced to meet him, a Crow (which the Bird Sacred to *Apollo*) took its stand upon his Helmet with its Head towards his Enemy, whose Face, as often as he assaulted *Valerius*, the Bird furiously invaded, till, terrified with the *Omen*, the *Centurion* lost both his Reason, and Courage, and was immediately slain by *Valerius*, who from thence was called *Corvinus*.

Therefore *Servilius* Arms may come too late
 To this brave Action, if you think not that
 I cannot overcome, unless I share
 My Triumphs; and, contented am to bear
 A part of Honour; but the Gods do seem
 To advise us otherwise. Oh do not Dream
 (You that now fear the Trumpets Sound) of Gods,
 So like your selves. Our trusty Swords are odds,
 And *Augury* enough, against the Fo.
 The best Preface the *Romane* Souldiers know,
 Is, that, in Feats of Arms, they do excell;
 Must it be then resolv'd that I sit still
Corvinus, basely thus within a Vale
 Besieg'd, while the *Sidonians* do prevail
 Against *Arretia's* Walls, and level to
 The Ground, the Tow'r of *Corythus*, and go
 Thence to *Clusinum*, and at length may come
 Untouch'd, unto the very Walls of *Rome*?
 Vain Superstition! a Deformity
 In men of Arms! Valour alone should be
 The Goddess that should o're their Souls command.
 Troops of sad Ghosts, by Night about us stand,
 Whose Corps are tumbled still in *Trebia's* Waves,
 And swift *Eridanus*, and want their Graves.

Thus having said, without Delay, he quits
 Th' Assembly; and, Inexorable, fits
 His last unhappy Arms: a Sea-Bulls Hide
 His Helmet lines, and on the Top (its Pride)
 A triple Crest ascends, and largely spreads
 A Main, the Locks resembling of the *Suedes*:
 Above was *Scylla*, waving in her Hand,
 A broken Oar, and Dogs about her stand
 With gaping Jaws. This noble Trophie, He
 Gain'd near *Garganus*, and the Victory;

So

So pleas'd him (having slain the *Boian* King)
 That, fitted to his Head, he us'd to bring
 This, as his Glory, into ev'ry Fight.
 Then takes his Coat of Mail, whose Scales were knit
 To Chains of Steel, and studded o're with Gold.
 Next he assumes his Shield, where they behold
 The Stains of *Celtick* Blood, which He before
 In Battel shed: and, in it carv'd, he bore
 A she-Wolf's Figure, in her gloomy Den,
 Licking a Child's soft Limbs, as it had been
 Her Whelp, and nurs'd of the *Affrick* Line
 A Stem, that afterwards was made ^(f) Divine.
 At last, he girds his Sword, and to's Right Hand
 Makes fit his Lance. Hard by doth ready stand
 His Horse; which, cover'd with a Tiger's Hide,
 Champs on his frothy Bit with pleasing Pride.
 Then mounted, where the way between the Hills
 Was streight, thus with Encouragement he fills
 His Men. Your Work, and Honour, it will be
 (Dear Country-men) to let your Parents see
 Fix'd on a Spear, and born, with Joy, through all
 The Streets of *Rome*, the Head of *Hannibal*.
 That Head may satisfy for all the rest:
 Let each man therefore fancy in his Breast,
 What may excite his Rage, and thus deplore;
 My Brother, now, upon *Ticinus* Shore
 Unburied lyes. Alas! my Son through all
 The *Po* now swims, and wants a Funeral.
 Thust to himself let ev'ry Man prepare
 Revenge; but as to you, who have no Share
 Of private Grief, let those great things, which fire
 A publick Soul, enflame your greater Ire.
 Think they have broken through the *Alpine* Hills;
 And then remember those Nefandous Hills

U

Saguntus(f) *Romulus* Deified.

Saguntus suffer'd, what a Sin it was
 In them, *Iberus* Sacred Bounds to pass,
 And now ev'n *Tyber* touch. For while, in Vain,
 With Birds, and Entrails, Augurs you detain;
 It onely wanteth, now, that he invade
 The *Capitol*, This when he'd eager said,
 And seeing that his Horse, amidst the Croud
 Of thousands, rais'd his cloudy Mane, aloud
 He cries; To fight, my *Orphitus*, must prove
 Thy Task. What other to *Fereetian* fove
 Opimous Offerings can in Triumph bare?
 For why should any Hand this Honour share
 With Me? Then moves, and hearing a known Voice
 In Fight, Far hence (said he) that Martial Noise
 Shews thee to be *Murranus*; and I Thee
 Already high in *Tyrian* Slaughter see.
 How great a Praise attends thee: but (I pray)
 Let thy Sword wider make that narrow Way.
 Then knowing (born upon *Soracte's* Hill)
Aequanus, who in Beauty, did excell,
 And Arms (the Customs of whose Countrey were,
 The Entrails thrice, through harmless Flames to bear;
 When as the Pious Archer did desire
 To offer Sacrifice in Holy Fire)
 Noble *Aequanus*, may'st thou ever so
 Unburnt, on *Phaebus* flaming Altars go,
 And conquering the Smoak, for ev'ry Year
 To the pleas'd God (said he) thy Offering bear.
 Worthy thy Deeds, and Wounds, conceive a Rage:
 Accompanied by Thee, I dare engage
 To penetrate through the *Marmarick* Bands,
 Or charge *Gymphian* Troops. With that he stands
 No longer to advise, or to delay
 With Words, that Fight, which, by the *Romanes* may

Be

(C) That some Reliques of this Superstition was remaining in *Phry's* Time, he testifies *lib. 7. cap. 2.* in these Words: "Not far from *Rome* in the Territories of the *Palatini*, are found few Families, called the *Hierpe*, who, in an Annual Sacrifice to *Apollon* on the Hill *Soracte*, walk without Harm on burning Coals, and for that, by a Decree of the *Senatus*, were discharged from all Duty of War."

Be^(d) long deplor'd. The Signal ev'ry where
 Is giv'n, and fatal Trumpets rend the Air:
 Oh Grief! Oh Tears, which, in so long Descent
 Of Ages, cannot, now, too late be spent!
 I Tremble, as if now those Mischiefs all
 Were acted; as if *Libyans Hannibal*,
 And arm'd *Asturias*, from their Hills did bring,
 Or the fierce *Balearick* with his Sling.
 Now num'rous Troops of *Marians*, *Nomades*,
 And *Garamantians* fall forth: with these
 The Warlike, stout *Cantabrians*; then whom,
 With Mercenary Hands, none sooner come
 To fight; or hired Arms more gladly bear:
 And *Gascons* too, that Helmets scorn to wear.
 On this Side, horrid Rocks; on that, the Lake:
 Here clashing Arms, with the loud Shouts they make,
 Amaze, and urge: beside the Signal from
 The *Tyrian* Camp, through all the Hills, doth come.
 The Gods, their Faces turning from the Field,
 Unwillingly to greater Fates do yield.
 Ev'n *Mars*, thy Fortune (*Hannibal*) doth fear;
 Sad *Venus* weepeth, with dishevel'd Hair;
Apollo, to his *Delos*, doth retire,
 And strives to ease his Grief with mournfull Lyre.
Juno, alone, on *Appenninus* stood
 Expecting Slaughter, hating *Trojan* Blood.
 But, as if forcing Heaven, and free from Fear,
 In their own Hands, th' incensed Souldiers bear
 Predestin'd *Piacles*, and kill again
 Fresh Sacrifice, in Fight, to those were slain.
 First, the *Picenian* Bands, when they beheld
 The Cohorts disipated, and repell'd,
 And *Hannibal* advancing furiously,
 Charge Him with Courage, and, before they dy,

U 2

Amaze

(d) In this Battle were slain fifteen thousand men, and ten thousand scattered through all *Hesperia*, and many wounded. The *Croful*, *Flaminius* slain upon the Place, and never found by *Hannibal*, who diligently fought his Body to give it Burial: all, that returned after this Fight to *Rome*, were received with such Joy, that two Mothers, at sight of their Sons, fell dead in the Ecclatice.

Amaze the Conquerour (whom they invade)
 To see the Slaughters, that their Valour made.
 For, now, with one Consent, and Force, a Shower
 Of Piles upon the *Libyan* Troops they pour,
 And when repuls'd, their fixed Targets all,
 Press'd with the Weight of crooked Shafts, let fall.
 This with their *Gen'ral's* Presence doth excite
 The *Libyans* Rage; who mutually to fight
 Exhort each other, and so closely prest
 Upon their Foes, they fought them Breast to Breast.
 Her Torch *Bellona* shaking through the Air,
 And sprinkling, with much Blood, her flaming Hair,
 Through both the Armies, up, and down, doth flee,
 And, from her horrid Breast, *Tisiphone*
 A deadly Murmur sends: while to engage,
 The fatal Trumpets all their Minds enrage.
 These by their adverse Fortune, and Despair
 Of future Safety, animated are:
 Them more propitious Gods, and Victory,
 Smiling upon them with a joyfull Eye,
 Encourage, favour'd by the God of War.
 But *Lateranus*, while entic'd, too far
 With Love of Slaughter, furious on he goes,
 At length engaged stood among his Foes:
 When *Lentulus*, of equal Age, him spy'd,
 Too much with Fight, and Blood, on ev'ry Side
 Oppress'd, and midst an Army to provoke
 The Fates, with a brisk Charge, to aid him, broke
 Through all the Ranks; and *Baga*, then about
 To wound him in the Back (though fierce, and stout)
 Prevented with his Spear, and doth attend
 The Fate, and hard Adventures of his Friend.
 With chearfull Courage, now, their Arms they joyn,
 Their Fronts, and Crests, with equal Glory shine.

When

When *Syracus*, by Chance (for who durst move
 Arms against them, unless by *Syagian* Jove
 Condemn'd to dy :) descending from the Hill,
 Arm'd with a broken Oak, upon them fell:
 And as the weighty Tree about he waves,
 With Thirst of both their Deaths, thus vainly raves.

Not here (fond Youths) *Egeates*, nor a Coast
 Treach'rous to Seamen, nor the Ocean, tost
 By new-raisd Tempests, shall on you bestow
 Fortune, without a War. You now shall know,
 That once were Conquerours at Sea, by Land
 What *Libyan* Warriours are, nor us withstand
 Within a better Empire. As he spoke,
 At *Lateranus* with the pond'rous Oak
 He strikes, and fighting rails: when *Lentulus*,
 Gnashing his Teeth for Anger, meets him thus.

Sooner shall *Tbrafinenus* raise his Flood
 To those high Hills, then in his Pious Blood
 That thy pernicious Tree thou shalt imbrue.

And, as he stretch'd himself to strike, quite through
 His Body pierc'd him: through the gaping Wound
 The reeking Gore flows largely to the Ground.

No less, in other Quarters of the Field,
 Incens'd to mutual Wounds, their Fury swell'd.
 By tall *Hiertes* *Nereus* fell: and by
Rullus brave *Volunx*, rich in Land, doth dy.
 Nor Riches heap'd, nor Palaces, that shin'd
 With's Countrey's Ivory, to which were joyn'd
 His Vassal Villages, could now withhold
 His Fate. What boots extorted Wealth? or Gold,
 Which Men, with Thirst insatiable, pursue?
 Whom Fortune richly did of late endue
 With her most wealthy Gifts, is, naked, now
 By *Charon* wast'd, to the Shades below.

There

There Warlike *Appius*, though but young in Years,
Great in Attempts, the Field with Slaughter clears:
And where of greatest Strength, and Valour, none
Else durst aspire, there Honour He, alone,
Atchieves. Him *Atlas* meeting (*Atlas*, who,
Sprang from *Iberian* Blood, did vainly plow
Remotest Sands) thrusts at his Face a Lance:
The Top whereof, as it doth lightly glance,
And raze the Skin, tasteth his Noble Blood.
Like Thunder now, or a Storm-raised Flood
He threatens. New Flames, within his furious Eyes,
Are kindled: mad, like Lightning, then he flies (sends
Through all th' opposing Troops; his Wound, that
Blood from beneath his Cask, the rest commends
Of his stout Martial Limbs: then might you see
The trembling Youth, contending, as they flee,
To hide themselves. As, when th' affrighted Deer
An *Hircan* Tiger follows; or with Fear
Doves fly the tow'ring Hawk; or as the Hare,
When she beholds the Eagle, in the Air,
Ready to stoop, to Covert runs with Speed:
Here with his Sword, he lops off *Atlas* Head.
And his Right Hand then, raging, on doth go,
Charging, more furious by Success, his Fo.
For arm'd with a bright Ax, and, in the Sight
Of's Father *Mago*, to engage in Fight
Ambitious: big with Hopes of Praise, there stood
Gnyphian *Isalces*, vainly proud
Of promis'd Nuptials, when the *Romane* War
Should ended be. But *Appius* sets a Bar
To these his Hopes, and with such Fury came
Against him; that, as he his Ax, with Aim,
Directed at his Face, so strong a Stroak
Pierce *Appius*, rising higher, gave, he broke

His

His Sword upon his Cask. *Isalces* too
Upon his Thigh gives at vain a Blow.
With that Stone, which, had not Anger lent
His Strength, he could not lift, now almost Spent,
At's Foot *Appius* throws his weighty Fall.
Him backward fell; and breaks his Bones withall.
When *Mago* saw him fall, (for near at hand
He fought) he wapt beneath his Helm, and
Groaning with Rage, came on. The Alliance late
By them contracted, and the Nephews, that
He then expected, fire his Thoughts the more.
But as, with nearer View, he doth explore
Appius his Shield, large Members, and the Raies
Of's Helm, him a while that Sight delays.
As when, a Lyon from a shady Hill
In haste descends, his hungry Gorge to fill,
He stands, and soon contracts his Speed, if he
Within the Plain a Bull approaching see,
Though with long Hunger press'd, he views his high,
Thickening Neck; admires his threatening Eye
Beneath a rugged Brow, while he prepares
For Fight, and Earth, to give the Signal, tears.

First *Appius* spoke, as he a Jawlin threw;
If thou hast any Pity, pursue
Thy Contract, and accompany thy Son
In Death: With that the flying Weapon run
Quite through his brazen Arms, untill it struck
His Left Arm, and in it, deep wounding, stuck.

The *Libyan* Return of Words forbore.
But with his Spear (which *Hannibal* before
Saguntum Walls, a Conquerour had ta'en
From Noble *Durinus*, there in Battel slain,
And to his Brother gave; which, with Delight,
He, a brave Trophie, bore in ev'ry Fight.)

Charg'd

Charg'd him: Grief lending Force, the Weapon
His Cask, and Mouth, inflicts a deadly Blow; (through
And, as he strove to draw it from the Wound,
His Hands, soon bloodless, fell. Upon the Ground,
Appius, a Name through the *Maonian* Sea,
Renown'd, a great Part of *Rome's* Ruin, lay;
And in his bloody Mouth, expiring, there
Crush'd, and, with murr'ring, bites the fatal Spear.
The Lake then trembled: from his Body dead,
With Waves contracted, *Thrasimene* fled.

Next, with no better Fates, *Mamercus* dyes,
And wounded falls, by all his Enemies.
For where the *Lusitanian* Cohorts fought,
Gain'd with much Blood, and Valour, as he brought
A Standard, whose stout Bearer he had slain,
And call'd his flying Country-men again,
His Foes, intent'd at what they saw him do,
What ever in their Hands was Missile threw,
And likewise all, that Earth, then cover'd o'er
With Darts, and Spears, afforded (like a Shour
Of Hail) upon him falls, and greater Store
Of Darts no single *Romane* felt before.

Thus stout *Mamercus* fell, and at his Fall,
Vex'd at his Brother's Hurt, came *Hannibal*,
And raging ask'd (when He the Wound espy'd)
Now him, then his Companions, If his Side
The Spear had pierc'd: or, if within the Wound
'Twere fix'd: But, when no fear of Death he found,
Nor Danger, from the Field he strait was sent,
Cover'd with His own Coat, into His Tent,
Within the Camp, and free from Trouble: there
For Cure all Medicinal Arts prepared were
By Learned *Synalus*, who did infuse,
Bathing the Wound throughout, the healing Juice
Of

Of choicest Herbs, and, with a secret Charm
The Weapon strait extracted from his Arm,
Him with a crooked Snake to Sleep compell'd:
All other *Synalus* in Skill excell'd,
And for it was through all the Neighbouring Land;
And Cities, fam'd, o'th' *Paretonian* Sand.
To *Synalus* (his Grand-father) of old
Those Secrets *Garamantick* *Hammon* told,
And how the Bitings of wild Beasts to heal,
And deepest Wounds of Weapons did reveal.
He those Celestial Gifts, while yet he liv'd,
Transmitted to his Son; who them deriv'd
To th' Honour of his Heir: whom *Synalus*,
As great in Fame, succeeds, and, Studious
His *Garamantick* Secrets to improve,
(As a Companion once to Horned *Jove*)
With many Images, his Grand-fire's Line
Deduc'd. Now, when he brought those Gifts Divine
In Hast (as Custom was) his Garments round
Tuck'd up, with Water first he purg'd the Wound
From Blood. But *Mago*, thinking on the Spoils,
And Death, of his slain Fo, his Brother's Toils,
And Cares, with Words of Courage, thus allaies,
And eas'd his own Mishaps, with Thoughts of Praise.
Cease from Thy Fears (dear Brother) to my Wound
No greater Remedy can now be found:
Great *Appius*, by me compell'd, is gone
To th' Shades below, and we enough have done,
Since He is dead, I, willingly, can go
To Hell it self, after so brave a Fo.

But, when the *Consul* from an Hill beheld,
That this the *Libyan* Captain from the Field
Had, troubled, turn'd; that in their Trenches they
(As if the Clouds of War were vanish'd) lay;

X

With

(1) *Paretonium*, a Town in *Libya*
Afermaria, lying upon a vast Tract
of Sand, abounding with Serpents.
Strab. lib. 17.

With sudden Fury, for his Horse he calls,
 And, from the Hill descending, fiercely falls
 Upon the trembling Files; which, now grown thin,
 He routs, and in the Valley doth begin
 The Fight again. As when the Clouds above,
 Surcharg'd with rattling Hail, dissolve, and *fove*,
 Mixing his Thunder with their Torrent, shakes
 The *Alps*, and high *Cerannian* Rocks, and makes
 The World (thus mov'd) the Earth, the Sea, the Air,
 To tremble, and ev'n Hell it self to fear:
 So, like a sudden Tempest, from the Hill,
 The *Consul* on the frighted *Lybians* fell.
 The Sight of Him chill Horror strikes into
 Their Bones; while he through thickest Ranks doth go,
 And, with his Sword, cuts out a spacious Way.
 With that, confus'd Cries to Heav'n convey
 The Fury of the Fight, and strike the Stars.
 As, when the angry Seas against the Bars
 Of *Hercules* do beat, and roaring Waves
 Throws into lofty *Calpe's* hollow Caves,
 The Mountain groans; and, as, with furious Shocks,
 The foaming Billows break against the Rocks,
Tartessos, though far distant thence by Land,
 And *Lixus*, that by no small Sea doth stand
 Divided thence, at once the Echo share.
 By a swift Dart, that Silent through the Air
 Had pass'd, before the rest doth *Bogus* fall:
Bogus, who at *Ticinus*, first of all,
 Against the *Rutuli* his Jav'lin flung,
 And vainly thought, that *Clotbo* would prolong
 His Thread of Life, and that a num'rous Line
 Of Nephews he should see, by the false Sign
 Of flying Birds deceiv'd. But none have power
 By *Augury* to remove the fatal Hour.

Mid't

Mid't Storms of Darts he falls; and to the Skies
 Lifting, in vain, his dim, and bleeding Eyes,
 O'th' Gods, misunderstood, as he expires,
 The Promises of longer Life requires.
 Neither could *Bagasus* then boast, in Fight
 That he, unpunish'd, in the *Consul's* Sight,
 Had conquer'd *Libo* strip'd; who vainly there
 The Lawrel of his Ancestours did wear.
 But a *Mafsilian* Sword lops off his Head,
 And, on his Checks as Down began to spread,
 The barb'rous Souldier, by untimely Death,
 Suppress'd his rising Years. Yet his last Breath
 Did not in vain implore *Flaminius* Aid:
 For strait, by him, his Fo was headless made:
 As pleas'd that, after his Example, by
 The same sad Death the Conquerour should dy.
 What God, O *Muses*, aptly can rehearse
 So many Funerals? Or who, in Verse,
 Worthy such Noble Shades, lament their Fall?
 Or tell how there the Early Youth did all
 Contend in Death for Honour? Or what then,
 Ev'n in the Porch of Death, more Aged men
 Perform'd? What Courage of unconquer'd Hearts
 They shew'd; when as their Breasts were fill'd with
 On either Side, as Furious they engage, (Darts)
 They frequent fell, nor would their Eager Rage
 Allow them Time to Spoil, or Thoughts of Prey,
 Which their Desire of Slaughter takes away.
 The *Consul*, while, within the Camp, the Fo
 The Wound of *Mago* kept, now Darts doth throw;
 Then us'd his Sword, and, mounted on his Horse,
 Through *Myriads* of Men, his Way doth force:
 Sometimes afoot before the Eagles goes;
 While Blood the fatal Valley overflows

X 2

With

With num'rous Streams, and th' hollow Rocks, and
The Noise of Horſe, and Arms, with Eccho fills. (Hills,
Marmarick Oibrys, in the Field, among
The reſt, advanc'd to fight. His Body ſtrong
Above all humane Strength: the very Sight
Of his Gigantick Members turn'd to Flight
The trembling Wings: his Shoulders, largely ſpread,
Above both Armies rais'd his lofty Head.

Rude, like an Horſe's Mane, his Trefſes hung
Upon his lowring Brows: his Beard as long
O're ſhadowing his Mouth: his ſqualid Breſt
The horrid Bristles of a Boar expreſt.
Scarce any dare look on him, or come near
To fight him. Like a Monster ev'ry where
He rangeth through the Field, from Danger free:
Till, turning his fierce Looks on thoſe that flee,
A *Cretan* Arrow, mounting to the Skies
With ſilent Wings, in one of 's glaring Eyes
Doth falling fix, and turneth him aſide
From the Purſuit. Which, when the *Conſul* ſpy'd
He lanceth at his Back, as he retreats
Towards the Camp, a Dart, that penetrates
(Breaking his naked Ribs) his Body through,
And in his bristled Breſt the Head doth ſlew.
To draw it forth, with Haſt, he labours, where
The fatal ſhining Point did firſt appear;
Till, the Blood largely flowing to the Ground,
He fell, and crush'd the Weapon in the Wound.
His laſt Breath, waving through the Field, doth rear
The Duſt, and heaves a Cloud into the Air.

In the mean time, a different War, the Hills,
The Woods, and Cliffs, with various Slaughter fills;
The Rocks, and Thorns, as dy'd with Blood appear.
The Cauſe of their Deſtruction, and their Fear,

Sycheus

Sycheus was: who, at a Diſtance, flew
Murranus with a Lance; then whom none knew,
In time of Peace, more ſweetly with his Quill
To touch *Orphean* Nerves, or had more Skill,
In a vaſt Wood he fell, and, ev'n in Death,
Look'd for the *Aequanian* Hills (where firſt his Breath
He drew) in Wine moſt fertile; and for fair
Swentum, where the *Zephyrs* purge the Air.
To his ſad Fate conqu'ring *Sycheus* joyn'd
Another's Fall: and in that new ſad Kind
Of cruel Fight rejoyc'd. For, while into
The Wood, *Tauranus*, raſhly, did purſue
The ſtragling Fo, too far engag'd, as he
Secur'd his Back, againſt an aged Tree,
From Blows, and vainly his Companions calls
With his laſt Breath, he by *Sycheus* falls:
And, piercing through his Body, in the Wood,
Behind him fix'd, the *Tyrian* Jaylin ſtood.
But what did You unto your ſelves prepare?
What Anger of the Gods? What ſad Deſpair
Your Minds poſſeſs'd? [Who, quitting Fight, did fly
To Arms of Trees for your Security?
Fear, in diſtreſs'd Affairs, adviſeth ſtill
The worſt; and, when ſoe'er th' Event is ill,
It argues want of Courage. In the Wood,
It's Branches to the Skies extending, ſtood
An aged Tree: which, high above the reſt,
Into the higheſt Clouds, aſpiring, preſt
Its ſhady Head, and (had it ſtood within
An open Field) as it a Grove had been,
To a moſt large extent, the dark'ned Ground
Had cover'd with its Shade. Near that they found
An Oak, which, there through many Ages grown,
Endeavour'd to the Stars its moſaic Crown

To

To raise, and from its spreading Trunk did fill
 The Arms with Leaves, and shadow'd all the Hill.
 Hither the Cohorts, sent from *Sicily*,
 Not daring to prevent their Infamy
 By Death, and yielding up their Minds to Fear,
 Contend with Speed to fly; and climbing there,
 The Wav'ring Boughs, with their uncertain Weight
 Oppress'd, and all contending to be at
 The safest Place, some shaken from their Stand;
 Fall to the Ground, by rotten Branches, and
 The aged Tree deceiv'd; some Trembling hung
 Sill on the Top, among the Darts were flung
 Against them by the Fo: untill resolv'd,
 That in one Ruin all should be involv'd
 At once, *Sycheus* laid his Shield aside,
 His Weapons chang'd, and strait an Ax employ'd,
 Late sharp'ned for the Fight. With him the rest
 Hasten the Work, and all the Tree invest;
 Which now, through frequent Blows declining, cracks
 Aloud: and, as the weakned Body shakes,
 Th' unhappy Troop upon it, to, and fro
 Are tott'ring tofs'd. So, when the *Zephyrs* blow
 Upon an antient Grove, the Birds, that there,
 On the weak Tops of Trees, their Nests prepare,
 Are tofs'd, and made the Sport of ev'ry Blast.
 O'come with many Blows, the Oak, at last,
 (Their most unhappy Sanctuary) doth fall,
 And, in its spacious Ruin, crush'd them all.
 Then doth another Face of Death appear;
 That Tree, that to their Slaughter was so near,
 Shines, and is seisd by active Flames: among
 The Leaves, and Branches dry, and growing strong
Vulcan his Globes of furious Fire doth turn
 To ev'ry Side, and highest Boughs doth burn.

Nor

Nor do the *Libyans* cease their Darts to cast;
 While Bodies, half-consum'd by Fire, imbrac'd
 The burning Arms, and with them, groaning, fell.
 But amidst this Destruction (sad to tell)
 The incens'd *Consul* came, and busied all
 His Thoughts on Rage, and fierce *Sycheus* fall.
 The Danger of so great an Enemy
 Prompts the brave Youth, his Fate again to try
 With's Lance; which lightly on the brazen brim
 Of's Shield he plac'd, thereby to hinder him
 To pass through that Defence: the *Consul*, loath
 To trust the Fortune of *Sycheus* Death
 To misfire Weapons, with his Sword advanc'd,
 And, maugre his thick Shield, so deeply lanc'd
 His Side, he fell, expiring, to the Ground
 Upon his Face. Death, entering at the Wound,
 With *Stygian* Cold, through ev'ry Part doth creep,
 His Eyes composing to Eternal Sleep.

While thus the God of War himself applies,
 To Enterchanges of sad Tragedies,
Mago, and *Hannibal* the Camp forsake,
 And, in their speedy March, their Ensigns take
 Along; most eager to repair the Time,
 That they were absent, by a greater Crime
 Of Blood, and Slaughter: with their furious Pace,
 The Troops, advancing, raise in ev'ry Place
 Thick Clouds of Dust (like Whirlwinds) to the Skies;
 And with the Sand the Field doth seem to rise:
 And wheresoe're the *Gen'ral* bends his Course,
 Like a strong Tempest, with impetuous Force,
 Through the vast Air it swells, and highest Hills
 Covers with horrid Darkness. Here he kills
 Valiant *Fontanus*, wounded in the Thigh:
 There, pierc'd quite through the Throat, stout *Bucca* by
 His

(A) A City, where he was born.

(B) A City in Campania.

His Spear was slain; the Point through th' Wound ap-
 In's Neck behind: (A) *Fregella* him with Tears (C) *pears*
 Bewail'd, renowned for's antient Descent:
 Th' other his fair (B) *Anagnia* did lament.
 Like Fate (*Levinus*) thee befell, although
 Thou didst not choose the *Tyrian* King thy Fo;
 But with *Hiremon*, who then led the light
Autololes, contend't in single Fight:
 Whom, wounded in the Knee, and Prostrate, while
 Thou dost keep down, and vainly seek to spoil,
 With cruel Force, an heavy Jav'lin broke
 Thy Ribs; thy Body by the fatal Stroke,
 With sudden Ruin, on thy prostrate Fo
 Doth fall, and Both in Death together go:

Nor were the *Sidicinian* Cohorts then
 Wanting in Valour: these (a thousand Men)
 Stout *Vridasius* arm'd, whose Skill did yield
 To none, to guid a Ship, or pitch a Field;
 None sooner could with batt'ring Rams prevail
 'Gainst Walls, or sooner highest Towers could scale.
 Him, when the *Libyan General* beheld,
 With the Successes of his Valour swell'd,
 (For he *Avaricus*, not trusting to
 His Arms, and by him Hurt, did then pursue)
 His Anger rising higher, at that Sight,
 He thought him worthy with Himself to fight:
 And, from *Avaricus* as he withdrew,
 His wounding Spear upon him fiercely flew,
 And, piercing deep into his Breast, said He;
 Prais'd be thy Valour, whoseoe're thou be;
 'Tis pitty Thou by other Hands should'st fall.
 The Honour, thus to dy by *Hannibal*,
 Bear to the Shades below; and, were not Thou
 Born of *Italian* Blood, thy Life should now

Be

(m) *Sicily*, from the River of that Name.

Be spar'd: next him, he *Fabius* flew, and bold
Labi-us, who in feats of Arms was old,
 And long before, in (m) *Aretbus's* Land,
 Had with *Amilcar* fought, and Honour gain'd:
 And, now, unmindfull of his broken years,
 With Courage fresh, again in Arms appears:
 But that He now grew cold in War, his Blows
 More vain betray (the Fire, so, weakly glows
 In dying Embers, that no Strength at all,
 The Flame retains) him, when fierce *Hannibal*
 (Shew'd by His Father's Armour-Bearer) spy'd,
 Thy former Fight's due Punishment (He cry'd)
 Receive, by this my Hand: *Amilcar* now
 Revenging, draggs thee to the Shades below.
 This said, from's Ear, with Aim, a Dart he throws,
 Which, as upon the Wound he turned, goes
 Quite through his Head, the fatal Shaft again
 Pull'd out, his hoary Locks, a Crimson Stain,
 Of Blood, receive, and his long Labours all,
 In Death are ended. Next to him doth fall
Herminius (a Youth) who first, there took
 Up Arms, before accustom'd with his Hook,
 (Fam'd *Trafsimenus*) in thy Lake to prey,
 And to his aged Father oft convey
 Delicious Food, and with his Angle, from
 The Neighb'ring Waters drew the Fishes Home.

But, now the *Carthaginians*, sad, convey
 Upon their Arms, *Sicheus* Corps away,
 Unto the Camp, whom with a mournfull Cry
 Pressing along, as *Hannibal* doth spy.
 With a Prefaging Grief He strikes his Breast,
 What is this Sadness that's by you exprest
 My Friends? (said He) of what hath us the Ire
 Of Heaven depriv'd? Thee burning with Desire

Y Of

Of Praise, *Sichæus*, and too great a Love
 Of thy first War, doth this Black day remove
 From Life, and Us, by an untimely Fall:
 With that he groan'd, to which the Tears of all,
 That bare him, do Consent, who likewise tell,
 Weeping, by whose revengefull Hand he fell.
 Ife it in his Breast (said He) see where
 The Wound was made by the *Iliack* ^(*) Spear:
 Oh worthy our dear *Carthage* shalt thou go,
 And worthy *Hafdrubal*, to Ghosts below.
 Nor shall thy Noble Mother thee lament,
 Degenerate, from thy so high Descent.
 Nor, as unlike thy Ancestours, from Thee
 In *Stygian* Shades, shall our *Amikar* flee.
 But these our Tears *Flaminius*, this Day,
 (The Cause of all) by's Death shall wipe away:
 This Pomp, thy Funeral shall sure attend,
 And impious *Rome* her self shall, in the End,
 That my *Sichæus* Body with her Sword
 She ne're had wounded, any Rate afford.
 Thus he his Fury vents, and, as he speaks,
 From's seaming Mouth, like Smoak, a Vapour breaks,
 His Rage in broken Murmurs from his Breast
 Extrudes that Breath, that should have Words express'd:
 (So from a boiling Pot in scalding Heaps, ^(leaps)
 Like Waves, through too much Heat, the Liqueur
 Then with blind Rage, into the midst of all,
 He Runs, and Rends the Air, as He doth call
 Upon *Flaminius*; who no sooner hears
 His Voice, but to the Combat he appears,
 And *Mars* more near approach'd; while Hand, to Hand,
 To fight within the Lifts, both Champions stand.
 Then strait, through all the Rocks a sudden Crack
 Doth run: the Mountains all with Horrour shake;
 Their

(*) *Roman.*

Their Tops do tremble, and the Grove of Pines
 That crown'd them, from its pleasant Height declines:
 And broken Quairies on the Armies fall;
 Groaning, as pull'd from her Foundations, all
 The ^(*) Earth doth quake and breaking strangely wide
 Through the vast *Gulfe*, where *Stygian* Shades descry'd,
 And fear'd the Day again. The troubled Lake
 Rais'd to the highest Hills, forc'd to forsake
 Its ancient Seat, and Channel, with a Flood
 Before unknown, now laves the *Tyrrhen* Wood:
 This Storm the People, and the Towns of Kings,
 Like a dire Plague to sad Destruction brings.
 Besides all this, the Rivers backward run,
 And fight with Mountains, and the Sea begun
 To change its Tydes, the Faunes now quit the Hill
 Of *Apennine*, and fly to Floods, yet still
 The Souldier (O the Rage of War!) although
 The reeling Earth doth toss him too, and fro,
 Fights on, and as he falls, deceived by
 Th' unconstant Ground, throws at his Enemy
 His trembling Darts, till wandering here, and there,
 The *Daunian* Youth distracted through their Fear,
 Fly to the Shore, and leap into the Stream.
 The *Consul*, who by Chance was mix'd with them,
 That by the Earthquake fell, their Fight, in vain,
 Upbraids. What then; I pray you, doth remain
 To such as fly? To *Hannibal* thus you
 His Way unto the Walls of *Rome* doth show:
 You put both Fire, and Sword into His Hand,
 'Gainst *Jove's Tarpeian* Tower: Oh Souldiers stand,
 And Learn by me to fight; If ye deny
 To fight at all, then Learn of me to dy;
Flaminius to Posterity shall give
 No vile Example; and while I do live,

(*) The *Puer* in this, agrees with *Livy*, who affirms, the Fury of the Souldiers to be such, that neither Side were sensible of that Earthquake, which subverted a great part of many Cities in *Italy*, turned the Course of *Torrents*, transported the Sea into Rivers, and with a terrible Noise, tore Mountains asunder. *lib. 22.*

Y 2

No

No *Libyan*, or *Cantabrian*, shall see
 A *Consul's* Back, although alone I be.
 But, if so great a Thirst, and Rage of Flight
 Your Minds invades, their Weapons all shall light
 Upon this Breast; and, after this my Fall,
 My Ghost into the Fight shall you recall.

While thus he vents his Grief, and doth advance
 To meet his num'rous Foes, with Countenance,
 And Mind as Cruel, forth *Ducarius* came,
 Who from his Ancestours deriv'd his Name;
 And, since the *Boian* Armie's Overthrow,
 Those Wounds, which he receiv'd so long ago,
 As Marks of barb'rous Courage, did retain,
 And, knowing the proud Conquerour's Face again,
 Art Thou the *Boians* greatest Terror? I
 (Said he) by this my wounding Dart will try,
 If th' Blood of such a Body may be shed:
 Nor be You slack, more vulgar Hands, that Head
 To Sacrifice to valiant Ghosts; 'twas he,
 Who in his Chariot, proud of Victory,
 Our captiv'd Fathers to the *Capitol*
 Drove: and they, now, on You for Vengeance call.
 With that a Shower of Darts, that ev'ry where
 Fly, like a Tempest, through the darkned Air,
 O'rewhelm, and hide his Body; so that none
 Could after boast, that by his Hand, alone,
Flaminius dy'd. Thus with the *General*
 The Fight soon ended: for the Chief of all
 The Youth, as angry with themselves, and Heaven,
 That to their Arms so ill Success had given,
 And choos'ing rather once to dy, then see
 The *Affrican* enjoy the Victory,
 With Hands all bloody, in the fatal Fight,
 Seife on their *General's* Body, in their Sight

So

So lately slain, with all his Weapons; and,
 United in a Ring, about him stand,
 Till all, in one great Heap of Slaught'ring, dy'd,
 And falling, like an Hill, his Body ^(g) hid.
 Now, having spread Destruction through the Wood,
 And Lake, and left the Valleys deep in Blood,
 To th' Heap of Bodies *Hannibal* withdrew,
 And with him *Mago*: and, as them they view, behold,
 What Wounds? What Deaths are here? (said he)
 How ev'ry Hand still grasps a Sword, though cold
 In Death! The armed Souldiers, as they ly,
 Seem to maintain the Fight! How these did dy
 Now let our Troops observe: the Threats appear
 Yet in their Foreheads, and their Faces bear
 Their living Anger, and, I fear, that Land,
 Which fruitfull is in Men so valiant, and
 Of so great Courage, Fates to her decree
 The Empire of the World, and She shall be
 Victorious in Distress. This said, He yields
 To Night: and Darkness, over all the Fields
 Diffus'd, (while *Sol* into the Sea descends)
 Restrains their Fury, and the Slaughter ends.

The End of the Fifth Book.

(g) It appears by this, that *Flaminius* had in'd aside all Ornaments of *Consul*, or *General*: for that his Body could not be distinguished from any of those, that fell about him.



SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

The Sixth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Brutius great Valour, who, before he dy'd,
 His Eagle from his Foes i'th Earth doth hide.
 Sorranus, wounded, to Perusa's Plains
 By Night, retires: him Marus entertains,
 And, having dress'd his Wounds, to him declares
 Great Regulus (his Father's) Death, and Wars,
 His Noble Courage in his Punishment.
 Fabius elected General: his Descent.
 The Romanes Sadness, and the People's Griets,
 Affrighted at the Libyans Victories.
 The Conquerours to Linternum go, and there
 The Monuments, that did at large declare
 The Victories by Sea, and Land, which Rome
 From Carthage once had gain'd, with Fire consume.



U T, when his Steeds in the
 Tartesiack Main,
 Loos'd to give way to Night,
 Sol joyn'd again,
 On the Eoan Shores, and Serians,
 who

The first of all the World his Beams review,
 For silken Fleeces to their Groves repair,
 The Place of sad Destruction ev'ry where
 Appears,

Appears, and Monuments of furious War.
 Here Men, and Arms, and Horfes, mingled are,
 There Hands lop'd off, still to their Lances stick,
 In Wounds of Bodies slain: there Targets thick,
 Trumpets, and headless Trunks, ly scatter'd round
 Through all the Plain: with Swords, that as they wound
 'Gainst Bones were broke. Some with be-nighted Eys,
 Half dead, in vain, there fought th' enlightned Skies.
 The Lake all foams of Gore, and on the Waves
 Float Bodies, that for ever want their Graves.
 Yet midst these Miseries, and loss of Blood,
 Firm, as her Fate, the *Romane* Valour stood.
Brutius, whose many Wounds declar'd that He
 Against his Foes had fought unequally,
 Scarce from the Heaps of th' miserable Dead,
 ('Mong whom he lay) had rais'd his wounded Head,
 Striving with mangled Limbs to creep away,
 His Nerves now shrinking, when the fatal Day
 Was done. Him Fortune had not plac'd among
 The Rich, nor was he honour'd for his Tongue,
 Or his Descent: but Valiant with his Sword.
 Nor did the *Volscian* Nation afford
 Any, that had of Time recover'd more:
 Nor fought he, when but yet a Boy, before
 The Down had cloath'd his Cheeks, himself to hide
 For Safety in the Camp. *Flaminius* try'd
 His Courage, when in Fight he overthrew,
 With better Gods, the *Celtick* Arms, hence grew
 His present Honour, in all Wars, that he
 The Keeper of the Sacred Bird should be.
 Hence Glory made him to preserve with Care
 The Cause of's Death. For when he did dispair
 Of Life, perceiving nothing could withstand
 (a) To keep his Eagle from the *Libyan* Hand;

(a) This Honour, which *Brutius* enjoyed, as the Reward of his Valour, was always conferred on the first *Cretarius* of the *Triarii* (who were the Reserve of the Army) he was oblig'd to loose his Life with this Ensign of his Charge, which was honour'd by the whole Army, and therefore filed Sacred by the *Poet*. The *Romans* adorning their Eagles (which were sometimes of silver, seldom of Wood, but often woven, or painted on the Banner) as if they were Divine. *Herodian. lib.*

Since

Since Fate gave Way, and that the *Romane* Side
 Was ruin'd in the Fight, he fought to hide,
 And bury't in the Earth; but overthrown
 With sudden Darts again, and falling down,
 Extends himself upon it, and beneath
 His Body hides it, choos'ing such a Death.
 But, when from *Sygyian* Night, and Sleep, the Light
 Return'd, he from the Neighb'ring Heaps, upright,
 Arose upon his Spear, and Strong alone
 In his Attempt, the Earth now overflown
 With Blood, and soft'ned by the standing Gore,
 With's Sword he digs, and, as he doth adore
 Th' unhappy Eagle's Image, with his Hand,
 Now fainting, smoothes again th' unequal Sand:
 Then into thinner Air his Breath doth go,
 And his great Soul unto the Shades below.

Near him was to be seen the Sacred Rage
 Of Valour, whose Deservings do engage
 Our *Muse* to sing its Fame. *Levinus*, born
 On high *Privernum*, that rich Vines adorn,
 Dead, on dead *Nasamonian* Tyres lay;
 And, when unequal Fortune had, that Day,
 Depriv'd him of his Arms, his Spear, and Sword,
 Then naked in the Fight, his Griets afford
 New Weapons. With his bloody Mouth he flies
 Upon his Fo, and with his Teeth supplies
 His want of other Arms, and thus he tears
 His Nostrills off, bites out his Eyes, his Ears
 Pulls from his mangled Head, his Forehead too
 Strangely disfigures; while the Blood doth flow
 About his Jaws, yet this not satisfies,
 Till with his Mouth, all full, he feeding dyes.

While Valour sadly to the Victour's Eye
 These Wonders shews, the wounded Troops, that fly,
 Z To

To various Chances are expos'd. Some through
By-ways of desert Woods, some wandring go
By Night, through unfrequented Fields, and there
Each little Noise, or Motion of the Air,
Or flying Birds, affright them, and they finde
No Sleep, or quiet Thoughts; but still inclin'd
To fear, belcave that *Mago*, with his Spear,
Or *Hannibal* pursues them in the Rear.

Serranus (a Renowned Name, thy Son
Great *Regulus*, whose lasting Fame shall run
Along with Time, to tell all Ages, how
With the perfidious *Carthaginians*, Thou
Thy Faith didst keep) in the first glorious State
Of's Youth, had enter'd, with his Father's Fate
The *Punic* War, and now sore wounded from
The Fight, to his sad Mother, and dear Home
Alone return'd; no Company to ease
His smarting wounds, but thus through devious waies,
Supported by his broken Lance, while Night
Gave him Protection, he a silent Flight
Towards thy Plains (*Persa*) takes, and there
To a small Cottage, weary doth repair;
(Resolv'd to try his Fate) and knock's at Door.
Marus, who to his Father long before
A Souldier, of no mean Esteem had been,
Leaps quickly from his Bed to let him in,
And borrowing Light from the few Coals that lay
Upon the Hearth, lifts it up, to survey
His Face, which strait he knows, and saw (sad Sight)
Those cruel Wounds were giv'n him in the Fight.
His fainting Steps supported by his Spear:
(The Rumour of this Loss, before, his Ear
Had struck) What Wickdness is this (said he)
(Oh! born to bear too much Calamity,)

That

That I now see? Thee, greatest Captain, I
Beheld; when, ev'n in thy Captivity,
Thy Looks affrighted *Carthage*, and thy Fall
(Which We the Guilt, and Crime of *Jove* may call)
Gave me so deep a Wound, that from my Heart
Not *Libya's* Ruin can remove the Smart.
But Oh! where are Ye now, Ye Gods, again?
Himself great *Regulus* offers to be Slain,
And perjur'd *Carthage*, now (Oh Grief to see!)
This rising Branch of that great Family,
Hath quite, Alas! destroy'd. Thus having said,
The fainting Youth upon his Bed he laid;
Nor was he ignorant (for he in War
That Skill had learn'd) fit Med'cines to prepare:
And first with Water purg'd his Wounds, then Juice
Of Herbs, of healing Virtue, doth infuse;
Then binds them up, and with a tender Hand
Swaths on the Bolsters, with a gentle Band.

Thus having giv'n him Ease, 'twas his next Care,
To allay his tedious Thirst, and to repair
His Strength with frugal Diet: this in Haste
Perform'd, kinde Sleep its Benefits, at last,
Apply'd, and gave his Body gentle Rest.
But, ere the Day again did gild the East,
Marus, as if he'd cast off Age, again
Was ready to allay the burning Pain,
That then return'd, with Med'cines try'd before,
And piously doth Nat'ral Warmth restore.
But here the Youth, lifting up to the Skies,
With Sighs, and frequent Groans, his weeping Eyes,
Said; Oh Immortal *Jove*! if yet thy Hate
To the *Tarpeian* Rock, *Quirinus* State
Hath not condemn'd, with a more kinde Aspect
On *Italy's* distrels'd Affairs reflect.

Z 2

Our

Our *Iliads* of Woes behold : for we
 The *Alps* have lost, and our Adversity
 No Limits finds. *Ticinus*, and the *Po*,
 Swoln high, with *Romane* Slaughter, overflow :
 And *Trebia*'s by *Sidonian* Trophies known ;
 With that sad Land, that *Annus* did renown.
 But why do I complain of this ? Alas,
 Our present Miseries the rest surpass.
 I saw thy Waters, *Tibramenus*, swell
 With slaughter'd Men. *Flaminius*, when he fell
 Amidst the Weapons, I beheld : and all
 The Shades below (my Gods) to witness call,
 That by a Death, worthy my Father, I,
 With Slaughter of my Foes, then fought to dy ;
 Had not hard Fates (as they my dearest Sire
 Refus'd) deny'd a Death to my Desire.

Thus bitterly complaining, to divert
 The Rest, old *Marus* speaks. Most noble Heart !
 Whatever be our Lot, or whatsoe're
 Our Fortune : it, like *Romanes*, let us bear.
 Through various Chances, such, by the Decree
 Of Heav'n, the Wheel of our Mortality
 In a steep Path doth swiftly run. Of this
 Thy Family a great Example is,
 And fam'd through all the World. That Divine He,
 Thy Noble Father (whom no Deity
 Excels) 'mong all Eternal Honour gain'd,
 For that he did Adversity withstand,
 Nor shrunk from any Virtue ; till his Breath
 Was from his struggling Body forc'd by Death.
 I hardly was a Youth, when Down began
 On *Regulus* his Cheeks to sign him Man :
 Yet, then, I his Companion was, and We
 Our Years still pass'd with kinde Society ;

Untill

Untill the angry Gods decreed that Light
 Of the *Italian* Nation should quite
 Extinguish'd be : within whose Noble Breast
 Faith kept her Temple, and his Soul possest.
 That Sword (an Ensign of great Honour) He,
 As a Reward of Magnanimity,
 On Me bestow'd, and Reins, you see, with Dust,
 And Smoak now cover'd o're (but yet no Rust
 Their Brightness stains) such Gifts as these prefer
Marus to any *Romane* Cavalier.

But, above all my Honours, I must prize
 That ⁽⁶⁾Spear, to which I often Sacrifice
 Streams of *Lyæus* Blood, as here you see ;
 'Tis worth your Time to know the History.

Slow *Bragada* plows up the thirsty Sand,
 With troubled Waves : in all the *Libyan* Land,
 No Flood more largely doth it self extend,
 Or, Swelling, doth its Waters farther send
 O're all the Fields. As thither We withdrew,
 In search of Springs, of which that Land but few
 Affords ; upon the Banks We joyfull fate,
 Hard by the *Sygyian* Grove, that did dilate,
 T' exclude the Day, its Shadow ev'ry where ;
 And a thick Vapour, breaking through the Air,
 Expir'd a noisom Smell : within was found
 A dire, and spacious Cave ; that, under Ground,
 With many Labyrinths did winding run,
 And, ever Dark, had ne're beheld the Sun.
 (The very Thoughts of it my Soul invades
 With Fear) That fatal Bank, and *Sygyian* Shades,
 A most pernicious Monster, (by the Rage
 Of Earth produc'd) whose Equal in no Age
 Was seen, inhabited ; a Snake of Strength
 Prodigious, and an hundred Ells in Length :

His

(6) By this Relique *Marus* signified the old Religion of the *Latines*, who had in great Veneration the Spear, or other Arms of ancient *Heroes*. For (as *Arnobius* lib. 6. *Contra Gentes*) affirms, the *Romans* formerly adored a Spear, instead of *Mars*.

His immense Paunch, furcharg'd with Poison (kill'd
 Upon the River's Banks) or Lyons fill'd;
 Or Herds, that, scorched by the furious Heat
 Of the Sun's Rays, did thither make Retreat;
 Or Birds, that, by his pestilential Breath
 Attracted from the Skies, there found their Death:
 Bones, half-devour'd, upon the Ground were spread.
 And thus, when he had plentifully fed
 On divers Prey, within his Noisom Den,
 He belching lay, and when the Fire, agen,
 Of Thirst was kindled from his fervent Food,
 He came to quench it in the Neighb'ring Flood,
 And foaming Waves; and, e're half-way within
 The Water his vast Bulk had drench'd been,
 His Head upon the adverse Bank would ly.
 Not thinking of so great a Monster, I
 With *Havens*, and *Aquinus*, forward go,
 T' explore the Silence of the Place, and know
 The Wood: when Horror seiz'd, as we drew near,
 Our Joynts, and all our Limbs congealed were,
 With a most strange, unusual Cold, and yet
 We enter, and the *Nymphs*, and Gods intreat
 O'th' Flood, unknown, to favour what we do,
 And thus, though full of Fear, presume to go
 Into the secret Wood; when from the Mouth,
 And Entrance of the Den (as from the *South*,
 Raging with furious Storms) a *Stygian* Blast
 Broke forth, and o're the Flood the Tempest cast,
 Mix'd with an Hellish Noise. We, struck with Fear,
 Gaze on each other's Face, and think We hear
 The Earth to groan, and see it quake, the Den
 To sink, and Ghosts to fall forth. But then
 Big as those Snakes, wherewith the Giants arm'd
 Themselves, when they the Court of Heav'n alarm'd:
 Or

Or that, which in the Fens of *Lerna* Thée,
 (*Aeides*) tyr'd; or kept the golden Tree,
 Such tearing up the Earth, and to the Skies
 Lifting his Head, a Serpent here doth rise,
 And 'mong the Clouds, disperseth, here, and there,
 His Foam, and as he gapes, infects the Air.
 We fled, and out of Breath, with Horror, strove,
 In vain, to raise a Cry (for all the Grove
 His Hiss had fill'd) when *Umbrian Havens*, blind
 With Fear, and much too blame (but Fate inclin'd
 His Mind to what he did) himself betook
 Unto the Body of an aged Oak,
 Thinking, thereby, the Monster to deceive:
 But (I my self could hardly this beleive,
 Had I not seen 't) the Snake himself about
 The Oak streight twines, and tears 't up by the Root.
 Then trembling *Havens*, who to us for Aid
 With his last Voice doth call, he doth invade,
 And swallowing whole (this looking Back, I spy'd)
 In his envenom'd Paunch doth quickly hide.
 Next poor *Aquinus*, who, in's speedy Flight,
 Himself unto the River did commit,
 Swimming amidst the Stream, with foaming Jaws
 He seizeth, and (a Death most cruel) draws
 Back to the Bank, and there devours, while I
 In the mean time, had Liberty to fly.
 As much as my sick Thoughts permit, I haste,
 And to the *General* tell all had past.
 He sigh'd, and their sad Fate bewail'd, and as
 Against an Enemy, in War he was
 Most eager, burning with Desire to be
 Active in high Attempts, commands, that we
 With Speed, take Arms, and that the Choice of all
 The Horse, into the Field should quickly fall:

Himself

Himself advanc'd before, and gave Command,
 That instantly a Target-bearing Band
 Should follow, with the Engines us'd to be
 Employ'd 'gainst Walls, and Town's, for Battery.
 And now, when, prancing on the Champaign Ground,
 The furious Steeds began to 'Thunder round'
 His dismal Cave, the Serpent, hissing loud,
 Leaps forth. A *Stygian* Vapour, like a Cloud,
 Breaks from his smoaking Mouth; from's glaring Eye,
 A Flame, as terrible as Lightning, flies:
 His Crest, erected High, appears above
 The Tops of tallest Trees within the Grove.
 His Trident Tongue, which with a Motion quick
 He waveth in the Air, the Stars doth lick.
 But, when he heard the Trumpets found, amaz'd,
 His immense Body strait aloft he rais'd:
 Then into numerous Rings, beneath his Breast,
 Contracts his Tail, and on his Back doth rest.
 Thus fitted for the Fight, those twisted Rings
 Were soon resolv'd, and, as himself he flings
 At Length, he suddenly, as if at Hand,
 The Faces, ev'n of those that farthest stand,
 Invades. The Horses now no more obey
 The Reins, or Curbs, but as they fly away
 Trembling, and panting, from his Sight, expire,
 From their extended Nostrills, frequent Fire.
 On his swoln Neck to ev'ry Side he moves
 His lofty Head; and, as his Rage improves,
 Flings some aloft, some with his Weight were crush'd,
 And as from broken Bones the Marrow Gush'd,
 He licks it up, and, while the Blood doth flow
 About his Jaws, invades another Fo,
 And half-devoured Bodies throws away:
 And now the Ensigns all, as if the Day

Were

Were lost, Retreat. Yet some, that farthest fly,
 By his contagious Breath infected, dy:
 But your great Father, lab'ring to restrain
 The flying Troops; thus calls them back again.
 What? to a Serpent basely turn your Backs;
 Italian Youth? and yield to *Libyan* Snakes
Asonia's Honour? If his Breath subdu'd
 The Cowards; or their Courage, as they view
 Him gape, be lost: Alone, I'll undertake
 To fight the Monster. And, as this he spake,
 From his strong Arm, a winged Jav'lin flies:
 The barbed Point whereof between his Eyes (Strength,
 Not lightly wounds his Front; and, Thrown with
 Within the Head o'th' reeling Beast, at length,
 It sinks, and Trembling stands. Confused Cries,
 And Shouts of Joy, now strike the Marbled Skies.
 Till then the Earth-born Monster ne'er did feel
 (Though he had liv'd so long) the wounding Steel:
 A Stranger to all Pain; and, scorning so
 To yield to any, doth more Furious grow.
 Nor had his Rage been vain (which borrow'd Force
 From what he felt) if, skill'd to guide his Horse,
 (After the Wound) your Father had not wav'd
 His fierce Assault, and, turning nimbly, sav'd
 Himself: while, winding ev'ry way with Speed,
 He furiously pursu'd the wheeling Steed.
 But all this while your *Marus* did not stand,
 As a Spectator, with an idle Hand.
 The second Spear, that wounded him, I flung.
 Just as the weary Steed his forked Tongue
 Lick'd on the Back, with all my Strength I threw
 My Weapon: and, by that upon Me drew
 His Fury, and the War; till all the Bands,
 By our Example led, employ'd their Hands;

A a

And

And storm'd him with their Darts, that him engage
 Alternately to exercise his Rage;
 Till from a Warlike Engine, by a Stroke,
 That would have batter'd down a Wall, we broke
 His Strength, and yet (although he could no more,
 His Back now broken, raise as heretofore
 His Head unto the Clouds) more furious on,
 He strove to come, till the *Phalarick* Stone
 Into his Belly sunk, and then the Sight
 Of both his Eyes, by winged Shafts, was quite
 Extinguish'd: by those many Wounds, his Death
 Approach'd. Then through his wider Jaws, his Breath
 Infectious Poison (his last Refuge) cast.
 Thus by our Darts, and pond'rous Stones, at last,
 Stretch'd on the Ground, he prostrate lay, and yet
 His Jaws, extended Wide, appear'd to threaten,
 Till, from an Engine shot, a Beam, that through
 The yielding Air, with a loud Fragour flew,
 Struck off his Head, which as he gasping lay,
 A pale dark Cloud of Poison (that the Day
 Infected where it went) his Mouth exhal'd.
 The mournfull River strait his Death bewail'd,
 With hideous Groans, and dolefull Murmurs move
 Upon the Waves; the Den, and Native Grove,
 And Banks (upon whose Sands he us'd to Roar)
 With a loud Echo Roar, and sadly howl.
 But oh, how soon this dismal Fight we rue!
 With how great Loss! What Punishment we drew,
 What Plagues upon our selves? The Prophets strait
 Us of our Dangers, but (Alas!) too late,
 Admonish; that we had the Servant slain
 Of the blew *Naiades*, that did remain
 In *Bragada's* warm Streams. But then this Spear
 (As Honour, and Reward for what I there

Had

Had done) your Father gave Me, 'cause it stood
 First fix'd, and drank the Sacred Serpent's Blood.
 The Noble Youth, who wept while he relates
 This Story, interrupts him. If the Fates
 Had suffer'd Him to live till now (said He)
Trebia had ne're o'reflown with Blood, nor we
 Had seen thy Billows (*Thrafsmenns*) hide
 So many Noble Names. *Marius* reply'd;
 Yet the *Piacles* of his sad Fate,
 And cruel Torments, did anticipate
 With *Tyrian* Blood. For *Africk*, wanting Men,
 Her Wealth consum'd, had begg'd our Mercy; when
Therapne, mov'd by some malignant Star
 Sent forth (c) a Man to prosecute the War.
 Of Stature he was low; no comely Grace
 Of Meen, or Signs of Honour in his Face:
 But admirable Vigour in so small
 A Body; Active: one, that could the Tall,
 And Larger-Limb'd, o'recome. This Man, design'd
 To manage now the War against us, joyn'd
 To Arms strong Policy. In Defarts he
 Could live, and greatest Hardship easily
 Survive. Not *Hannibal*, who now so well
 For *Libya* guides the War, doth him excell.
 Oh would to Heaven, *Taygeta*! (most sad,
 And fatal unto us) by thee He had,
 Upon *Ewota's* Banks, ne're harden'd been:
 Then in victorious Flames I might have seen
Phaniffa's Walls to sink, nor then the Fall
 Had I lamented of my General.
 Nor should (for Death, nor Fire can ease my Wo)
 My Griefs bear with me to the Shades below.
 Both Armies take the Field, and through the Plains
 The God of War grows hot, and Fury Reigns

A 2 2

In

(c) *Xenippus* (born in *Thrace*, a small Town of *Lacedaemon*) who was sent by the *Lacedaemonians*, to be General, for the *Carthaginians*, in the first War against the *Romans*: who under the Conduct of *Attilius Regulus*, very much prevailed in *Africa*. This Character given him by the Poet, agrees with that of *Polybius* (*lib. 1.*) as of a Captain, who so far exceeded all of his Time, that, by his sole Conduct, the Forces of many, that were thought invincible, were overthrown.

In every Breast. Here *Regulus*, in great Attempts, lets loose his Sword, and hafts to meet With Dangers in the midst of all his Foes, And with his valiant Hand, gives deadly Blows. So, when the South Wind, on his Wings doth bear A pitchy Cloud, that hanging in the Air, Both to the Sea, and Land, a Tempest threatens, The Husbandman, and Shepherd strait retreats For Shelter, to the Woods; and Fear prevails With the Stout Seaman, to contract his Sails.

But the *Lacanian*, having laid his ^(d) Snare, Secur'd the hollow Rocks; and, leaving there His Men, upon a Sudden, from the Fight, Wheeling, he turns his Horse, pretending Flight, With fained Fear. So Shepherds to secure Their Flocks within their Folds, by Night allure Wolves into Pits, the which they over-lay With Boughs, and with a bleating Lamb betray. Honour, by which brave Minds inflamed are, And a fallacious Confidence in War, Invited; and, drew on your Noble Sire, Who Spurring on, as mad with a Desire To fight, ne're looks, if his Companions were Behind him, or who follow'd in the Rear. When all alone, a thick, and sudden Cloud Of fierce *Lacnians*, that themselves did shrow'd Among the hollow Rocks, him round invest, And the Force of his Ruin still encreas't. Oh fatal Day to *Italy*! to be Mark'd in our Fast, as the Infamy Of thee, Oh *Mars*! those Hands that to thy *Rome*, And thee were born, by a most fatal Doom Are now condemn'd to Chains. My Grief will be Eternal! a *Sidonian* Dungeon Thee

(d) The *Roman* Army, marching towards *Carthage*, (after the Rendition of almost two hundred Cities in *Africa* to the Consul *Regulus*) labouring not only under Hunger, Thirst, and Defiance; but with the Difficulties of the Places, through which they pass: *Yanippus* drew his Forces out of the City, and about Evening put them into Order for a March, fell upon the weary *Romans* by the Night, destroyed their whole Army; and, among other Captives, took *Anitius Regulus* the General. See *Appian de Libyca*.

Great

(Great *Regulus*) beheld! and by the odds Of such a Triumph, *Carthage* to the Gods Seem'd equal: But what Plagues sufficient are For the *Lacnians* Guilt of such a War?

But now the *Carthaginian* Fathers all Consult, to offer to our *General* New ^(e) Leagues, and send him Home to mediate A Peace; requiring that the Captivate In War, might be return'd on either Side; And, now no more Delay: the Ship doth ride At Anchor in the Road, the Seamen are Employ'd, their Oars, and Benches to prepare: Some fit the twisted Cables, others haste To furl, and trim the Sails upon the Mast; Others the Anchors place upon the Prow: But above all, *Cæbon*, ordain'd to go Chief Pilot of the Ship, in Sea-Affairs Renown'd for Skill, the Helm, and Poop prepares. The triple-pointed Beak, its shining Raies (Most richly guilt) o're all the Sea displays. Weapons, and all things else that needfull were 'Gainst Dangers of the Sea, with them they bear, Amidst the Ship, upon the Decks he stands, That timeth with his Voice the Seamens Hands, And bids them strike at once, and as again They raise their Oars (that echo o're the Main) Applauds them all: Thus when they had perform'd The Seamens Work, the Ship compleatly arm'd, And th' Hour arriv'd, to hoist up Sail, and weigh Their Anchors, and the Wind was fair for Sea; A multitude of Women, Children, Men, Together flock'd; and envious Fortune then Dragg'd through the Throng our Noble *General*, And shew'd him, as a Spectacle to all

(e) The *Carthaginians*, having before lost many considerable Men, made Captive by the *Romans*, after this Victory, believed they might procure a Peace, on more easie Terms; at least, an exchange of prisoners. To this purpose they sent *Ambassadors* to *Rome*, and with them, *Regulus*, on Condition, that, if their Offer were not accepted, he should return to *Carthage*. But, the *Romans*, having elsewhere obtained Advantages over them, *Regulus* persuaded the *Senate* to prosecute the War, and retain their Captives, by which he frustrated the *Embassy* of the *Carthaginians*, and returned with them to their City, where his Fidelity to his Country, was punished with a cruel Death.

He

He, in their View, as smooth a Forehead bore,
 As when he first, on the *Sidonian* Shore,
 Arrived with his Fleet. With his Consort,
 In the same Ship, I his Companion went;
 Resolving his Adversity to share,
 And thought it greater Fortitude to bear
 Their Nastiness, ill Diet, and their poor,
 Obdurate Beds, and to contend with more
 Important Miseries; then to subdue
 A Fo. Nor is't so honourable to
 Avoid Misfortunes, by our Vigilance;
 As to O'recome, by Noble Sufferance,
 Whatever Fate can do. And yet (though I
 Knew his severe, and rigid Constancy)
 I hop'd, if Heav'n permitted us to come
 Within our Citie's Walls, and see our Home,
 His Heart might then relent, or by your Tears
 (At least) be mollifi'd. Thus I my Fears
 Kept in my Breast, and thought that he inclin'd
 To weep, and had, in Misery, a Minde
 Like mine. But, when we came to *Tybur*, I
 Observ'd his Face, and most intently
 Beheld his Looks, which inward Sense betray.
 But credit me (brave Youth) in what I say,
 His Countenance amid't a thousand Toils
 Abroad, and when at Home enrich'd with Spoils,
 And when to cruel *Carthage* he was sent,
 And in the Instant of his Punishment,
 Unalter'd I beheld, and still the Same;
 Then all *Ansonia* from her Cities came
 To meet the Captive; all the Neighb'ring Hills,
 (The Plains already throng'd) their Number fills,
 And *Tybur* to his Banks the Noise imparts:
 But the *Sidonian* Princes (cruel Hearts!)

Strive

Strive to reduce him to their Countrey's Dress,
 And so the Honour of the Gown suppress.
 The Senate weeping stood; the *Matrons* throng;
 And Youth, to shew their Greifs; while He, among
 So many Sighs, unmoved stands. His Hand,
 The *Consul*, on the Shore, as he on Land
 First step, extends to help him, and to meet
 With kind Respect, and his Arrival greet.
 He stepping back (still carefull of our State)
 Requires the *Consul* not to violate
 His Supream Dignity, but to retire.
 Then on he goes, (while Weeping we admire
 His Constancy) and compals'd by the proud
Sidonians, and with them a Captive Croud,
 Rais'd Envy in the Gods. But now, his Flame,
 With her two hopefull Sons, sad *Martia* came;
 Unhappy in her Noble Lords Excess
 Of Virtue, that disdain'd in his Distress,
 To stoop to Fortune. Her dishevel'd Hair,
 And Robes, neglected, as she sadly tare,
 Oh know'st thou not the Day, or can it be,
 It touch'd thee not in younger Years (said she)
 And when in *Tyrian* Habit (like Disguise)
 Deform'd she saw him, then with mournfull Cryes,
 She fainting fell, and strait grew Cold, and Pale
 In all her Limbs (Oh let our Prayers prevail!
 And if the Gods be just, may *Carthage* see
 Such the *Sidonian* Mothers!) then to me
 He whispers, and commands that I remove
 You, and your Mother, while he still doth prove
 Impenetrable 'gainst the strongest Blow
 Of Grief, and Scorns that Yoak to undergo.
 Here with deep Sighs, and Tears complaining, thus
 The Youth begun: Dear Father, whom with us

No

No Deity extolls, that doth remain
In the *Tarpeian* Towers, if to Complain
May be allow'd to Piety: Oh! why
This Comfort unto Us didst Thou deny
Or why, Oh! why (Thou too severe) that Grace
Didst thou refuse to touch thy Sacred Face,
Or Kiss Thee? To joyn Hands, was it a Sin
So great? How much these Wounds had lighter been,
If, fixed in my Minde, when I repair
To Shades below, I Thy Embrace might bear:
But I in vain these things Record; for we
Were then (my *Marns*) in our Infancy.
Yet, I remember well, his Form was more
Then Humane; that his Locks descended o're
His Manly Neck, white as the *Alpine* Snow;
Stern Majesty was seated on his Brow:
The Venerable *Index* of his Minde;
Such as, since then, mine Eyes could never finde.

Then *Marns*, him advising to refrain,
By such Complaints, to vex his Wounds again,
Resumes the Word. What? when he careless past
By his own Household Gods, and went in haste
To the *Sidonians* curs'd (*) Abode? his Eyes
The Monuments of his great Victories
Then saw hung up; as Shields, and Chariots, and
Known Darts: while at the Door his Wife doth stand
And cries; Oh! whither goes my *Regulus*?
This is no *Punic* Dungeon, that Thou thus
Shouldst fly both it, and Me. The Foot-steps here
Of our Chast Marriage-Bed are yet as clear,
As at the first. Our House still entertains
Its Gods without a Crime: Then say: what Stains
In us thou findest? The *Senate* gave thee Joy,
When I to thee This, and that other, Boy

Had

(*) Such Ambassadors, as came from their Enemies to the *Romans*, never admitted into their City; but but treated with them in the Temples of *Mars*, or *Apollon*, that stood without the Walls. And, though *Regulus* was admitted to the *Senate*, yet, according to his Promise, he returned to lodge with them, whose Quarter was on the other side of *Tiber*. See *Polybius*, *Eclog.* 14.

Had born: Oh turn, and see! This House is Thine,
Where Thou, a Noble *Consul*, once didst shine
In Purple Robes; and, marching from this Door,
Didst see the *Romane* *Falces* go before.
Hence didst Thou go to War, and here, with Me,
Wert wont the Trophies of Thy Victory
To fix, against these Posts. I ask not now
The Rites of *Hymen*, or Our Nuptial Vow:
Onely desist Our Household-Gods to flight,
And to Thy Sons, at least, allow This Night.
Amidst these Tears, He with the *Tyrians* goes
To lodge, and left Her venting thus Her Woes.

Scarce had the rising Day on *Orta* seen
The Place, where great *Alcides* Pile had been;
When for the *Libyan* Lords the *Consul* sent:
I, at the Gate beheld (*) Him, as He went
Into the Temple: what the *Senate* there
Debated, what His last Addresses were
To the sad, weeping Court, Himself to Me
Did Chearfully relate. So soon as He
Was enter'd; with their Hands, and Voices, all
Him to his wonted Seat, contending, call.

But He, the antient Honour of His Place
Rejects; while they, about Him throng'd, embrace,
And take Him by the Hand, and thus intreat;
He would restore a Captain of so great
A Name unto his Countrey; He might be
Exchang'd for Numbers in Captivity.
And then more justly might the *Tyrian* Land,
And Towers, be wasted by that valiant Hand;
Which they had bound in Chains. But He, His Eyes,
And Hands together, lifting to the Skies,
Thou God of Justice (said) that govern'st all!
And Faith, whom I no less Divine may call!

B b

And

(*) *Regulus*.

And *Sarran Juno* ! all invoc'd by Me,
 My Promise of Return to testify !
 Let Me speak Worthy of my self, and by
 My Words prevent my Countie's Ruin : I
 More chearfull shall to *Carthage* go (said He)
 If that my Promise of Return may be
 Preserv'd, though 't be to Punishment. Oh then !
 Desist to tender unto Me agen
 That Honour, with Destruction to the State.
 My many Years, and Wars, accelerate
 My Death : and now, by long Imprisonment,
 And Bonds, in this my Age, my Strength is spent.
 Your *Regulus* Was on ce, and did pursue
 The hardest Duties of the War, when you
 Did know Him such : but now within a Cold,
 And bloodless Body, you a Name behold.
 Oh ! let not *Carthage* then (that House of Fraud,
 That doth her self in Treachery applaud)
 Not knowing how great things to Us remain,
 Think, for this aged Body, to regain
 Her Captiv'd Youth, Men fit for War. But go
 Arm'd against Her Deceits, and let her know
 What *Rome* can do ; though I am Captivate :
 Nor let a Peace accepted be, but what
 Our (2) Fathers entertain'd. They now require
 (And gave it Me in Charge, as their Desire)
 That in an equal League, the War be weigh'd,
 And equal Laws on either Side be made.
 But may I Sink to *Styx*, before I see
 The *Romanes* to so base a Peace agree.
 This said ; the Court resolving to pursue
 His Faithfull, Grave Advice : he strait withdrew,
 Himself to render to the *Libyans* Ire.
 Who, with a sad Repulse of their Desire

(g) Which Conditions were, That the *Carthaginians* should not invade *Sicily*, nor any the Allies of King *Hiero*, That they should quit all the Hinds between *Sicily*, and *Italy* : That all Captives should be released without Ransom, and that they should pay Tribute to the *Romanes* for twenty years. See *Polyb.*, lib. 1.

Dismiss'd,

Dismiss'd, return'd, through the *Herculean* Main ;
 Threatning their cheerfull Captive, Home again.
 After the *Senate*, now, a mournfull Croud
 Of People throng, and all the Fields with loud
 Complaints are fill'd : sometimes resolv'd again
 To call him back, or else by Force retain,
 With their just Grievs. But Trembling, 'bove them all,
 His Wife, as at his sudden Funeral ;
 When to the Ship he went, with dolefull Cries,
 And Shreeking, to the Sea, as Frantick, flies.
 Take Me along, O *Libyans*, let Me
 Share both his Death, and Punishment (said She)
 My Dear (I beg this One thing onely, by
 Those Pledges of our Loves) permit, that I
 May Share with Thee whatever Dangers be
 Destin'd by Land, or Sea, or Heav'n to Thee :
 I did not send *Xantippus* to the War,
 Nor did I give those heavy Chains, that are
 About thy Neck : why then dost fly Me so
 To Punishment ? Oh ! give me leave to go ;
 Me, and my Children, and perhaps, our Tears
 May *Carthage* move to Pity. If her Ears
 The cruel City stop, we then may all,
 Thou, and thy Family together fall :
 Or, if resolv'd to dy, here dy with Me ;
 For I a Sharer in thy Fate will be.

As thus she spoke, the Vessel by Degrees,
 Loos'd from the Shore, to put to Sea, She sees :
 Then most Unhappy, mad with Grief, She cries,
 (Lifting her weary Hands unto the Skies)
 See Him that boasts, with treach'rous *Libyans*, thus,
 And Foes, to keep his Faith, but what to Us
 Was promis'd Violates ! Oh ! where is now
 (Perfidious man) thy Faith, and Nuptial Vow ?

B b 2

These

These Words He, unrelenting, heard, The rest
The Noise, and Dashing of the Oars, suppress.

Then down the River, with the Stream, We run
Unto the Borders, where the Sea begun.

Ore which We sail, and with Our hollow Pine
Cleave the vast Billows, foaming with their Brine.

I, dreading, more than Death, proud *Libya's* Scorn,
With'd that the Ship, by some rude Tempest born

Against some Rock, might split; or else that We
Might, by the raging Seas, o'whelmed be.

But gently-breathing Winds, the Vessel bore
Away, and Us to *Libyan* Rage restore:

Which I, unhappy, saw; and Home was sent,
A sad Relatour of his Punishment.

'Twas an hard Task: nor would I now relate
To Thee, how *Carthage* then did imitate

The Fury of wild Beasts, to vent their Spleen:
If any Age, in all the World, had seen

Any thing Greater, then that high, and brave
Example, which the Rev'rent Virtue gave

Of your great Father. 'Twere a Shame for Me
To add Complaints to those dire Torments, He,

So unconcern'd, endur'd: and truly You,
Worthy of so great Blood, Your self should shew,

By wiping Tears away. A ^(b) Cage they build
Of Wood, whose Grates, on ev'ry Side, were fill'd

With equal Pikes of Steel; which sharp, and thick,
By Art, in Order, plac'd, erected stick.

All Sleep by this Invention was deny'd,

And when, through length of Time, to either Side
Dull Slumbers Him inclin'd, a Row of Pikes

Into his Bowels, through his Body strikes.

Oh! cease to grieve (brave Youth) suppress thy Tears.

He Overcomes, that this with Patience bears.

His

(b) This Engine, built in Form of a Cage, and proportioned to his Body, is best, (though briefly) defended by our Author, who, notwithstanding, omits one exact part of his Punishment, mentioned by *Valerius Maximus*, (*lib. 9. cap. 2*). viz. That they cut off his Ey-Lids; so that continual Light, as well, as those Pikes of Iron, that tormented him, might keep him perpetually waking, till the long Variety of Pain kill'd Him.

His Glory long shall flourish: while in Heav'n;

Or Earth, to constant Faith, a Place is giv'n;

Or Virtue's Sacred Name alive shall be.

A Day shall come, wherein Posterity

(Great *Regulus*) shall tremble, when they hear

Thy Fate, which Thou with so much Scorn did'st bear.

Thus *Marcus* spoke, and with sad Care, again,

His Wounds fomented, to allay the Pain.

Fame, in the mean time, having sprinkled o're

Her rapid Wings with Blood (as if before

Dip'd in the Streams of *Thraſimenus*) Lies

With Truth commixing, through the City flies,

And to the People's Minds again recalls

The Loss of *Allia*, and *Tarpeian* VValls;

Storm'd by the *Senones*. Sad Terror shakes

Her Reins, and Fear the Tempest greater makes.

Now to the Walls, with winged Speed, She flies,

An horrid Voice is heard, OUR ENEMIES

APPROACH: and then with Piles, and Darts, the Air,

In vain, they beat. Th' affrighted Matrons bare

Their hoary Locks, and with them, as they Weep,

The Walls, and Pavements of the Temples sweep,

And to the Gods, for Friends deceased, pray;

Too late Alas! and rest not Night, or Day.

Howling with Grief, the scatter'd People ly

Before the Gates, and with a careful Eye

All that return observe. About them throng,

And, as they speak, hang listning at their Tongue;

But cannot Credit give, if News of Joy

They chance to tell, and yet again their Stay

Intreat, and sometimes with sad Looks, alone,

Not Words, with such, as hasten'd to be gone,

Prevail for Tdings, and yet Trembling stand

To hear, what they so Earnestly demand.

Bad

Bad News doth Force their Tears, and, if deni'd
 To know, or if the Messenger reply'd
 With doubtful Words, from thence new Fears arise.
 And now when Troops returning, to their Eyes,
 More near appear'd, out at the Gates they run
 (Fearing they had been lost) and then begun
 To Kiss their Wounds, and tire the Gods with Pray'r.
 Among these, honoured for his pious Care,
 Old *Marus*, with him, young *Serranus* led.
 And *Martia*, who since *Regulus* was dead,
 Still kept at Home, all Company forsook,
 And onely for her Childrens Sake did brook
 The Light, now runs into a Grief as great,
 As was her former. Though distracted, strait
 She *Marus* knew, and thus accosts him: Thou,
 (Great Faiths renown'd Companion) surely now
 Thou giv'st me lighter Wounds : or say, hath Fate
 Caus'd the revengefull Sword to penetrate
 Into my Bowels, deep? What e're it be,
 So *Carthage* Him in Chains may never see,
 Nor Sacrifice Him to His Father's Pain,
 I'm pleas'd. Ye Gods! How oft have I, in vain
 (Oh my dear Son) intreated Thee, forbear
 Thy Father's Courage, and His Heat in War?
 That his sad Glory might not Thee engage
 In Arms. I have, of too vivacious Age
 The hard Afflictions undergone. But now
 Spare Us, I pray, ye Gods! If any of you
 For Us have fought: suppress the Enemy!
 But when this fullen Cloud of Misery
 Was past; the *Senate* with all Speed prepares
 To give Support to their distress'd Affairs.
 All strive, with Emulation, the War
 To undertake; and present Dangers bar

The

The Progress of their Griefs. The chief for all
 Their Cares was, to appoint a *General*,
 Upon whose Conduct shak'n *Italy*,
 And the whole Frame of her Affairs, might be
 Impos'd; when now their Countrey did appear
 To sink. For *Jove* resolv'd to defer,
 Awhile, the Time of Her Imperial Pow'r:
 And, rising, look'd from the *Albanian* Tow'r
 Upon the *Tyrrhen* People, and beheld
 The *Carthaginian*, with Successes swell'd,
 Preparing his Victorious Arms to invade
 Our Walls. But *Jove*, his Head then shaking, said:
 I never will permit, that Thou shalt come,
 Proud *Libyan* Youth, within the Walls of *Rome*.
 Thou may'st the *Tyrrhen* Vales with Slaughter fill,
 And make with *Latine* Blood the Rivers swell,
 And overflow their Banks: but I defend,
 That the *Tarpeian* Rock thou should'st ascend;
 Or to those Walls (so dear to Me) aspire.
 With that, four Times, he threw his forked Fire;
 Which shin'd through all the *Tyrrhen* Land, and cast
 A Cloud upon the Army, as it past
 From the divided Heav'n. But, yet, all this
 The *Libyan* to divert could not suffice.
 With that the God th' *Æneades* possess'd
 With Resolution, in a faithfull Breast,
 The Nation to repose, and put the Reins
 Of Safety into Noble *Fabius* Hands.
 Perceiving then the Pow'r of War to be
 Entrusted to his Care; nor Him (said He)
 Envy, nor Fame, with *Libyan* Vaniry
 Guided; nor Spoil; nor cunning Treachery;
 Nor other base Desires shall overthrow:
 Skilfull, and old in War, He well doth know

Success,

Success, and Loss with equal Thoughts to bear;
His Minde well temper'd both for Peace, and War.
Thus *Jove*: and then remounted to the Skies:

This *Fabius*, whom his Foes could ne're surprize
In Arms, and thus by *Jove* commended, thought
Himself most Happy, when entire He brought
Those Numbers Home again, which He before
Conducted to the Field; and no Man more
Desir'd Himself, or dearest Son to spare,
Then He did them; none with so sad a Care
Beheld their Wounds in Fight: and when again
He came, a Conqu'rou, with the Noble Stain
Of hostile Blood besmear'd, his Legions all
Appear'd compleat, before the Citie's Wall.
His fam'd Original with Heav'n did claim
Alliance: for when great *Alcides* came
From *Spain*, *Gerion's* Spoils (his Monstrous Kine)
He, that Way, where the Walls of *Rome* do shine,
In Triumph drove. Then did *Arcadius* sound
(As Fame reports) in Rude, and Desert Ground
His Palace, and a needy People swai'd:
When, by his Sacred Guest, the Royal Maid,
Arcas (his Daughter) overcome, with Joy,
From that her Crime of Love, conceiv'd a Boy,
Was *Fabius* nam'd; from Him, a Mother she
Became, to a *Tyrinthian* Progeny.

And hence three hundred *Fabii* once did go,
All from one House, in Arms, against the Fo;
Whose most Renowned Actions, by his Wife
Delaies (which then Alone could equalize
The *Libyan* Conduct) this Our *Fabius* all
Excell'd. So great, then, wert Thou *Hannibal*!

But, while the *Latines* busily prepare
To raise Recruits, and re-inforce the War,

The

The *Carthaginian* Captain, terrified
By *Jove*; and having lai'd his Hopes aside
Of batt'ring *Rome's* high Walls, his Army leads
Up to the *Umbrian* Hills, where *Tuder* spreads,
Upon an high Descent, its hanging Walls,
And where *Mevania* o're large Fields exhales
Thick, gloomy Clouds; and, Consecrate to *Jove*
Fat Bulls, through Rich, and Wealthy Pastures move.
From thence, desirous of *Picenian* Prey,
Through the *Palladian* Fields he makes his Way,
And wherefoe're the Spoil invites Him, there
His wandering Troops, their plundering Ensigns bear:
Till fair *Campania* stop'd his furious Course
And, undefended, entertain'd the Force
O'th' War, within her Bosome. As He there
Beheld the Temple, and the Buildings near

(1) *Linternus* swelling Stream, he fix'd his Eyes
Upon the various Pictures, where he spies,
The Monuments o'th' former War, maintain'd,
By th' *Romane Senate*. For they there remain'd
Carv'd on the Porches, and all things exprest
In Order, and at large. Before the rest
Great *Regulus* appears to infligate
The War: a War, which (had he known his Fate)
He would have thun'd. There Noble (2) *Appius* stood
In a pitch Field, and high in *Libyan* Blood,
From their great Slaughter, a just Triumph, Crown'd
With Lawrel gain'd. Near these, at Sea renown'd,

(3) *Duilius*, on a Snow-white Column Rose,
Bearing his Naval Trophies; Stems, and Frows
Of Ships, the first that *Italy* had known
Those Spoils (the *Tyrian* Navy overthrown)
To Dedicate to *Neptune*. Near Him stand,
His Nightly Glories, shining Torches, and

C c

His

(1) A River of *Campania*, upon the Banks of which stood *Linternus*, a small Town, made famous by the recovered *Africanus*; who, after his Disgrace at *Bona*, thought that more worthy to retain his Ashes, than his ingratull Country.

(2) *Appius Claudius Pulcher*, Consul with *C. Norbanus Flaccus*, for his Victory over *Numa* King of *Syracuse*, and the *Carthaginian*, that came to his Assistance, had the Honour of Triumph.

(3) *Cornelius Duilius* was the first, that triumphed for a Naval Victory, gain'd by him over the *Carthaginians*; and situated so happily, we have the Silence, called *Strate*, or *Trope*, as a perpetual honour, when he returned from any *For*, to have Forces, and a Trumpeter to march before him.

His Sacred Trumpeter, that from a Feast
Was wont with chearfull Sounds (that Joy exprest)
T' attend him to his honour'd Home : and then

(m) After his Death, his Statue was placed in the *Forum*, and continued till the Time of *Pliny*, as he affirms, *lib. 23. cap. 5.*

(n) *L. Cornelius Scipio, Consul*, overthrown, in *Sardinia*, *Hammon* the *Carthaginian General*, flew Him, and gave Him Burial. *See lib. 17.*

(o) The Honours of that Noble Citizen,
Deceas'd, He fees. Near these doth *Scipio* stand,
And celebrates, in the (p) *Sardōan* Land,
The *Tyrian* Captain's Funerals, subdu'd
By Him. Then, on the *Libyan* Shores, He view'd
The routed Bands, in scatter'd Parties, fly
About the Field, and *Regulus* hard by,
Pursuing at their Backs : the *Nomades*,
The *Garamantians*, the *Antololes*,
The *Moors*, and *Hammon* lay down Arms, and yield
Their Cities up. Within a Sandy Field
Slow *Brigada* with Poison foams, and there
A Serpent 'gainst an Army makes a War.

(p) Our Author follows the vulgar Opinion. That, after the Defeat of *Regulus*, the *Carthaginians* seem'd highly to value *Xanthippus* his Service, and dismissed him with great Honour and Rewards. But fearing a future Reproach of the great Benefits they had received by his Conduct ; they gave him a rotten Ship newly trimm'd, which, some say, sunk with him by the Way ; others, that the Scaen were instructed to drown him : but *Plutarch*, not ignorant of these Opinions, affirms, that, fearing their Treachery, he prudently withdrew himself. *Polyb. lib. 1.*

(q) *Q. Lutatius, Consul*, his Victory near the Island *Ægates*. See before in the Fifth Book.

(r) It was a Custom among the *Romans*, to describe, in Picture, the Nations, that had been conquered by them, and to bear in Triumph the Images of such *Generals*, as were overthrown, and escap'd their Hands. As this *Amilcar*, who never was their Captive : and *Hannibal*, described in *Scipio's* Triumph. See *lib. 17. infra.*

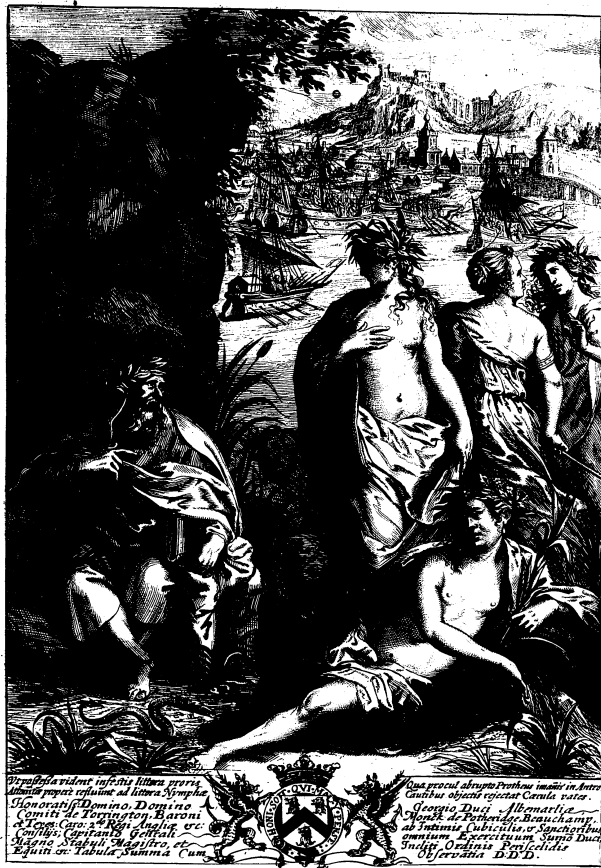
Then from his Ship (q) *Xanthippus* thrown, in vain
Calling upon the Gods, was in the Main
By a perfidious Band, most sadly drown'd.
And there too late (great *Regulus*) He found
The Punishment of Thy unhappy Death.
The two *Ægates* likewise, from beneath
The Waves, they make to rise : about them lay
Torn Ships, and *Libyans*, floating on the Sea.
Lord of the Ocean, then (r) *Lutatius* bore
Away, with a propitious Gale, to Shore
The Captiv'd Ships. With these (in Order all)
Amilcar (Father to the *General*)

Stood (s) bound, and, from all other Objects, drew
Upon himself the People's Eyes, to view
His stern Aspect : and then was to be seen
The Face of Peace, the Altars, that had been
Polluted with the League, and *Jove* deceiv'd,
The *Romane* giving Laws ; and, as they heav'd

Their

Their Axes up, the *Libyan* trembling stands,
And, begging Pardon with submissive Hands,
Swears, but in vain, the League. This, from the Sky,
Fair *Cytherea*, with a joyfull Eye,
Beheld. But, when the *Libyan General*
Had, with a troubled Brow, furvaid it all ;
His slow contracted Rage, that all the while
Boil'd in His Breaſt, thus, with a scornfull Smile
He vents. We, likewise, things as great, by Me
Perform'd, shall carved on Our Houses see.
Let Me (O *Carthage*) see *Saguntus*, fall
At once, by Fire, and Sword, together fall.
Sons by their Fathers kill'd, and let there be
Space, large enough, the Conquer'd *Alps* to see,
Whereon Victorious *Nomades* may ride,
And *Garamantians*. Let Me see, beside,
Ticinus overflow his Banks with Blood,
And *Trebia's*, and *Tibrafmenus* Flood
Choak'd up with *Tuscan* Corps. *Flaminias*, great
In Body, and in Arms, there finde his Fate.
Let *Consul Scipio* bleeding fly, and, on
The weary Shoulders of his Pious Son,
To's Friends, be born. Let this divulged be ;
Carthage shall greater things hereafter see.
Rome burnt in *Libyan* Flames shall there be shown,
And *Jove* from his *Tarpeian* Temple thrown.
In the mean time (as it becomes Ye) you,
Brave Youth, by whole Assistance I can do,
And have done things so Great, go quickly ; burn
Those Monuments, and them to Ashes turn.

The End of the Sixth Book



SILIUS ITALICUS

The Second Punick VVar.

The Seventh Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fabius is for the War Dictatour made :
The Libyan, by His Policy delay'd :
Wasts the Falernian Countrey, and, to gain
A Battel, severall Waies removes, in Vain,
Untill at length, by the Aulontan Bands,
Encompass'd, in a Vale, besieg'd, he stands :
His Stratagem, by which His Troops again
Are from this Danger freed : the Romans then,
With Minutius demanding Battel, are
By Fabius appeas'd : At length the Way
Is to Minutius left, who soon doth yield
To their Designs, and rashly takes the Field
To fight : at first the Libyan prevails,
Till Fabius, while all other Succour fails,
Came to the Romans Aid, who get the Day,
And Sacrifices to his Honour pay.



U T Fabius, the onely Hope,
and Stay
Of Rome's distress'd Affairs,
Aslonia
(Now sinking through her
Wounds) and her Allies
Soon arms : and vigorously
himself applies

(Though old) the hardest Toils to undergo,
And with his Army march'd against the Fo.

His

His Understanding more, than Man's, no Force
 OF Darts, no Weapons, nor the Strength of Horſe
 Regarded; but he went, alone, gainſt all
 The *Libyan* Forces, and their *General*,
 As yet Unconquer'd; keeping in his Breſt,
 Alone, the Strength, and Safety of the Reſt:
 And, if He had not then reſolv'd to ſtay
 The Courſe of Adverſe Fortune, by Delay,
 That, the laſt Age of the *Dardanian* Name
 Had ſurely been, and *Rome* had loſt her Fame.
 The Favour of the Gods, that did attend
 The *Punic* Arms, He temper'd, and an End
 To *Libya's* Conqueſts put. The Enemy,
 Inſulting in the Woes of *Italy*,
 By his wife Conduſt He debell'd, and all
 The Fraud deluded of proud *Hannibal*,
 Moſt Noble *General*! Who *Troy* again,
 Lapping to Ruin, doſt alone ſuſtain,
 And ſinking *Italy*! Who doſt uphold
Evander's Empire, and whate're of old
 The Labours of our Fathers gain'd in Wars,
 Go on, and raiſe thy Name unto the Stars.

But, when new Titles had proclaim'd the Choice
 Of the *Dilatour*, by the publick Voice,
 The *Libyan* Prince, revolving in his Minde,
 That ſomething of Importance had inclin'd
 The *Romanes* to that Change of their Command,
 So ſuddenly, deſir'd to underſtand
 What was the Fortune of the Man, what were
 His Honours, or why *Fabius* ſhould appear
 Their laſt, ſafe Authour, in Diſtreſs? Why He,
 After ſo many Storms, by *Rome* ſhould be
 Thought equal unto *Hannibal*? and yet
 It vex'd him, that his Years did want that Heat,

That

That might expoſe him, through Temerity,
 To his Deceits, and therefore inſtantly
 He for a Captive calls, & enquire of all
 His Cuſtoms, Actions, and Original.
Cilnius, a Youth, and of a Noble Name,
 From fair *Aretium* to *Ticinus* came,
 In an unhappy Hour, and by a Wound,
 That overthrew his Horſe, fal'n to the Ground:
 His Neck to *Libyan* Chains then yielded. He,
 Deſirous by his Death himſelf to free,
 The *Libyan* thus informs. Thou haſt not, now,
 With fierce *Flaminius* (ſaid He) to do,
 Or *Gracchus* raſh Reſolves: his Family
 From the *Tyrinthian* Gods deriv'd; had he
 Within thy Countrey (*Hannibal*) been born,
Carthage the World's Imperial Crown had Worn.
 With a long *Series* I'll not ſtrive to ſhow
 Particulars: let this ſuffice, to know
 The *Fabii*, by one Combat having broke
 The Peace, and ſhaken off the *Romane* Yoak,
 The bold *Veientes* brought the War's Alarms
 Ev'n to our Gates; the *Conſul* cites to Arms
 Th' old liſted Bands; *Alcides* Progeny
 Fills up a private Camp; one Family
 Sends a ^(a) *Patrician* Army to the Fight,
 Three hundred Captains (each whereof you might
 Truſt ſafely with the Conduct of a War)
 Appear. But, going forth, they threatn'd are
 With dire Prefages. Conſcious of their Fate,
 The trembling Threshold of the ^(b) Guilty Gate
 Sends forth a fatal Sound: that Altar roar'd
 Where chiefly the *Tyrinthian* God's ador'd.
 Yet they invade the Fo, and with ſo fierce
 A Valour charge, that their ſmall Number ſcarce

Could

(a) The *Fabii* were of the *Patricii*, (of whom ſee the *Comment* on the ſecond Book) but their whole Army was not ſo. For the *Fabii* were but three hundred: and the *Clintii*, that followed them, were five thouſand. See *Fellus*, *De veterum ſignificatione*, in the Word *Religio*.

(b) That Gate, through which they march'd out to the Fight, formerly call'd *Porta Carmentalis*, was, in Memory of their Miſfortune, ever after termed *Sclerata*.

Could be distinguish'd, and their Slaughters are,
 More then the Souldiers: oftentimes the War,
 In Globes compacted close, they entertain.
 As oft dispers'd, in Parties, through the Plain,
 They Dangers meet. Equal in Labours all,
 And Valour, merit to the *Capitol*
 To lead three hundred Triumphs: but, *Alas*,
 How vain those Hopes! each Man forgetfull was
 How soon all things, that humane are, decline!
 These men, disdain, while the *Fabian* Line
 Was safe, that Publick Wars should waged be,
 Incompas'd by a sudden Enemy,
 Fell, by the Envy of the Gods! but yet
 Thou hast no Cause of Joy, in their Defeat,
 For the Survivor is enough for Thee,
 And *Libya*: as with all their Hands will He
 Alone contend; his Limbs so Active are,
 So Circumspect his Industry, and Care,
 Secur'd with cautious Ease. Not you, whose Veins,
 Swell'd high with youthfull Blood, can with the Reins
 Sooner restrain, nor prick the Warlike Steed
 Into the Battel, with more furious Speed.
 But *Hannibal* perceiving, as He spoke,
 He coveted to dy: Thou dost provoke
 In vain (thou Fool) our Rage, and seek't to free
 Thy self from Bondage by Thy Death (said He)
 No, Thou shalt live, and straiter Chains shall press
 Thy captive Neck. Thus, swelling with Success,
 And the propitious Gods, he vents his Scorn.
 But, by Religion, to the Altars born,
 The Fathers, and the *Latine* Dames, their Eyes
 With Sorrow fill'd: in order'd Companies,
 A Robe, and Vows, to *Juno* offer, Hear
 Oh Queen of Gods! lend us a willing Ear,

We,

We, a Chast People, pray Thee. We, who be
 The chief of the *Ausonian*, to Thee
 This fair, and venerable Garment, wrought
 By our own Hands, with Threds of Gold, have brought,
 And till the Fears of Mothers do decrease,
 This shall Thy Vesture be. And, if Thou please,
 That this *Marmarick* Cloud we may behold
 Far scatter'd from Our Land, a Crown of Gold,
 Enlaid with various Gemms, to Thee shall shine.
 This Goddess thus ador'd: to *Pallas* Shrine,
 They proper Off'rings bring, then worship Thee
Venus, and *Phabus*, and the Deity
 Of War: from the approach of Miseries,
 So great a Rev'rence of the Gods doth rise.
 The Happy seldom to their Altars come.

While antient Honours in Her Temples *Rome*
 Thus celebrates: great *Fabius* takes the Field,
 With his well-order'd Troops; and, as most skil'd
 In Warlike Arts, like one Secure, though Slow,
 All Avenues 'gainst Fortune, and the Fo
 Blocks up, and from their Ensigns suffers none
 To stray; and that, which, chiefly, Thee doth Crown
 (Brave *Romane*) and thy Empire's Head so high
 Hath lifted, taught thy Souldiers to obey.

But, when, from far, their Ensigns, all in View,
 Upon the Hills, and all the Troops in new
 Bright Arms appear'd: the *Libyan* Hopes swell high,
 And *Hannibal*, with His Prosperity
 Enflam'd, believ'd His Victorie's Delay
 Was onely, that the Armies in Array
 Were not drawn forth to fight. Go on (said He)
 Quickly assault their Ports; let their Works be
 Ev'n by your Breasts o'rethrown: I'm sure the Fo
 No longer hath to Live, then We can go

D d

Over

Over the Plain between Us: for, to War
 Their Sedentary old Men cited are,
 With whom to fight, I am, almost, ashamed.
 What you now see, are their Remains, disclaim'd
 As wholly useless, in the former War.
 Where is their *Gracchus* now? Or new where are
 Those Thunderbolts, the *Scipios*? expell'd
 From *Italy*, they ne're their Flight with held;
 Till, frighted, to the farthest Part they came
 O'th' Earth, and Sea. Now, trembling at Our Name,
 Both wander, and *Iberus* Banks defend,
 And where We are not, there a War pretend.
 I, likewise, from *Flaminius* Death may claim
 In crease of Honour, and his Active Name
 In War, among my other Titles lay.
 How many years this Sword shall take away
 From *Fabius*? Yet he dares, but let him dare;
 I'll make, Me shall no more in Arms appear.
 Thispoke aloud, His Troops with furious Speed,
 He leadeth on, and mounted on His Steed,
 Sometimes with His Right Hand provokes His Foes;
 Sometimes upbraids them; then, at Distance, throws
 A Dart, insulting in His Armie's Sight,
 Shewing the Image of a future Fight.
 So *Thebit* (*) Son, in the *Dardanian* Field,
 Bore his *Vulcanian* Arms, and in his Shield,
 Express'd the Earth, and Heav'n, and's Mother curl'd
 With Waves; and, in that Figure, all the World.
 But *Fabius*, carefull to delay, sits still,
 And his vain Fury, on a lofty Hill,
 Beholding, checks his proud insulting Mind,
 And tires his furious Threats, while he declin'd
 The Fight. So when by Night a Shepherd keeps
 His Flocks in fenced Folds, and safely sleeps,

The

(*) Achillei.

The hungry Wolves fierce Howlings round about;
 Streight raise, and gnaw the Fence that keeps them out.
 The *Libyan* Design, thus render'd vain,
 Thence with his Army, through th' *Apulian* Plain,
 He slowly march'd; and, sometimes, closely fate,
 Conceal'd in Vallies, to precipitate,
 His following Fo, or try, if He might be
 Surpris'd, unwarily, by Policy.
 Sometimes by secret Waies, He steals by Night,
 And then Retreats in a pretended Fright.
 Then from his Camp, full of rich Plunder goes,
 And prodigally thus invites his Foes.
 So, with innumerable turnings through
Meonian Plains, doth fam'd *Meander* flow.
 Nothing that Fraud can do, is left untry'd.
 He turns o're all, and all his Thoughts apply'd,
 To various Attempts. As when the Sun
 Shining on Water, by Reflection,
 Leaps on the Houses tops, and glittering sheds
 In constant Raies, and dancing Shadows spreads
 Upon the Roofs. Now mad with Grief, alone,
 Thus to His Sacred Rage He makes his Moan.
 If He, at first, Our Enemy had been,
 The Names of *Trebia*, and of *Thrasimen*
 Had ne're been known. Nor had they given to Us
 New Titles, nor had stain'd *Erydanus*,
 Troubled with bloody Waves, the frighted Sea.
 But he, while we are tyr'd with his Delay,
 And he contains himself, hath found a new
 Strange Way to Victory. How oft, in Shew
 Of meeting Us, hath he Our Plots o'rethrown,
 With Judgement, and Our Stratagems undone?
 Thus to Himself; when the Shrill Trumpets Sound,
 Midnight Proclaim'd; but when the third watch, round

D d 2

The

The Camp, new Centinels had call'd to stand,
 He turns his Count, and leaving *Damnus* Land
 Behind, to the *Campanian* Coasts his Way
 He takes, well known, as greedy after Prey.
 Here; when he entered the *Falernian* Fields,
 (That Land is Rich, and constant Profit yields
 To the laborious Swains) he straitway throws
 His Hostile Flames, among the fruitfull Boughs.
 But here, *Lyæus*, though great Actions be
 Our Theme, the Mention of Thine Honour We
 Must not pass by in Silence: but Record
 Thy Praise, who dost that Sacred Juice afford;
 Whose Vines, with *Xestus* well'd, a Nobler Name,
 Then the *Falernian* Press, can never claim.
Falernus old, in better Times, did Plow
 The *Mafick* Hills (they then no Swords did know)
 The Vine-Leavs then, within the naked Field,
 Did not, with swelling Grapes, green Shadows yield:
 Nor knew they how to mix *Lyæus* Blood
 Among their Cups; but in some Chrystal Flood,
 Or Spring, their Thirst allaid. An happy Hour
 Thither *Lyæus*, going to the Shore
 Of *Calpe*, and the Bounds of Day, a Guest
 Did bring. Nor did the Deity detect
 A low, poor Cottage; but he enters, and
 The smoaky Room, and Table, that did stand
 Before the Chimney (as the Custom was
 Of that poor Age, receive him. But, Alas,
 The Host, whose cheerfull Looks his Joy exprest
 Did not perceive a God was then his Guest;
 And yet, as his Fore-Fathers us'd to do,
 Spar'd not his Age, from running to, and fro;
 Most kindly busie: till his choicest Chear
 He brought: there Cornels in neat Baskets; here
 Fresh

Fresh, from his watry Hort-yards, Juicy Fruits
 Serv'd in: then Hony-Combs, and Milk he puts,
 As *Dainties*, 'mong the rest; and, all the while,
 Nothing of Blood the Table doth defile:
 But, *Ceres* Gifts brought in, he doth compose
 The Fire, into the midst whereof he throws,
 His Sacrifice. Pleas'd with the Old Man's Care,
 The God resolv'd, his Liqueur should be there;
 When suddenly ('t is very strange to tell)
 The Cups of Beech with Wine begin to swell,
 As the Reward of his poor Entertain.
 The Milk-Pail too with Blushing Wine began
 To overflow: and from an hollow Oak,
 Into a Goblet, the sweet Liqueur broke
 From the well-scented Grapes: Here, take, and store
 Thy self (*Lyæus* said) with what before
 Thou did'st not know: but which *Falernus* Name,
 For Nobler Vines, hereafter shall proclaim.
 With that the God himself reveal'd, and round,
 With Purple Raies, an Ivy Garland Crown'd
 His shining Front, about his Neck he flung;
 His Locks, in his Right Hand a Tankard hung,
 And, fallen from his *Thyrus*, Vines about
 The Table, with *Xisæan* Branches, sprout.
 Nor could *Falernus* with the pleasant Taste
 Contend, when some few Cups about had past.
 Now with his Foot, or stamm'ring Tongue, he makes
 The God to laugh, while the strong Liqueur shakes
 His Brains, and he endeavours to make good
 Return of Thanks, in Words scarce understood,
 Till Sleep (which *Bacchus* still accompanies,
 Wheres're he goes) compos'd his struggling Eyes.
 But, when the rising Sun dispers'd the Dew,
 The *Mafick* Swains, with Admiration, view
 Their

Their fields with vines, like groves, most richly crown'd,
And, with the Sun, the Branches shining round
The Hill, their Glory spread, and since that hour
Rich *Tmolus*, and *Arvisian* Cups, that pour
Ambrosian Liquour forth, and thy fam'd Field,
Fertile *Methymna*, to *Falerus* yield.

Through this, the *Libyan* (like a *Fury*) past
And all the Countrey round about, lai'd wast:
Incited by His Men, whose Swords pursu'd
Their thirst of Blood. While *Fabius* doth delude
Their *General*: And now a mad Desire
Of fighting, the *Ausonian* Camp doth fire;
All cover, in that Madness to descend
Into the Plain. My *Muse*, let us commend
The Man, whom Fate permitted to subdue
Both Armies, and their Fury overthrew.
If Me the *Senate* had believ'd to be
Of such hot Temper, and so Rash (said he)
Or that such Clamours, easily, my Minde
Could shake, they had not, when the State declin'd,
Giv'n me the Conduct of this desperate War.
My Resolutions of a Battel are
Already fix'd, it shall my Conquest be
To keep you safe (that urge so eagerly
Your Fate) against your Will: none of you all
By *Fabius* shall have Liberty to fall.
If weary of the Light, you now desire,
That the *Ausonian* Name with you Expire:
Or if it grieves you, that, at such a time,
No Place is rendred Famous, by the Crime
Of some new Mischief, or notorious Blow:
Recall *Flaminius* from the Shades below,
A Signal, by his late Temerity,
And Auspices you have. Do ye not see

A

A Precipice, and your approaching Fate?
Consider; to the Ruin of the State,
One Victorie's enough for *Hannibal*.
Stay then, and understand your *General*;
When the wish'd Time shall come, that may require
Your Hands, then let those furious Words conspire
With Deeds; believe Me, 'tis an easie thing
To go to fight: should we now open fling
Our Ports, one Hour, you all into the Field
May pour: but they, to whom the Gods shall yield
A kinde, and mild Aspect, as forth they go,
Shall have that Bliss alone to scape the Fo,
And safe return. The *Libyan* relies
Upon His Fortune, and His Vessel flies
With a propitious Wind, and, till that Gale
Shall slack, and cease to fill his swelling Sail,
It must of Business be, and constant Care
To seek Delaies. Fortune's Embraces are
Perpetual to none; see! how much less
The *Tyrian* Forces are: how they decrease
In Fame, since We declin'd the Fight. And We,
'Mong other things, for this may praised be
That they, who—But it is better far, that I
Forbear more Words: You now the Enemy.
A Battel, and Pitch-field require. Oh! may
This Confidence be such another Day,
Ye Gods! In the mean time, excluding all
Chances of greater Dangers, that may fall
Upon you, and My Countrey, pray let Me,
To the whole War, alone opposed be;

These Words their furious Arms, and Rage appease.
As when his calmer Brow the God of Seas
Lifts 'bove the troubled Waves, and views the Main,
As Lord, and is by it beheld again:

The

The raging Winds their cruel Murmurs cease,
 Nor move the Wings upon their Foreheads: Peace
 Is soon diffus'd o're all the calmed Brine,
 And, on the silent Shore, smooth Waters shine.
 This by the *Libyan's* subtle Care decry'd,
 Strait by the Poison of his Plots, he try'd
 Their Minds. For *Fabius*, as his Father's Heir,
 Plow'd a few Acres, which the Name did bear
 Of *Maficus*, Renown'd for Gen'rous Vines:
 These, to advance his mischeivous Designs (spread)
 (Which, through the Camp, ambiguous Rumours
 From Fire, and Sword his spar'd: this Plot soon bred
 Suspicion of the Quiet of that Place,
 As if that He did privately imbrace
 A League to lengthen out the War. But all
 The cunning Stratagems of *Hannibal*]
 The wise *Ditator* saw, and understood.
 But among Swords, and Trumpets, thought it good
 To scorn their Envy: nor, the Wounds to shun
 Of Fame, the Hazard of a Fight to run.
 Till wandering up, and down, and oft in vain,
 Moving his Camp, now here, now there, to gain
 Occasion to fight, the *Libyan* He
 Enclos'd, where Woods, and rocky Hills we see,
 With his divided Troops. Here Him behind
 The lofty ^(c) *Læstrigian* Rocks confin'd:
 There, with its Moorish Grounds, *Linternum* was.
 No use of Souldiers, or of Swords the place
 Affords; but there, severest Famine all
 The Plagues, that lost *Saguntus* did befall,
 Exacting, them oppress'd, and Fate an End
 Seem'd to the Arms of *Carthage* to intend.
 Now Sleep, all Things by Sea, and Land, did hide
 With's gloomy Wings, and having lai'd aside

(c) The City *Fornia* in *Campania*,
 once inhabited by the *Læstrigians*,
 who were of the *Autochthonic* *Crotona*
 a Sea-port on the same Coast.

The

The Labours of the Day, the pleasing Rest;
 Granted to men by Night, the World possest.
 But the ^(f) *Sidonian General* the Cares,
 That then enflam'd His Heart; and watchfull Fears,
 Rob'd of the Benefits of Night; while He
 Left His unquiet Bed, and suddenly
 Cov'ring his Shoulder with a *Lyon's* Skin,
 That lately spread upon the Grass had been,
 His Pallat, in the Field, to's ^(*) Brother's Tent,
 (From's Own not distant far) directly went.
 He, not degenerate in Martial Rites,
 On a Bull's Hide then slept, and, by the Night's
 Great Blessing, eas'd His pensive Thoughts, and near
 Fix'd in the Earth, upright, his Fatal Spear,
 On which His Helmet hung: upon the Ground
 His Breast-plate, Sword, and Shield, about it round,
 His Bow, and *Balearick* Sling. Not far
 From these a Youthfull Troop, all try'd in War,
 Lay sleeping on the Earth, and near at Hand
 His Horse, caparison'd, doth grazing stand.
 His Entrance *Mago* wakes. Brother, (said He)
 (With that takes up his Arms) What is't, that Thee
 Thus stupifies? Then *Mago* rose, and all
 His Troop, then lying on the Ground, doth call
 With Speed to Arms. Then *Hannibal* began;
 Us *Fabius*, that so vigilant Old Man,
 The sole Delay to Our Propitious Fates;
 Thus indispos'd by Night, exasperates
 To Cares. You see how We encompass'd are
 With armed Bands, and how the Souldier,
 Collected in a Ring, doth Us invest,
 But now (since Our Affairs are thus distress'd)
 Consider My Design. We have within
 The Camp an Herd of Oxen, that have been
 E e Plunder'd.

(f) *Hannibal*.

(*) *Mago*.

Plunder'd from all the Countrey round, and now
 (As Custom is) march with the Army: to
 The Horns, and Fronts of some of these, will I
 Give a Command dry Twigs, and Sticks to ty;
 Which fir'd, when once the Heat shall scatter'd be,
 The Oxen, sensible of Pain, will flee,
 And on their Necks the wandring Flames will bear
 O're all the Hill: then, seiz'd with sudden Fear,
 Their Centinels will from their Stations run
 And fear, that something more by Night is done.
 If this you like, (Extream Resolves delay
 Refuse) Let's do't said, He. With that away
 They go to other Tents, where in the Field,
 Upon the Ground, his Head upon his Shield,
 'Mong Horses, Men, and Spoils, that by his Hand
 In Fight were taken, and with Slaughter sta'n'd,
 Mighty *Maraxes* lay, and in his Sleep,
 A dreadfull Cry, as if engaged deep
 In Fight, by Chance then gave, and felt about
 With's trembling Hand to finde his Weapons out,
 And his try'd Sword. Thus warring, *Mago* shakes
 The Man; and, with his Spear inverted, wakes
 Captain, since now 'tis dark, thy Fury lay
 Aside, reserve thy Valour for the Day;
 With Policy we now must use the Night
 For safe Retreat, and to conceal our Flight:
 Into the Woods my Brother doth intend
 With kindled Boughs ty'd to the Horns, to send
 The Oxen, where the Passes guarded be
 By Hostile Bands, and so our Army free.
 Let us be gone, and this Design shall be
 A Document to *Fabius*, that we
 With Policy contend. He makes no Stay,
 But, joy'd at what He spoke, they haste away

To

To stout *Acherra's* Tent; who, satisf'd
 With little Rest, or Ease, had never try'd
 His Sleep to lengthen with the Night; but still
 On Horse-back, as perpetual Centinel,
 Serv'd, and was wont to ease his weary Steed,
 By dressing him, and alwaies Bridled feed.

Now all their Weapons whet, and the dry'd Gore
 Wipe from the Steel, and to their Swords restore
 Their Sharpness: what the Fortune of the Place,
 And Time requir'd, and what their Duty was
 Declar'd; advising, that whoe're did go
 As Chief in the Design, might not be Slow.
 Then through the Camp the Word, and Orders, run,
 All mutually instruct what's to be done;
 And importune, they may no longer stay:
 Their Fears inciting all to haste away,
 While yet the dark, and silent Night might hide
 Their Flight. Then, to the Boughs the Fire apply'd,
 From their large Horns the Flames aspiring rose.
 The Mischief, in an Instant, greater grows,
 And th' Oxen, shaking their tormented Heads,
 Fan out a *Pyramis* of Fire that spreads
 It's *Basin* largely, and o'recomes the Smoak.
 The Beasts, affrighted, through the Forest broke;
 Then o're the Hills, and, Rocky Mountains fly,
 As they were mad, and as their Nostrils by
 The Flames besieged are, they labour oft
 In vain to bellow, while o're Cliffs, aloft,
 Through Vallies *Vulcan* wanders, and ne're stands
 At all; but, shining on the Neighb'ring Sands,
 As manifold appears, as when at Sea
 In a clear Night the Mariners survey
 Innumerable Stars: Or when upon
Garganus Top, a Shepherd, sitting down,

E c 2

Beneath

Beneath him fees *Calabrian* Forrests burn,
Which Husbandmen to fertile Pastures turn ;
O're all the Hills the Flames with such a Face
Appear to fly ; and they, whose Chance it was
To be the Guard, believ'd they Wandering fled,
None scatt'ring them, and that they, Furious, fed
Within the Hills : some thought, that *Jove* had thrown,
From his incens'd Hand, his Thunder down :
Others, that kindled Sulphur gave them Birth,
And, from her secret Caves, th' unhappy Earth,
Condemn'd to greater Ruins, threw the Fire.
The *Rutuli*, affrighted, strait retire,
And from their Station fly. Then *Hannibal*,
With speedy Arms, possess'd Himself of all
The Passes ; and, advantag'd by their Fears,
Insulting in the open Field, appears.

Yet vigilant, in Conduct of the War,
The wise *Disitator* had advanc'd as far,
As *Trebia*, and behind him left the Sea
Of *Tuscany* ; that it enough might be
For *Hannibal*, the *Romane* Arms to shun,
And *Fabius* : who after him had gone,
And with his Army close pursu'd his Flight,
But that some Sacred Rites did him invite
To his Paternal ^(c) Gods. Then as to *Rome*
He took his Way, a valiant Youth, to whom
The chief Command, and Conduct of the War
Was giv'n, He thus with Counsel doth prepare.
If by the Fortune of my Actions, Thou
(*Minutius*) hast not yet Learn'd to allow
Things warily perform'd, nor Words can Thee
Lead to true Honour, or invite to flee
Unworthy things : Thou hast seen *Hannibal*
Besieg'd. 'Twas not the Souldier, nor all

Our

(c) It was (as *Dioscorides* observes) an admirable superstition in the *Romans*, to prefer their private Sacrifices to the Publick Dangers. But their Religion not only obliged them to the Observation of them for the Publick, but it was Impiety to omit them in private Families, which solemnized them in peculiar Places. So, that, when the *Gauls* strictly besieged the *Capitol*, a Youth of the *Fabian* Line, issuing out, marched through them ; to the Admiration, both of his Enemies, and Friends, and performed this Solemnity on its appointed Day, on the *Quirinal*-Hill, chosen for that Purpose by his Ancestours. See *Liv. lib. 5.*

Our Wings, nor our throng'd Legions, (I Thee
Attest) . perform'd it ; but 'twas done by Me.
I, from the Camp, will not be long away,
Onely permit, that to the Gods I pay
A solemn Sacrifice, and Him again
Shut up by Floods, or Hills (if you refrain
From fighting,) (will I give into your Hands.
In the mean time believe Me (for it stands
With my Experience) in distress'd Affairs
'Tis Safety to sit still, though it appears
Honour to many (and may please them too,
As the most glorious Conquest, to subdue
An Enemy by fighting,) yet to Me
To keep You safe, it shall a Triumph be,
I a full Camp leave in thy Hands, and Men
Free from all Wounds : to give them such agen
To Me, thy Glory, and Renown shall be.
The *Libyan* ^(f) *Lyon* Thou, perhaps, shalt see
These Works assaulting. Sometimes offring Prey
T' entice Thee out : sometimes to flee away,
As if He fear'd thine Arms ; but all the while
He thinks on Fraud, and doth with Fury boil.
'Tis His Desire to fight ; but let Thy Stay
Within the Camp take all those Hopes away.
Let this Advice suffice : but if Thy Minde,
And Courage, my Entreaty cannot binde :
I, as *Disitator*, by a pious Right,
And strict Command, conjure Thee not to fight.
The Camp, by his Advice, thus fortified
He, Pious, left ; and to the City hied.

But, now, behold ! with prosp'rous Winds before
The *Lastrigonian*, and *Cajetan* Shore
A *Libyan* Navy plows the Sea, and comes
Into the Port, and all the Ocean foams

With

(f) *Hannibal*.

With num'rous Oars: when, from their chryſtal Caves,
 Affrighted with the Noiſe, above the Waves,
 The Sea-*Nymphs* riſe, and ſee the Shore poſſeſſ'd
 By Hoſtile Ships, that then diſturb'd their Reſt:
 Then, full of Fear, with Speed, they all repair,
 To thoſe known Coaſts, by them frequented, where
 (1) *Teleboæ's* Kingdoms' midſt the Ocean riſe,
 And hollow Thrones, where mighty *Proteus* lyes
 Within a broken Cave, and largely laves
 The adverſe Rocks (a Prophet) with his Waves.
 He (for he all things knew, and what they fear'd)
 When chang'd in various Shapes he had appear'd,
 And ſcar'd them, hisſing like a dreadful Snake,
 Then roaring like a Lyon fierce, thus ſpake.

What is it, *Nymphs*, that brings you hither? tell;
 Why doth that Paleneſs in your Faces dwell?
 Why ſeek ye, what hereafter ſhall befall
 To know? To this the Eldeſt, then, of all
 The *Italian Nymphs*, *Cymodoce*, replies.
 Thou know'ſt, already, whence our Fears ariſe.
 What doth this *Carthaginian* Fleet, that thus
 Deprives us of our Coaſt, portend to us?
 Muſt the *Rhætan* Empire croſs the Seas
 To other Gods? Or, *Tyrian* Seamen theſe
 Our Ports poſſeſs? Or, from our Native Seat
 Exil'd, muſt we to *Atlas* now retreat;
 And dwell in *Calpe's* fartheſt Caves? Then he,
 Rehearſing things long paſt, ambiguouſly,
 Thus undertakes to ſhew enſuing Fate.

On *Ida*, when the *Phrygian* Heards-man fate,
 And, calling back his ſtragling Bulls to feed
 In fertile Meadows, with his Pipe of Reed,
 The fam'd Diſpute of Sacred Beauty heard:
 Then *Cupid*, who ſollicitous appear'd

T' obſerve

T' obſerve the Time, the Snow-white *Cygnets*, joyn'd,
 To o's Mother's Chariot, drove: a Quiver ſhin'd
 Upon his Shoulder, and a golden Bow,
 And, with a nod to let his Mother know
 There was no cauſe to fear, ſhew'd he had brought
 That Quiver to her Aid, with Arrows fraught.
 Some of his Brothers comb her Golden Hair
 Upon her Jv'ry Fore-head; others are
 Employ'd. Her flowing Garments to compoſe
 When ſighing from her Lips, that like a Roſe
 Bluſh'd, to her Sons this Language fell, You ſee
 The Day, that muſt a faithfull Witneſs be
 Of your great Piety to Me. Oh! who
 Would e're have this believ'd, ſo long as you
 Are ſafe, that *Venus* Beauty, and her Face
 Should queſtion'd be? (For now what other Grace
 Remains to us?) if my Artillery,
 Infect'd with moſt pleaſing Poiſon, I
 To You committed have, by which you aw
 Your Grand-fire at your Pleaſure (who gives Law
 To Heav'n, and Earth) then by my Victory
 O're *Juno*, and *Minerva*, let me ſee
Cyprus with *Idumean* Palms abound,
 And *Paphos* with an hundred Altars Crown'd.
 While to her winged Boys thus *Venus* talks,
 A gentle Echo, as the Goddeſs walks,
 Runs through the Grove: and then the (2) warlike Maid
 Her *Ægis* lai'd aſide, her Hair diſplai'd;
 (That lately by her Helmet had been preſ'd)
 In Curls with Art, and neatly Comb'd, and drefs'd
 And, Peace enthron'd in her Serener Eys,
 With Speed unto the Place appointed hies.
 (3) *Saturnia* enters on the other ſide,
 After her Brother's Bed, reſolving *Ido*

The

(1) *Teleboæ*, a Colony of *Aeolians*, infamous for their Robberies, who planted themſelves in the Iſland *Cepyræ*, on the Coaſt of *Compane*.

(2) *Pallas*.

(3) *Juno*.

(k) *Venus*.

The *Trojan's* Judgment, and Disdain to bear.
 Last, ^(k) *Cytherea*, smiling, doth appear,
 And through the Grove, and Caves, within the Rocks
 Sheds fragrant Odours from her Sacred Locks.
 Nor could the Judge endure to keep his Place:
 But, dazzled by the Beauty of her Face,
 Fear'd onely, lest he should appear to her
 To doubt. The vanquish'd Goddesses transfer
 Fierce Wars beyond the Seas, and *Troy* was soon,
 With her unhappy Judge, quite overthrown.
 Pious *Aeneas* then by Sea, and Land
 Told up, and down, in *Latium* takes his Stand,
 With his *Dardanian* Gods: while Whales within
 The Ocean shall swim, and Stars shall shine
 In Heaven, and *Phaëbus* from the *Indian* Main
 Shall rise, so long his Progeny shall reign.
 No Bounds of Time their Rule shall terminate:
 But you, my Daughters, while the Thread of Fate
 Doth run, the Dang'rous Sands of ^(l) *Saffron* flee.
 We *Aufidus*, swell'd high with Blood, shall see
 Driving his purple Waves into the Main:
 And you, *Ætolian* Shades, shall, once again,
 Fight with the *Teucri*, in that Field, so long,
 Ago condemn'd by an ^(m) Immortal Song.
 Then *Punick* Darts the *Romane* Walls shall shake,
 And *Hasdrubal* ⁽ⁿ⁾ *Metanrus* Flood shall make
 To shine with Slaughter. And then He, that was
 So secretly begot, by *Jove's* ^(o) Embrace,
 With a severe Revenge shall expiate,
 At once his Uncle's, and His Father's Fate,
 Then shall he fill with Flames *Eliza's* Shore,
 And force the *Libyan*, tormenting fore
 The Bowels of *Italy*, to hasten Home,
 And Him in His own Country overcome.

Carthage

(m) The *Sabine*, which had fore-
 told, that the *Romans* should receive a
 great Loss upon the Banks of *Aufi-*
das.

(n) See the fifteenth Book.

(o) *Scipio Africanus*. See the thir-
 teenth Book.

Carthage in Arms shall yield to Him, and He
 Shall from the Name of *Africk* Famous be.
 From Him ^(p) another shall arise, by whom
 The third fierce War shall be subdu'd, and *Rome*
 See him Triumphant, after *Byrsa's* Fall,
 Bring *Libya's* *Athes* to the *Capitol*.

(p) *Scipio Emilianus*.

While He the Secrets of the Gods detects;
 Thus in his Cave, *Mimatus* rejects
 Both *Fabius*, and his Counsel, and, with Rage
 Possess'd, the Fo endeavours to engage:
 Nor was the *Libyan* wanting to foment,
 And feed his Fury. But, with an Intent
 To entice him, to embrace a greater Fight,
 With little Loss, sometimes dissembles Flight.
 As when the Fish, allur'd by scatter'd Baits
 In some clear Brook, forsake their deep Retreats,
 And swimming near the Water's Surface shine,
 The cunning Angler, with his twisted Line,
 Soon drags them to the Shore. Now Fame, which lies
 Among the *Romanes*, like a *Fury*, flies.
 Telling the Fo was turn'd, and *Hannibal*
 In Flight his Safety found: an End of all
 Their Miseries, did then at Hand appear,
 If they to Overcome permitted were.
 But, that their Valour had no other Guid,
 The one, that did sad Punishments provide
 For such, as were victorious gain'd his Will.
 That He within the Camp would shut them still,
 And give Command to sheath their Swords again,
 That so he might a just Account maintain
 In Arms, and Souldiers give a Reason, why
 They dare to overcome the Enemy.
 The Vulgar murmur thus: and *Juno* fires
 The *Senate's* Minds with Envy, and Desires

F f

Of

Of Popular Air. Then, madly, they decree
Things not to be believ'd, and such as be
The With of *Hannibal*: such, as they soon
With too great Danger, with they ne're had done.
For now the Army is divided, and

(p) *Maurius*, conspiring with some
other Riot spirits of the Army, accus-
ing *Fabius* to the People of Cowar-
dise, and Sloath, obtained by their Sur-
frage, to be made equal with him in
Command, and to have Altercate
Command, whence this Loaf ensued.
Liv. lib. 21.

(p) *Minutius* shares with *Fabius* in Command.
The old *Dilatour*, free from Palsion, saw,
And fear'd the Ills, that rash Resolv might draw
Upon his Countrey: therefore, full of Care,
And Pensive, to the Camp return'd, and there
Sharing his Social Forces, all the Hills,
Adjoyning, with his Neighb'ring Eagles fills;
And there, at once, observes the *Libyan's* Power,
And *Romane* Army, from a lofty Tower.
While Mad to perish, or destroy his Foes
With sudden Fury rash *Minutius* throws
The Ramparts down: and when, on either Side,
Here the *Dilatour*, there the *Libyan* spy'd
Him marching forth; their Minds with diff'rent Care,
This to destroy, that to preserve him, are
Inflam'd. But He to Arm with Speed commands;
And leads, from all Defence, his hasty Bands.
The *Libyan* Captain pours into the Fight
His Forces all, and thus doth them incite:
While the *Dilatour* (Souldiers) is away,
Go on, and bravely use this fighting Day.
Behold! the Gods now to your Wishes yield,
Off'ring a Battel in an open Field.
And, since this Opportunity is gain'd,
Your Weapons cleanse, that have so long been stain'd
With Rust, and satisfe your Swords with Blood.
This *Fabius* observing, as he stood
Viewing the Champagn Ground, (And Thou, Alas!
Oh *Rome*! didst fadly Learn what *Fabius* was

In

In so great Danger) this rash Boy (said he)
Now my Colleague in Arms, shall punish'd be;
As he deserves, that through so blind, and mad
A Vote, with so much Danger, durst invade
Our *Fajces*. Peevish Tribes! how slippery are
Your Pulpits, see! with what vain men the Bar,
And *Forum's* throng'd! Now let the Offices
Of War by them be equall'd, and Decrees
Ordain the Sun to yield unto the Night.
Their Weakness, the rash Errour of this Fight
Shall quickly rue, and all the Wrongs, which they,
Upon our common Parent, bring this Day.
With that he shook his Spear, and, as a Flood
Of Tears gush'd from his Eyes, with *Tyrian* Blood
(Said he) my Son, these sad Complaints must be
Suppress'd by Thee. Shall I endure to see
A Citizen destroy'd before my Face,
And these our Troops? Or, while I am in place,
Permit the *Libyan* conquer? If my Heart
Were such, they'd seem less Guilty, that did part,
And equal us: but this, my Son, believe,
And from thy aged Sire, as Truth, receive;
To be incens'd, against our Countrey, is
A Sin so great, that none, to the Abyss
Of Hell, can with a fowler Crime descend.
This our Fore-Fathers did to us commend;
And thus how good, how great, exil'd from home,
And banish'd long, didst thou (*Camillus*) come
Into the *Capitol*! How many there
By thy condemned Hand then slaughter'd were!
Had not thy Thoughts been calm, or had thy Minde
At all, to Anger, or Revenge, inclin'd
Aeneas Throne had chang'd its Place, and thou
Great *Rome* hadst not, upon thy Hills, as now

F f 2 Stood

Stood Head of all the World. Therefore, my Son,
 Let all Displeasure, for my Sake, be gone ;
 Let's hast to aid them with our Social Arms.
 With that, the Trumpet's intermix'd Alarms
 Sound through the Camp ; and all with such a Force
 Rush on, they bruise each other in their Course.
 First, the *Didatour* all Things, that withstand
 His Speed, the Gates, and Bars, with his own Hand
 O'returns, and to the Battel breaks his Way.
 With such a Fury Winds contend at Sea,
 When *Boreas* rally's from th' *Odrysian* Coast,
 And, with like Rage, by *Africus* is crost :
 The Sea's distracted, and to sev'ral Shores
 Each drives the Billows ; while the Tempest roars,
 And the whole Ocean, wheresoe'er it goes,
 Obeys now here, now there, with furious Throws.
 So much of Honour could not rise from all
Phanicia subdu'd, or *Byrsa's* Fall ;
 As this great Injury, which first did spring
 From private Envy, did of Glory bring
 To the *Didatour*. For, by's Conduct there,
 At once, He all those Difficulties, Fear,
 Envy, and Passion, with malicious Fame,
 And *Hannibal*, and Fortune, overcame.
 When *Hannibal* perceiv'd them run amain,
 Down from the lofty Camp, into the Plain,
 His Courage trembled ; and, with Sighs, soon all
 His former Hopes of their Destruction fall.
 For He the *Romanes* had encompass'd round,
 With numerous Bands, not doubting to confound
 Them, so enclos'd, by Darts, that on them fall
 On every side. And, then, their General
 Already, griev'd for that unhappy Fight,
 The *Stygian* Waters, and eternal Night,

Had

Had entred in his Thoughts, with sad Despair :
 Asham'd to hope, that *Fabius* would be there,
 To his Assistance. But two valiant Wings,
 Circling the Battel, the *Didatour* brings
 To His Relief, and then, encompassing
 The *Libyan* Army with a larger Ring,
 Their utmost Troops behinde invests ; and those,
 That late besieg'd the *Romanes*, doth enclose.
Alcides made him Higher rise in Fight,
 And to appear much Greater to their Sight :
 His lofty Crest, ('t was strange) ejecting Rays,
 In active Vigour soon it self displaces
 Through all his Members ; while He Jav'ins throws,
 And storms, with Clouds of wounding Darts, his Foes.
 (Such, before he was Old, in Prime of all
 His years, in War the ^(a) *Pylion* General
 Appear'd.) Then, rushing on, he *Turis* sent
 To Hell, and stout *Malloë*, confident
 To Cope with any ; who was known to Fame,
 And by his Spear had gain'd himself a Name.
 Then *Butes*, *Maris*, *Arfes*, *Garadus*,
 Long-hair'd *A dberbes*, and conspicuous
 For Height, above both the Armies, *Tylis* dies ;
 Who, on the highest Fortress, could surprize
 The Battlements. These, at a Distance, all,
 With Darts ; but *Saph'arnus*, and *Monesus*, fall
 By 's Sword : with them, *Morinus*, as he sounds
 To Fight with his shrill Brals, he deadly wounds
 On the Right Cheek ; and, by the dying Blast
 Expell'd, the Blood quite through the Trumpet pass,
 From's wounded Jaws, *Idmon*, the next to him ;
 Who, us'd o're *Asamonian* Sands to swim,
 Dy'd by his Lance : for slipping, where he stood,
 Upon a Place, o'reflown with reaking Blood,

Endav'ring

(a) Nestor

Endeavouring to recover's Feet again,
 And shug that slipp'ry Place, *Fabius*, amain,
 Upon him spurs his Horse, and to the Ground
 Nails him with's Spear; which, left within the Wound,
 Though trembling with his Motion, firmly held
 His Carcass down, and fix'd it to the Field.
 Honour's Example likewise fires the Minde
 Of *Sylla*, *Crassus*, and *Metellus*, joyn'd
 With *Fannius*, and *Torquatus*, strong in Fight
 Above the rest: all these, in *Fabius* Sight,
 Engage amid'th their Foes. But here, in haist
 Retiring to avoid a Stone was cast
 Against him, *Bibulus*, unhappy, on
 An Heap of slaughter'd Friends fell backward down,
 And where his Brigandine was gaping wide,
 Unhapp'd by frequent Blows, quite through his Side
 A Weapon's point; that in a Body stuck
 By Chance, upright into his Bowels stuck.
 Sad Fate! hee'd scap'd *Marmarick* Troops, and all
 The *Garamanian* Darts, that he might fall
 By a neglected Lance, that was not thrown,
 With an intent to wound him. Breathless down
 He tumbled, horrid Paleness strait involv'd
 His youthfull beauteous Face, and Life dissolv'd,
 Through all his Limbs, his Arms hang loose, and Sleep,
 With *Stygian* Darknes, through his Eys doth creep.
 From *Tyrian* Sydon, sprang of *Cadmus* Race,
 Excited by his Nephews, *Cleadas*
 Came to the War, and, proud of the Command,
 Among his Aids, a brave *Eöan* Band
 Of Archers led: rich Gems all over deck
 His golden Cask, and Chains about his Neck:
 Such, when late walk'd, and from the Ocean rais'd
 The *Ulfur* of the Morn, by *Venus* prais'd,

(2) *Lucifer*.

Contentds

Contentds with other Stars. In Purple He,
 His Horse in Purple, all his Company
 In *Tyrian* Purple shin'd. He, as he wheel'd
 His Steed to th' Right, and Left, about the Field,
 Deluding *Brutus*, eager of the Fight,
 That, by his Hand, a Name so famous might
 Extinguish'd be, an Arrow, *Parthian*-like,
 Backward lets flie, nor doth it vainly strike;
 But in his Armour-Bearer *Casca*'s Chin
 It sticks, and, penetrating deeply in,
 The Point, obliquely wounding, upward struck
 To his moist Paller, and within it stuck;
 But *Brutus* troubled at his Friend's sad Fate,
 Him, that so oft, did thus disseminate,
 In seeming Flight, his cruel Shafts, no more
 Sought with his nimble Courser, as before,
 To overtake: but, his whole Fury to
 His Lance committing, the swift Weapon threw
 From the loose Thong, and where the Chains develt,
 Loosen'd by running to, and fro, his Breast,
 Into the upper Part, a deadly Wound
 The fixed (1) Cornel gave: down to the Ground
 He dying sinks, and in his Fall lets go,
 From his right Hand the Shaft, his Left the Bow.
 But, with a better Fate, *Charmelus* (who
Sorath's Honour was) did then pursue
 The Fight; for he his Sword with Blood had stain'd
 Of *Bragad*, who o're (2) *Fuba's* People reign'd:
Zeusis (who of *Spartan* *Phalanthus* Race;
 A Race implacable, derived was,
 And whom his Mother, a *Phenician*, bare
 T' a fam'd *Laconian*) by him likewise there
 Was slain. But *Nampiscus*, not daring to
 Appear in Fight, before so fierce a Fo,

(1) A Spear made of that Wood.

(2) King of *Mauritania*.

Nor

Nor yet, as Fear perfwaded, thence to fly,
Crep'd through the Bushes to an Oak, that nigh
Did stand, and climbing to the Top, among
The shady Leavs conceal'd himself, and hung
Upon the Boughs, that trembled with his Weight,
Him begging, earnestly, to shun his Fate,
And leaping, fearfull, oft from Bough to Bough,
Furious *Carmelus* with a Pike quite through
The Body pierc'd (the Fowler so in Groves
His Lime-Twigs lai'd, when as his Mark removes
In silence strives, on tallest Trees with Aim
To strike, with his encreasing Shaft, his Game)
His Life, and Blood gush out, and, as it flows,
The pallid Corps hangs on the bending Boughs.

The *Romanes*, now the *Tyrians* put to Flight,
Closely pursue. When of stupendous Height
Upon a sudden, a most dreadfull *Moor*
Breaks forth, his Limbs black as the *Asins* he wore.
Their lofty Mains his sooty Horses rear,
And all his Chariot, with new Arts, that Fear
Might move, adorn'd, like to their Backs appears.
Like Plumes upon his Crest, like Robes he wears:
As when of old, to his Infernal Bed
The dreadfull King of Night eternal, fled,
And, in his *Stygian* Chariot, bore away
From *Ætna's* Fields, ravish'd *Proserpina*.
But *Cato*, then a Youth, and the Renown
Of the high Walls of that ^(*) *Circæan* Town
Where fam'd *Laertes* Nephew did command:
Although he saw the *Latines* make a stand,
All troubled in the Front, undaunted, He
Spurs on his starting Steed, that sought to flee
His Way, affrighted at the *Stygian* Shade.
With that, he quits his Back, and doth invade

(*) *Tusculum*, built by *Teligen*.

On

On foot, the Chariot, and the flying *Moor*,
Behinde: when strain his Sword, that trembled o're
His Neck; his Whip, and Reins, together fall,
And, suddenly, an horrid Palenefs all
His Limbs, through tops of Bloody doth overspread,
When *Cato*, with his Sword, lops off his Head,
And bears it, as a Trophy, on his Lanceid

But, now, the fierce *Dilatour* doth advance,
And, through a Globe with Slaughter breaking, where
(A wofull Sight!) the ^(*) *General* did appear,
Sinking through many Wounds, and loss of Blood,
And poorly begging Quarter, with a Flood
Of Tears, lamenting to behold him so,
Protects him, with his Target, from the Fo:
And, calling to his Son, My valiant Boy
(Said He) now let thy Valour wipe away
This Stain: let us to *Hannibal* return,
(For his great Kindness, that he did not burn,
And waft our Fields) a due, and just Reward.

(*) *Momius*.

The Youth, with these Encouragements he heard,
And's Father's Arts rejoyc'd, the Troops, that round
The *Libyan* stood, constrain'd to quit their Ground:
With's Conqu'ring Sword, and clear'd the Field again;
While *Hannibal* was forc'd to quit the Plain.
As when a greedy Wolf, with Hunger prest,
The Shepheard stept aside, or taking Rest,
Hath seiz'd a Lamb, and holds it, Trembling, fast
Between his Jaws; if then the Shepheard haste,
Hearing it bleat, to meet him in the Way;
The Wolf, now fearfull for himself, his Prey,
Panting between his Teeth, lets fall again,
And hungry to the Woods retreats again.

At length the *Stygian* Darknes, that was spread
O're all the Earth, by a rude Tempest, fled.

G g

Their

Their Hands were weary, and they all confess
 They did not merit Safety; with Excess
 Of sudden Joys their Minds distracted were:
 Like such, that by some sudden Ruins are
 Oppress'd, when they are freed again, and Night
 Retires, then wink, and fear to see the Light.
 This done, his Army number'd in the Plain,
 To's Camp upon the Hills, with Joy, again
 The old *Dilatour*, makes a safe Retreat:
 And then, as rescu'd from the Hand of Fate,
 The Youth, loud Shouts raise to the Stars, and all
 T' express their Joy with Emulation, call
Fabius their Safety, *Fabius* their Renown,
Fabius their common Father, and the Crown
 Of all their Hopes. Then he, that lately shar'd
 His Troops, to thank them with this Speech repair'd.

Most Pious Father, if it lawful be
 That we complain, to Life restor'd by Thee,
 Oh why didst Thou permit us to divide
 Our Camp, and Forces? Why didst thou abide
 So patient, so calm, those Arms to yield
 To us, which thou alone art fit to wield?
 Sinking beneath that Charge with loss of Blood,
 We near the Shades Eternal lately stood.
 Hither your Eagles, hither quickly bear
 Your rescu'd Ensigns; Here's our Countrey, here
 In this one Breast the Citie's Walls abide!
 And thou, Oh *Hannibal*, now, lay aside
 Thy Frauds, and known Deceits, the War with Thee
 By *Fabius* alone must manag'd be.

This said, when strait (a Reverend Sight it was)
 A thousand Altars rise, of Turfs of Grass
 Compos'd, and none or Meat, or Wine offer'd
 To touch, before Devoutly they had pray'd,
 And on the Sacred Table, to the wife
Dilatour's Honour, paid a Sacrifice.

The End of the Seventh Book.



SILIUS ITALICUS

The Second Punick VVar.

The Eighth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

*By Juno sent, to ease His present Cares,
 The Goddess Anne, to Hannibal repairs:
 By whose Advice, to Cannæ He removes.
 Elected by the People, Varro proves
 A Fatal Consul, the Delaies upbraids
 Of Fabius: A List of all the Aids,
 That with the Romanes joyn. The Army goes
 To Cannæ: Fabius Counsel's to oppose
 Rast Varro. What sad Prodigies foreshow
 In Heaven, and Earth, the Romanes Overthrow.*



O W *Fabius*, the first, that
 made them lee
 The flying Backs of *Cadmus*
 Was by the *Romane* Camp,
 and Souldiers all,
 Their common Parent stil'd:
 by *Hannibal*,

(a) *The Carthaginians.*

His only Fo. Impatient of Delay,
 The *Libyan* raves. For that, to have a Day
 Of Battel, the *Dilatour's* Death must be
 Expected, and the Aid of Destiny
 Was to be With'd: for while in Arms he stood,
 While *Fabius* liv'd, to hope for *Trojan* Blood,
 Was vain. For now the Souldiers brought again
 Their Eagles, and, united, all remain

G g 2

Under

Under his sole Command. With him alone
 He must again contend : and what upon
 His Thoughts lay heaviest, was, that, by Delay,
 He took the Fury of the War away ;
 And, by his Art of fitting still, had made
 The Plenty of the *Tyrian* Army fade :
 And, though an End, by Fighting, could not be
 Obtain'd, or Battel, he his Enemy
 Had by his Conduct lately overcome.
 Besides, the boasting *Celæ* towards Home
 Began to look : a People of a light,
 Unconstant Minde : Fierce, at the first, in Fight ;
 But, if withstood, soon quell'd. They griev'd to see
 A War should be maintain'd, from Slaughter free :
 (A thing to them unknown) and while they stood
 In Arms, their Hands were stiff, and dry from Blood.
 To add to this, an inward Grief, and Wound
 Of civil Envy, did his Thoughts confound ;
 For *Hannō*, thwarting all he did intend
 At Home, would not permit the *Senate* send,

(b) To his Assistance, any Aids at all.

Torn with these Cares, and fearing now the Fall
 Of his Affairs ; *Juno*, who knew the Fate
 Of *Cannæ*, and with future things elate,
 Him with fresh Hopes of Arms, and War inspires,
 And fills his Thoughts, again, with mad Desires.
 For (c) *Anna*, call'd from the *Laurentine* Lakes,
 In this mild Language her Instructions takes.

There is a Youth, in Blood ally'd to Thee,
 Call'd *Hannibal*, and from our *Belus* he
 His Noble Name derives : make Haste away,
 And the rude Surges of his Cares allay ;
 Shake *Fabius* from his Thoughts, who is alone
 The Stop, that *Italie*'s not overthrown.

Fabius

(b) *Hannibal*, not able to obtain his Desire of Battel, (the Hopes of which had till then kept his Army together) had Thoughts of returning into *France* (saith *Livy*, lib. 22.) if the *Consuls*, that succeeded *Fabius*, had used the same Arts with him to avoid fighting. For *Hannibal*, strongly opposed at Home by *Hannō*'s Faction, had no Supplies thence ; and, in *Italy* most of the Cities opposing him, he could not finde Provisions to sustain his Men, till the following Victory, at *Cannæ*, gave Him all, that He wanted.

(c) The Sister of *Dido*.

Fabius is now dismiss'd, with *Varro* he
 Hereafter must contend ; the War must be
 With *Varro* wagg'd. Let him not wanting prove
 To Fate, but quickly all his Ensigns move :
 I will be present ; let him haste away
 To th' *Lapygian* Plains : there *Trebia*,
 And *Trasimene* Fates shall meet again.
Anna a Neighbour to the Gods, that reign
 In those chaste Woods, thus answers. It would be
 Unjust in Me, should I delay (saith She)
 Your great Commands ; but yet permit, I pray,
 The Favours, to my antient Countrey, may
 With Caution be retain'd ; and that the Will,
 And Charge, of my dear Sister I fulfill.

Though *Anna* be esteem'd Divine, among
 The *Latine* Deities, yet Time with long
 Ambages, turning, in Obscurity
 Hath drown'd the Reason of Antiquity ;
 Why Temples the *Ausonians* should ordain
 To *Tyrian* Powers : Or why, where *Trojans* reign,
Eliza's Sister should be there ador'd.

But, keeping close to Time, I will record
 What antient Fame reports ; and, briefly, all
 The Story tell, from its Original.

When *Tyrian Dido*, by her *Trojan* Guest,
 Forfaken was, and all her Hopes suppress'd :
 Within a secret Place, in Haste, with Cares,
 And Love, distract, a Fun'ral Pyle she rears ;
 Then takes the Sword (that fatal Gift) that by

(d) Her Husband fled was giv'n, resolv'd to dy :

When strait *Hyarbas*, whom before She had
 Rejected, as a Lover, doth invade
 Her Kingdom, and his Arms, Victorious (while
 Her Ashes yet were warm) fix'd to the Pyle.

Who

(d) *Anna*.

(c) *Cyrene*, a City situate between the great *Syria*, and *Africa*, from which all that part of *Libya* is called *Cyrenaica*.

Who durst, while thus the *Nomades* fierce King
Prevail'd, to their Distress, Assistance bring !
Battus, by Chance, the Reins of Chief Command
Over (c) *Cyrene*, with a gentle Hand
Then held : this *Battus* was by Nature Kind,
And Humane Chances easily inclin'd
With Tears, to pity, and, at first, when *Anne*
A Suppliant before Him came, began
The fickle State of Kings to apprehend,
And to relieve her, did his Hand extend.
Here She two Harvests pass'd, but could no more
Enjoy the Aid of *Battus*, and that Store
His Bounty did afford : for then a Fame
Was spread, *Pygmalion* to her Ruine came
By Sea. She therefore from that Kingdom flies,
And (as if hated by the Deities,
And no less hatefull to her self, that She
Her Sister's Death, did not accompany)
By fatal Tempests, on the Sea, was tost,
Till, with torn Sails, to the *Laurentine* Coast,
She driven was, and, sadly Ship-wrack'd, there
A Stranger to the People, Soil, and Air,
A fearfull *Tyrian* stood, on *Latine* ground.
When now behold *Aeneas*, having crown'd
His Labours with a Kingdom, to the Place
By Chance, with young *Iulus* came : His Face
She quickly knew, and when he spy'd her there,
Her Eys fix'd on the Earth, and full of Fear,
Faln prostrate at *Iulus* Feet, whose Eys
O'reflow'd with Pity, helping her to rise,
To's House, he with a gentle Hand convey'd,
And when, with kind Reception, he'd allay'd
Her Fears of Danger, with a pensive Care,
Desir'd unhappy *Dido's* Fate to hear.

Then

Then she, with Language fitted for the Time,
And Tears her Words protracting, thus to him
The Story told. Thou Goddess-born, alone,
Wert the true Cause, my Sister, both her Throne
And Life enjoy'd : her Death, and Fun'ral Fire
(Alas that I, in it, did not expire)
Can witness this : for when She could no more
Behold thy Face, sometimes upon the Shore
She fate, sometimes she stood, and, as her Eys
Pursu'd the Winds, with loud, and mournfull Cries
Aeneas call'd, and onely begg'd, that she
Might in the Vessel bear thee Company.
Soon after, troubled in her Thoughts, again
She to her Marriage-Chamber runs amain,
Where, as she enters, she is seiz'd with such
A sudden Trembling, that she dares not touch
Her Nuptial Bed : then, mad with her Embrace,
The starry Image of *Iulus* Face
She hugs, then Thine, on which, at length, she dwells
With fixed Eys, and her sad Story tells
To Thee, and hopes an Answer to obtain.
But, when Love lai'd all Hopes aside, again
The House she quits, and flies unto the Shore,
Hoping the shifting Winds might Thee restore.
At length, fallacious Levity invites
Her, ev'n to Magick Arts, and the dire Rites
Of the *Masilian* Nation to descend.
But Oh ! What wicked Errours do attend
Such Prophets ! while they *Syagian* Pow'rs allure
From Hell, and promise to her Wounds a Cure.
What a sad Act did I, deceiv'd the while,
Behold ! She throws upon the horrid Pyle
All Monuments, and fatal Gifts by Thee
On her bestow'd. With that thus lovingly

He

He interrupts her ; By this Land I swear
 (Which in my Wishes you did often hear)
 By mild *Iulus* Head (to Her, and Thee
 Once held so dear) I most unwillingly ,
 Oft looking back, and troubled in my Mind,
 Your Kingdom left. Nor had I then declin'd
 My Marriage-Bed, had I not threatn'd bin
 By *Mercury*, who with his Hand Me in
 The Cabine plac'd, and drove into the Sea,
 With furious Winds, the flying Ship away.
 But why (though all Advice is now too late)
 Did you permit, at such a Time as that,
 That She, without a Guard, in Love should be
 So Furious ? In broken Murmurs she
 (Among her many Sighs) to this replies,
 With trembling Lips. I then a Sacrifice
 To *Stygian Fove*, and his Infernal Queen,
 To try, if my poor Sister might have been
 Eas'd in her Love-sick Mind, prepar'd, and to
 The Altars, with all Diligence, I drew
 The coal-black Lambs, with mine own Hand : for I,
 The Night before, was fill'd with Horror, by
 A Dream : for thrice my Sister call'd on you
 With a loud Voice, thrice on *Sycheus* ; who,
 Leaping for Joy, with a most chearfull Face
 (I thought) appear'd. But, while I strove to chace
 These Fancies from my Mind, and, as the Day
 Began, that what I saw, might prosper, pray
 The Gods ; She, Frantick, runs unto the Shore,
 And on the silent Sands, where you before
 Had stood, her frequent Kisses fix'd, and preft
 Your Foot-steps with a kind embracing Breast :
 As Mothers, late deprived of their Sons,
 Their Ashes hugg. From thence away she runs,

Like

Like a rude *Bacchinal*) her Hair displai'd,
 To that high Pile, which she before had made,
 Of a vast Bulk, from whence she might explore
 All *Carthage*-City, with the Seas, and Shore.
 Then putting on the *Phrygian* Robe, and Chain,
 Enrich'd with Gems, when she to Mind, again,
 Had call'd the Day, wherein she first had seen
 These Presents, and the Banquets, that had been
 At your Arrival made, and how the long
 Labours of *Troy* you told, while on your Tongue,
 With Pity, her still-listning Ear depends ;
 Then to the Port her weeping Eys she bends ;
 And, Off'ring to the Gods, in Death, her Hair,
 Thus speaks. Ye Gods of lasting Night ! who are
 By our approaching Death much Greater made,
 Be Present, I beseech you ! and my Shade,
 O'recome with Love, and weary, now of Life,
 Receive, with kind Aspect, *Aeneas* Wife,
 And *Venus* Daughter ; who t' avenge the Guilt
 Of my *Sycheus* Death, these Tow'rs have built
 Of lofty *Carthage* : now the Shade to you
 Of that great Body come. My Husband (who
 Was fam'd for his kind Love) perhaps Me there
 Expects, and would renew his former Care.
 This said, the Sword (that fatal Sword !) which she
 Thought a sure Pledg of *Dardane* Love to be,
 Into her Breast she thrusts ; her Servants, who
 Beheld her, with sad Cries, and Shreeking, through
 The Palace run. The Noise, unhappy, I
 Receive, and, frighted to the Palace, fly.
 Like one distract'd, with my Hands, my Face
 I tear, and strive to climb up to the Place.
 Thrice, with that Sword, I thought my self to kill,
 As oft I, founding, on my Sister fell.

H h

But,

But, when the Rumour of her Fate was spread
Through all the Neighbouring Cities, thence I fled
To fam'd *Gyrene*, and, by Fate still cross'd,
From thence upon your Coast, by Tempests toss'd,
I now am cast. The *Trojan* Prince, inclin'd
To Tears at this, resolv'd to be more kind
To Her: and now all Sadness, Grief, and Care,
Was laid aside, and *Anne* no longer there
A Stranger seem'd to be. But, when the Night
All things by Sea, and Land, had cover'd quite,
Her Sister *Dido* seem'd with sad Aspect,
These Words to Her, then sleeping, to direct.

Can'st Thou (Oh Sister!) can'st Thou long endure
Within this Family (Oh too secure!)
T' indulge Thy self to Rest? And dost not see
What dangers Thee surround: what Plots 'gainst Thee
Are laid? Or dost Thou not, yet, understand
How fatal to Thy Kindred, and Thy Land
The *Trojans* are? So long as Spears above,
With Rapid Turning-round, the Stars shall move,
And with her Brother's Light the Moon shall shine,
Upon the Earth between the *Trojan* Line,
And *Tyrians*, there shall be no Peace: Arise,
Be gone from hence, (*) *Lavinia's* Jealousies
Now secret Plots contrive, and in her Mind
Something of Mischiefe 'gainst Thee is design'd.
Beside (nor think that this is but a Dream)
Hard by, *Nymicus*, with a gentle Stream,
From a small Fountain, through a Valley flows:
Hast quickly thither, and Thyself dispose
To Safety; there the *Nymphs*, with Joy, shall Thee
Receive into the Flood, and Thou shalt be,
In *Italy*, Eternally Ador'd
A Goddess. And, as *Dido* spake that Word,

She

(*) *Lavinia* was the Daughter of
King *Lavinus*, whom *Anus* married.

She vanish from the Air. *Anne*, frighted by
These Prodiges, awakes, and instantly,
Through Fear, cold Sweat o'er all her Limbs is spread.
Then, clad with a thin Garment, from her Bed
She leaps, and through a Window, that was low,
Into the open Fields doth, speedy, go,
Untill *Nymicus* in his sandy Waves
Receiv'd, and hid her in his Chrystal Caves.
Now, when through all the World its Beams the Day
Had spread, and in the *Trojan* Chambers they
The *Tyrian* Lady miss'd, with Cries through all
The *Latian* Fields they run, and *Ana* call.
At length Her Footsteps to the Neighbouring Flood
They follow, and, as there they Wond'ring stood,
The River from his Chancel strait expell'd
The Stream, and in the Bottom they beheld
Among the Coculean Sisters, *Anne*, who broke
Silence, and to the *Trojans* kindly spoke.
Since that, when first the Year begins, is She
Divinely worshipp'd through all *Italy*.

When to this Fight that did so fatal prove
To *Italy*, the spitefull Wife of *Jove*
Had Her instructed, in her Chariot, light,
Up to the Stars again she takes her Flight,
Hoping full Draughts of *Trojan* Blood the may
At length receive. The Lesser to obey
The greater Goddesses hasts, and strait to all,
Besides, unseen, repairs to *Hamibal*.
Sequestred from all Company, alone
She finds Him, sadly ruminating on
The dubious Event of His Affairs,
And War, with anxious Sighs; to ease His Cares
With this kind Language She salutes Him. Why
(Most Mighty King of *Cadmus* Progeny)

H h 2

Dost

Dost Thou persist to vex Thy self with Care?
 Know, that the angry Gods appeas'd are
 To Thee : and now an Eye of Favour cast
 On th' *Agenorides*. Away, make haste ;
 Draw Thy *Marmarick* Forces out to fight.
 The *Fasces* now are chang'd, and *Fabius* quite,
 By a Decree of *Senate*, now hath laid
 The War, and Arms, aside : it may be said,
 With a *Flaminius* Thou hast now to do.
 Me the great Wife of *Jove* (nor doubt it True)
 To Thee hath sent, I, in th' *Oenotrian* Land
 Religiously ador'd, a Goddess stand,
 Sprang from Your *Belus* Blood. Then quickly go,
 And all the Thunder of War's Fury throw,
 Where high *Garganus* doth it self display
 Through *Lapygian* Fields unto the Sea ;
 The Place is not far distant, thither all
 Thy Ensigns bear ; that *Rome*, at length, may fall.
 This Victory shall *Libya* suffice.

This said, into the Clouds again She flies.
 By these Assurances, of promis'd Praise,
 Doth *Hannibal* His Thoughts dejected raise :
 Great *Nymph* (said He) the Glory of Our Line ;
 Then whom by Us no Goddess more Divine
 Is held ! most happy with such Tidings fraught !
 Thee (after I victoriously have fought)
 At *Carthage*, in a Marble Temple, I
 Will place, and, in her Statue, *Dido*, nigh
 To Thee, shall be ador'd. This said, He then,
 Full of glad Thoughts, thus animates his Men.
 Now all your tedious Cares, your Sense of ill,
 And slow-tormenting Pains of sitting-still
 (My Souldiers) lay aside. We have appeas'd
 The Wrath of Heav'n, the Gods with Us are pleas'd.
 Hence

Hence is it, that I *Fabius* can declare
 Discharg'd of his Command : the *Fasces* are
 In other Hands. Now let Me see those great,
 And valiant Acts, which oft, with so much Hear,
 You promis'd, when excluded from the Fight.
 Behold ! a *Libyan* Deity, this Night,
 Hath promis'd greater things, then We have done.
 Then pull Your Ensigns up, let Us march on
 After the Goddess, and that Land invade,
 That, by the Name of *Diomed*, was made
 Most fatal to the *Phrygians*. While they,
 Encourag'd thus, to *Arpos* march'd away,
Varro, by stoln *Plebeian* Voices made
 A *Consul*, who the *Rostra* did invade
 With Tyranny, opens a spacious Gate
 To Ruin, and draws on the Citie's Fate.

This Fellow, basely born, his Parent's Name
 Unknown, into the *Forum*, Bawling, came
 With an immodest Tongue, and made by Bribes,
 And Rapine rich, humour'd th' inconstant Tribes,
 By railing at the *Senate*, and so far
 Prevail'd in *Rome*, then shaken by the War ;
 That He (by whom, had he with Victory
 Return'd, it had been Shame for *Italy*
 To be preserv'd) of all Affairs the Weight
 Assum'd ; sole Arbitrer of her great Fate.
 Him 'mong the *Fabii*, and those Names renown'd
 In War, the *Scipios*, and *Marcellus* crown'd
 With Spoils to *Jove*, blind Suffrages (a Stain)
 Plac'd in the *Fasti*, while the Love of Gain,
 And *Mars*'s Field, a greater Mischief bred
 For *Cannæ*, then the Arms of *Diomed*.
 He, as he was Seditious, busie still
 To foment Envy, and devoid of Skill

(f) The Pulpit, wherein stood such,
 as spoke to the People in their Assemblies.

(g) The Pleading-Place.

(h) The Roman Calendars.

(i) The Place where they Assembled.

To plead, so was he weak in Martial Arts,
 And neither fam'd for Courage, nor for Parts
 To manage such Affairs, hop'd yet, among
 The Valiant, to be honour'd for his Tongue,
 And from the *Roftra* urgeth for a Fight.
 When therefore to the People, full of Spight,
 (k) He had upbraided *Fabius* for Delay,
 Against the *Senate* too this boasting Plea
 He undertakes : (l) *Quirites* ! You to whom
 Belongs the chief Command, to you I come,
 Your *Consul*, for Commiffion now to Fight.
 Shall I fit still, or, wandering o're the Height
 Of Hills, beneath me *Garamantians* fee,
 And parched *Moors* to share in *Italy* ?
 Or fhall I ufe that Sword, which now I wear,
 Giv'n by your Suffrage. Good *Dilatour*, hear
 What 'tis the Martial People now command.
 It is their Will, that the *Aufonian* Land
 Be eas'd of *Libya's* War, and of the Fo.
 Do they to War precipitately go ;
 Who, having fuffer'd much, now the third Year,
 With faddeft Miferies confum'd appear ?
 Haft then, take Arms, brave men ; your fole Delay
 To Triumph, is a little March. That Day,
 Which firft fhews you the Fo, fhall overthrow
 The *Senate* and the *Libyan* War. Then go
 With Speed ; I, bound in *Latian* Fetters, through
 The City *Hannibal*, in *Fabius* View,
 Will lead. This boasting faid, out at the Gates,
 Rufhing to Arms, he, ftrait, precipitates :
 Like one, that unacquainted with the Arts
 To guide a Chariot, from the Barriers farts ;
 Gives the full Reins with one, with to'ther Hand
 The Whip imploys, while he doth tott'ring ftand
 Unequal

(k) *Varro* was no fooner elected *Consul*, but he told the People, that the War had been brought into *Italy* by the Nobility, and would be kept in the Bowels of it ; if the *Fabii* had the Command of their Armies. See *Liv.* Book 16.
 (l) A Compellation frequently ufed to the People by fuch as flattered them.

Unequal to the Steeds: the Axel-tree,
 Pref'd by th' ill-turning Wheels, appears to be
 On fire, and fmoaks : the Chariot, to, and fro,
 Is tofs'd ; with it the Reins, entangled, flow.

Paulus, (who then for Peace, and War, was joy'n'd
 His Colleague) well perceiv'd the State inclin'd
 To Ruin, and, by his unhappy Sway,
 Its Strength, and Glory quickly would decay.
 But the unconstant Fury of the rude,
 And troubled People, and a (m) Wound renew'd
 Fresh in his Memory, Complaints fuppreft,
 And kept his fwelling Griefs within his Breaft.
 For when, in younger Years, he had fubdu'd
Illyrium, the envious Multitude
 Upon his Conqueft foul Afperfions caft,
 And, with unjuft Reports, his Laurel blaft.
 Thence of the cruel People he did bear
 Still in his Mind a Rev'rential Fear.
 But, to the Gods ally'd, his Pedigree
 From Heav'n, by fam'd Progenitours, might be
 Deriv'd. His Chief, *Amulius*, could prove
Affaracus his Anceftour ; he, *Jove*.
 And none deny'd, who Him in Arms had feen,
 That that His great Original had been.
 To Him, as then he was about to take
 The Field, and quit the Town, thus *Fabius* fpake.

If that thy greateft War thou doft believe
 To be with *Hannibal*, thou wilt deceive
 Thy Countrey, *Paulus* (I am loth my Minde
 To fpeak thus freely) but, Im'e fure, thou'lt finde,
 Within the Camp, worfe Conflicts, and a Fo
 More fierce, orl, in vain, have fought to know
 Events of War fo long. I lately heard
 Him promife (and, if I the Ruins fear'd,

That

(m) After *Paulus* *Emilius* had fubdu'd King *Perfeus*, and fpoil'd fourteen Cities in *Illyrium*, at his Return to *Rome*, the People accus'd him of converting much of the Booty to his own ufe (as they did, afterwards, *Scipio Africanus*) fince which time he never took any Publick Employment, till made Colleague with *Furnus*.

That we shall suffer, I could weary be
 Of Life, and my old Age) so soon as He
 Could see him, he would fight the prosperous Fo.
 Oh *Paulus*, should the eager *Libyan* know
 This Speech, how near would our Destruction be!
 I do believe, that now the Enemy
 Stands ready in the Plain, and hopes to finde
 Another Consul, of *Flaminius* Mind,
 To fall into his Hands. What men wilt Thou
 Provoke, mad *Varro*? Or, unskilfull, how
 Canst thou, forthwith, their Camp, and Arms before
 Discover? and, by thy Delays, explore,
 How much the Customs of the Fo may Thee
 Avail? How great his Magazine may be?
 Or what the Place's Nature? Thou their kind
 Of Weapons soon wilt know, and Fortune finde
 Standing on all their Points. *Paulus*, thy just
 Resolves to all his devious Courses must
 Opposed be: if it be just in him
 To afflict his Countrey, can it be a Crime
 In Thee to save it? *Hannibal* is now
 Strained for Victuals: His Associates grow
 Now weary of his Friendship, since the Heat
 Of War's allaid: here He finds no Retreat
 To better Quarters: here no Cities are,
 To whose Fidelity he can repair.
 Nor can he here recruit his Youth again:
 Scarce a third part of all those men remain,
 That with him from *Iberus* came: Oh then
 Continue firm, and to our Wounds, agen
 The Medicine of a Cautious War apply.
 If in the mean time Th'art invited by
 Any propitious Air, and Heav'n approve;
 Near to thy better Fortune quickly move.

(a) When *Hannibal* marched from *Rhedanus*, his Army consisted of eight and thirty thousand Foot, and about eight thousand Horse; but, through the Difficulties which he encountered in his Passage over the *Alpes*, he scarce brought half of them into *Italy*. *Polysih. 3. Livy* affirms, scarce a third part.

Paulus

Paulus, with Sadness, briefly thus again
 Answers: This Piety shall still remain
 With me: thy Minde (unconquer'd *General*)
 Against the *Libyan* I'll still bear. Withall,
 I know there is such Reason to with-hold
 From Fight, that *Hannibal*, now waxing old,
 Through thy Delays, perceiveth the War to be
 Almost suppress'd, and at a Stand: but see
 The sad Displeasure! see the Wrath of Heav'n!
 One Consul (I believe) to *Rome* is giv'n
 To thee to *Carthage*: He draws with Him all
 Affairs, and madly fears, that *Rome* should fall
 By any other Hand, then by His own:
 She, cruel, from the *Tyrian Senate*, none
 Could more destructive choose: no Warlike Steed;
 To carry Him against the Fo, hath Speed
 Enough. It grieves Him, that His March should be
 Retarded, by the Night's Obscurity.
 With Swords half drawn He marches, that no Stay,
 To draw a Sword, His fighting may delay.
 But ye *Tarpeian* Rocks, and Tow'rs that be
 Sacred to *Jove*, through him ally'd to Me!
 And my thrice happy Countrey's Walls, which now
 I standing leave, the Witness of my Vow!
 Where e're the common Safety calls me, I
 Will go, and greatest Dangers will defie;
 But, if still deaf, to what I shall advise,
 The Camp will fight, I shall no longer prize
 Th' Enjoyment of my Sons, and dearest Home,
 Nor, like to *Varro*, me shall wounded *Rome*
 Returning see. Thus high in Discontent
 The *Generals*, both, to the Army went.
 The *Libyan* within th' *Ætolian* Plains
 (As by His Dream advis'd) encamp'd remains.

I i

Neither

Neither had *Italy* e're sent a Force
Greater for Number, both of Foot, and Horse,
Into the Field: for then they fear'd the Fall
Both of the City, and the Nation; all

(e) Their Hopes upon one Battle did depend.

Therefore the *Fawn*-got *Rutul* did send,
Join'd with *Sicanian* Arms, their Sacred Bands
Into the War. Those, that possess the Lands
Of *Damnus*, and *Laurentine* Palaces,
And fam'd *Nimicus* Waters, join'd with these.
From *Castrum* likewise, to the War, they came;

And *Ardea*, once fatal to the (f) Name
Of *Phrygians*; and, *Lavinum*, where of old
(Built on a lofty Hill): they did behold
Great *Juno's* Temple; and, *Collatia* where
Chast *Brutus* took his Birth: with those, that are

Wont to frequent *Diana's* cruel (g) Grove;
And that the Mouth o'th' (h) *Tyrrhen* River love.
They likewise, that in *Almo's* warmer Stream

Cherish (i) *Cybele*, to the Army came.
Thy *Tybur* too, *Catyllus*, muster'd; and

(j) *Præneste*, that upon an Hill doth stand,
Sacred to *Fortune*; and *Antemna*, fam'd:

Before *Crystumium*, from the River nam'd.

With the *Labici*, skill'd to Plow, and those,

That dwell where now Imperial *Tiber* flows;

With *Anjo's* Neighbours, and the *People*, where

The Fields with cold *Simbrivium* water'd are;

And the *Aequicole*, for Tillage known.

Their Captain, *Scaurus* was; whose Chin the Down

Then newly cover'd: but his rising Worth

Began to future Times to set him forth.

These were not wont with Steel to point the Spear,

Or Quivers full of winged Shafts to bear;

Piles

(e) *Farro* having resolved to fight, whereforever he met *Hamul*, the People gave him an excessive Liberty to raise men: so that he had a greater Army, than ever the *Romans* levied before, to the number of eighty eight thousand men. See *Plutarch* in *Fabio*.

(f) *Ardea*, was a wealthy City of the *Latins*, (distant from *Rome* eighteen Miles) when *Aeneas* entered *Italy*, *Turnus* was King of it, who gave Battle to *Aeneas*, and was slain by him, *Tarquinius Superbus* besieged this City, when his Son left the Camp, and posted to *Rome*, to ravish *Lavinia*; which not only forced him to raise the Siege, but salvaged his Dominion over the *Romans*. See *Liv.* lib. 1.

(g) *Diana's* Grove near *Ardea*, a Town situate behind the *Alban* Hill, upon the *Via Appia*. In this Grove *Numa* pretended his Private Conference with the *Nymph Egria*.

(h) *Tiber*.

(i) *Almo*, a small Brook, that flows into *Tiber*; wherein, once a year, the Image of *Cybele* was washed.

(j) *Præneste*, built by *Præneste*, the Son of *Latinius*, and Nephew to *Ulysses*, and *Ciree*: where there was a Temple Dedicated to *Fortune*, and famous for its *Graces*.

Piles, and short Swords, they love: their Heads with
Defended are, their Crests all else surpass. (k) *Bras*

But those, which *Setia*, that's reserv'd alone

For *Bacchus* Table, and (l) *Velitra*, known

By many Battels, from her Valley sent,

With such as *Cons* lifted, and that went

From *Signia*, full of hurtfull Wines; with those,

Where the black Fen of *Satura* o'reflows

The *Pontine* Level, with a noisom Flood; (m) *Mud*,

Which, running through the Fields, all stain'd with

Ufens within his Chancel strait collects:

And with the Slime the Neighbouring Sea infects,

Were under valiant *Scævola's* Command;

Who, Great in's Ancestours, nor of that Hand

Unworthy held, whose honour'd Figure He,

Carv'd in his Target, wore: where they might see

The flaming Altars, midst the *Tyrrhen* Bands,

Now angry with himself, bold (n) *Marius* stand;

And Valour, in his Image, seem'd to be

Turn'd into Rage: *Porfenna*, instantly,

Having escap'd the Blow, to Arms returns,

While He his erring Hand, for Anger, burns

Then, from the fam'd *Circæan* Hills, and from

Anxur (high-standing on a Rock) they come;

With those, that Plow the *Hernick* Stony Fields;

And fair *Agagnia*, that such Plenty yields

Of Wheat. But *Sylla* the *Terentiner*, joyn'd

With *Privernates*, led. Then, those, that shin'd

In their bright Arms, from *Sora* lately sent,

Next these, the *Fabraterian* People went,

And *Scaptian* Youth. *Atina* too was there,

From her cold Hill; and *Suessa*, worn with Wars,

And, from the Plough, *Trusino*, not to be

Esteem'd, as weak. But those, that *Lyria* see,

1 i 2 Mixing

(k) The *Velitini*, upon the Confidence of a *Prophesie*, that told them, a Citizen of their City should one day obtain the Dominion over all *Italy*, did very often contend with *Rome*: but were fill'd with scorn, until *Augustus*, who was born there, obtaining the Empire, fulfilled the *Prophesie*.

(l) *Marius Scævola*, who, when *Rome* was besieged by *Tarquinius Superbus*, and *Porfenna*, issued out of the City by night, resolving to kill *Porfenna*, and passing disguised, through the Guards, coming into his Tent, not knowing the King, slew one of his *Velites*, and finding immediately his Error, in a Rage, burnt his Hand, for the Mistake *Liv.* lib. 1.

Mixing his sulph'rous Waters with the cold
Fibrenus, and, with silent Streams, by old
Arpinum glides; with the *Venafrian* Bands,
 And him, that with the *Larinates* Hands
 Brings his Auxiliaries; and the vast
Aquinum of her Men doth quite exhaust,
Tullius to War, in brazen Arms, did bring:
 A Noble Youth, that did from *Tullus* spring,
 And of so great a Wit, that Fate ordain'd,
 That He should give to the *Aufonian* Land

(^g) *Marcus Tullius Cicer*, The famous Orator.

(^h) One of his Race, that should be understood
 Beyond the *Indies*, and their famous Flood
 Of *Ganges*: whose great Voice the World should fill;
 Who, by the Thunder of his Tongue, should still
 The Noise of War; nor shall Posterity
 Er'e hope the like, for Eloquence, to see.

(ⁱ) *Vid. Lib. 15.*

But from *Theramnean* Blood, of *Clasius*, sprung,
 Inimitable for brave Deeds, among
 The Chief, was (^k) *Nero*: Him the Troops, that came
 From *Amitemnum*, and, which takes her Name
 From *Bactrians*, *Cassperula*, with all

(^l) *Cybele*.

From *Foruli*, and, which we Sacred call
 To th' Mother of the (^m) Gods, *Reate*, and
Nursia, that as besieg'd by Frosts doth stand,
 And Troops from *Tetricus* cold Rock, to th' Field
 Attend, all arm'd with Lances, and their Shield
 Made, Globe-like, round no Plumes their Helmets bear,
 And their left Legs with (ⁿ) Boots defended are.

(^o) This kind of Armour on the left Leg, was peculiar to the *Sabines*, among the *Italians*; and *Ætolians*, among the *Greeks*.

(^p) *Sanctus* was the Father of *Sabinus*.

These, as they Joyfull march'd, some Praises sung
 To Thee, great (^q) *Sanctus* (for from Thee they sprung)
 Some, *Sabinus*, honour Thee, who first of all
 Thy People, from Thy Name, didst *Sabines* call.
 But *Curio*, rough with 's scaly Coat of Mail,
 And on his Helmet's Crest an Horfes Tail,

Into

Into the War so great Assistance brings;
 That not the Raging Sea more num'rous flings
 Its foaming Billows up: nor Bands more light,
 And Active, when She imitates a Fight, (Shields,
 Riding through num'rous Troops, with Moon-like
 (^r) The Warlike Maid leads through the *Scythian* Fields, (^s) *Ameson*,
 And makes *Thermoodon*, and the Earth, resound
 The Noise. Here those, that in thy Stony Ground,
Numana, dwell, and those, that near the Shore
 With flaming Altars, (^t) *Cupra*, Thee adore,
 Were to be seen. They likewise thither send,
 Their Aids, who the *Truentine* Tow'rs defend
 By the adjoining River, and the Sun,
 From their bright Targets, by Reflexion,
 At Distance, rais'd a bloody Light: and there
Ancon as rich in Purple did appear,
 As are the *Libyan*, or *Sidonian* Looms.

(^u) *Juno*, who had there a Temple.

Then, water'd by *Vomanus*, *Adria* comes.
 And, near to them, the Ensigns they behold
 Of churlish *Asculum*, which (fam'd of old)
Vipicus, sprung from *Saturne*, built: Him, by
 Her Charms, *Phœbean Circe* forc'd to fly,
 Depriv'd of his own (^v) Figure through the Air,
 With yellow Plumes. Once the *Pelasgi* there
 Inhabited, and *Aesti* (as by Fame
 We learn) their Ruler was, and left his Name
 Unto the River, and his People all
 Began *Asii*, from himself, to call.

(^w) Turned into a Wood-pecker by *Circe*.

Nor, coming from their hollow Hills, with worse
 Supplies, did *Umbrian* Swains the Camp enforce.
 These *Æsi*, *Sapi*, and, with rapid Waves,
 Roll'd over lofty Rocks, *Metaurus* Laves:
Clitumnus too, that Bulls for Sacrifice
 Walseth in Sacred Streams; and *Nar*, that flies
 Foaming

Foaming to *Tiber*; and, whose Waters run
 Ingloriously, *Timia*, and *Rubicon*,
 With *Clavus*, and which, from the *Senones*,
 Was *Senna* call'd: but *Tyber*, 'midst of these,
 With Banks unshaken, near th' Imperial Walls,
 Swells high, and thence into the *Ocean* falls.
 Their Cities, *Arna*, and *Mevania*, rich
 In spacious Meads, *Hispellum*, *Narnia*, which
 Upon a steep, and rocky Hill doth ly;
Inginum too, of old infected by
 Moist Clouds; and, lying in an open Plain,
Fulgimia, wanting Walls. Near these remain
 A warlike People, *Amerini* nam'd:
 And *Camers*, near to them, for Arrows fam'd;
 With weakhy *Sarsina*, renown'd for Store
 Of Milk; and the *Tudertes*, that adore
 The God of War. These, a stout Race of Men,
 Contemning Death, were led by *Piso*; then
 A Youth, and there in such an Habit shin'd;
 But equalling, by his sagacious Mind,
 The Antient, and in Policy his Years
 Excelling, at the Armie's Head appears
 In *Parthian*-painted Arms, and Golden Chain;
 Whose Gems a Lustre cast through all the Plain.
 But then a Legion of *Hetrurian* Bands,
 Compleat, stout *Galla* (a great Name) commands:
 From *Cretan Minos* He his Pedigree
 Deriv'd, and from Lustfull *Pasiphae*,
 So hated by the *Bull*; and from that Line
 His Noble Ancestours in Order shine.
 Then *Cere* chosen Bands, *Cortona* then
 (Proud *Tarcon's* Family) send chosen Men;
 With old *Gravisca*, *Alfium*, by thy Streams
Grecian Alesur, lov'd, and that, which seems

Besieg'd

(g) *Silius*, in this, agrees with *Virgil*,
 in his *Æneid*, that the *Bull* fled from
Pasiphae; till *Dedalus* made a Cow of
 Wood, where in the *Qu* was enclosed,
 and the *Bull* deluded.

Besieg'd by a rude Plain, *Fregelle*: nor
 Was *Fesula* (the Fam'd Interpreter
 Of Thunder) wanting, with her Sacred Bands.
 And, near to them, *Clusinum* Muster'd stands,
 Once a great Terrour to the Walls of *Rome*;
 When thou, *Porfenna*, Arm'd, didst thither come,
 And didst endeavour to restore, in vain,
 Th' expell'd *Tarquinius* to the Throne again.
 Then *Luna*, from her Snow-white Quarries, preft
 Her lab'ring Youth: *Luna*, before the rest,
 Fam'd for her spacious Port; which can contain
 Ships without Number, and shuts in the Main.
 Not far from these, the *Vetulonian* Band
 (The Glory once of the *Mæonian* Land)
 Which first ordain'd twelve *Fasces* to precede
 The *Consuls*; and, to strike a silent Dread,
 As many *Axes* added: it was She,
 That first adorn'd with polish'd Ivory
 Triumphal Chairs: Her Nobles first array'd
 In *Tyrian* Purple, and that Trumpets made
 Courage by them in Battel to enflame.
 Next these the *Æpefinian* Cohorts came,
 And just *Falisci*; and, *Flavinia*, those,
 That keep thy Fires. Near whom *Sabaca* goes,
 In Fens abounding; and, that near thy Lake,
Ciminus, dwell; with them, that *Sutrium* take
 For their Abode; and those, that to the Rites
 Of *Phæbus* high *Sora*ste oft invites:
 Caps of the Skins of Beasts their Heads defend;
 Two Darts they carry, and their Spears commend
 Before the *Lycian* Bows. These, all in War
 Most expert: but the *Marsian* People are
 Not only Valiant; but can likewise Charm
 To sleep the banefull Adder, and disarm

The

The Viper of her Teeth, by Herbs, and Spells.
Angustia first (as Fame the Story tells)
Oëtes Race, those hurtfull Simples shew'd,
 And with her Touch, all Poison's Force subdu'd:
 She from her Sphear could shake the Moon, and Floods
 Stop with her Voice; and, calling down the Woods,
 The Mountains naked make: But, full of Dread,
 (b) *Marsyas*, when he the *Phrygian Crani* fled
 By Sea, unto that *People* gave his Name;
 When, with a Lute, *Apollo* overcame
 His thrill *Mygdonian* Flute. The Chief of all
 Their Cities they, from antient *Marus*, call
Marruvium; and, for Corn in moister Fields,
 More inward, *Alba* store of Apples yields.
 The rest were little Towns obscure in Fame;
 But in their Numbers greater, then their Name.
 'Mong which, *Pelignus*, and cold *Sulmo* sent
 Their *Coborts*; nor, then these, less diligent
 Were those of *Cales*, born, near them in Blood,
 From *Calais* (as by Fame 'tis understood)
 The Noble Founder of a City fair,
 Whom *Orithyia* cravish'd through the Air)
 For *Boreas* nurs'd in *Getick* Caves. No less
 Active in War, then these, *Veslini* press
 Their Youth, inur'd to Hardship by the Chase
 Of salvage Beasts. They likewise War imbrace,
 That in thy Tow'rs, *Fiscellus*, dwell: and, now,
 They also arm, that fertile *Pinna* mow;
 And thy rich Meads, *Avella*, that so soon
 Sprout up: and then in Emulation
 Of the *Frentani*, the *Marrucini* drew
Corsinium's People, and *Theate* too.
 All these, with Rustick Weapons arm'd for Fight,
 Could, with their Slings, a Bird, in highest Flight,

Strike

(b) Who being vanquished by *Apollo*, in his Convent of *Musick*, had his Skin strip'd over his Ears.

Strike down: the Skins of Bears, about their Breast,
 In Hunting kill'd, they wear. And now the rest,
 That were for Wealth, or Ancestours renown'd,
 In all the Tract of the *Campanian* Ground,
 Appear in Arms, or their Assistance send.
 The *Osci* in their Neighb'ring Plains attend
 Th' Arrival of the *Generals*: and there
 Warm *Simbrisa*, and *Vulturnum*, were;
 Whose River like a Torrent falls into
 The Sea; and, whom her (c) Silence overthrew,
Amyle. *Fundi*, and *Cajeta*, where
Lammus was King. Thy People too were there,
 (d) *Antiphatas*, that's by the Sea compress'd.
 And, which the rotten Feas, and Pools invest,
Linternus: and the *Cuma*, that of old,
 Conscious of Fate, all future things foretold.
 There was *Nucerin*, there was *Gaurus*, good
 For Shipping; there, deriv'd from *Grecian* Blood,
 With many Souldiers was *Parthenope*,
 With *Dicarchenian* Bands: and *Alliphe*,
 And *Nola*, to the *Libyan* hard to pass:
 Slighted for *Claninus*, there *Acerra* was:
 There the *Serrastres*: there were to be seen
 Mild *Sarnus* Riches; and the Troops had been
 List'd in *Phlegri*, far with Sulphure; and
Misenum, and the *Itharsian* Band:
 Of *Baius*, burning with the (e) Giant's Breath.
 Not *Prochyte*; nor, which *Typhicus* Deatli
 In sulph'rous Flames, *Imarim*, beheld;
 Nor ancient *Telo's* Stony Isle, this Field
 Avoids. But thither doth *Catutia*, from
 Her little Walls, thither *Surrentum* come;
 And, poor in Corn, *Avella*. But, of all
 The Chief was *Capua*; that, too Prodigal

K

(Alas!)

(c) *Amyle*, a City of the *Suburians*, having had frequent false Alarms of their Enemies Approach, that they might be no more disturbed, made a Law, That none should any more dare to give the Alarm. The Enemy coming, no man daring to violate the *Edict*, the City was taken.

(d) The Bay of *Cajeta*.

(e) (1) Where *Marcellus* gave *Hannibal* a notable Repulse.

(m) Giants there vanquished, and buried by *Hercules*.

(Alas!) not knowing in Prosperity

To keep a Mean, was lost in Luxury.

These for the future War by *Scipio* form'd;

He gave them Piles; and then with Iron arm'd (Went)

Their Breasts: from Home, (as) was their Father's

They lighter Weapons, Shafts of Cornel, blunt,

Without an Head of Steel, but hardned by

The Fire, with Hurl-Bats, which they can let fly,

And, with a String, retire, as they invade

The Fo, and Axes for the Countrey made.

Nor was he wanting, 'midst them all, to shew

Great Signs of future Praise. Sometimes He threw

An hardned Stake, or leap'd a Trench to scale

A Wall, or, arm'd, by Swimming would prevail

Against impetuous Streams: these great, and bold

Examples of His Valour all behold.

Of, in the open Plain, with wondrous Speed

Would he out-run the spur'd, and fleetest Steed:

Of, cross the Camp, would He a Jav'lin throw,

Or weighty Stone. He had a Martial Brow;

His Hair was soft, and gentle, which behind

Hung in long Tresses; His Aspect was kind,

And gentle; and His Eys a pleasing Dread

With sparkling Raies, on the Beholders, shed.

(*) *Sammis* was likewise there, not yet inclin'd

To *Hannibal*, yet keping in her Mind

Her ancient Anger; *Batum*, and those,

That dwell where *Mucra* by *Liguria* flows.

With them, that *Boianian* Caves frequent,

Or *Caudine* Straits, and which *Efernia* sent,

Or *Rufre*; or, obscure *Herdonia*, from

Thy Fields, soon after (*) wafted, armed come.

Alike in Courage, there, the *Bruttii* stand,

With them from *Lucane* Hills, a lusty Band;

(*) The *Sannites* often rebelled against the *Romans*, and, after this Defeat, discovered their ancient Enmity, by revolting to *Hannibal*.

(*) *Herdonia* was burned by *Hannibal*, fearing it would revolt to the *Romans*, and the chief Citizens slain, for having had Conference with *Fulvius*. See *Liv. lib. 27*.

And

And *Hirpine* Youth, who, cover'd o're with Hides

Of Beasts, and Darts, like Bristles by their Sides,

Are all by Hunting fed; and, ever, dwell

In Caves, and in a River Thirst expell,

And get their Sleep with Labour. *Calaber*,

And the *Salentine* Cohorts, added are

To them; near whom *Brundisium* doth stand,

A famous Period to th' *Italian* Land.

A Legion bold *Cetbegus* there comm ands,

Of Social Aids, and intermingled Bands.

Now, from *Leucosia's* Rocks, the Souldiers shew

Themselves, and from *Picentian* *Pesto* too,

And from *Carylle*, that soon after fell

By *Hannibal's* dire Rager with those, that dwell

Near *Silarus*, where Fame reports, the Flood

To turn to hardest Stone the drowned Wood:

He both the stout *Salernian* Fauchion, and

Th' unpolish'd Club; that, fitted to his Hand,

The strong *Buxentian* us'd, commends. While he

(As was the Custom of his Family)

His Arm bar'd to the Shoulder, joy'd to ride

A stubborn Horse, and in his hard Mouth try'd

His Strength of Youth, by Wheeling to; and fro.

And you, ye waisted Nations of the *Po*,

Your Vows then by the Gods neglected, all

Rush into Arms, by Fate decreed to fall.

Placentia, ruin'd by the War, contends

With *Muina*, and (*) *Mantua*, that sends

Her Levies, fought *Gremona* to excell:

Fam'd *Mantua*, where the *Thespian* Sisters dwell,

Which, Emulous of *Smyrna's* (*) *Mase*, is prais'd

For *Audine* Songs, and to the Stars is rais'd.

The next, by *Aethes* encompass'd, went

Verona; and *Faventia*, diligent

K k 2

Still

(*) Where *Virgil* was born.

(*) *Homer*

Still to preserve the Pines, that Crown her Fields :
Fercelle ; and *Pellentia*, that yields
 Store of black Wooll ; and *Ocnus* Family,
 Which against *Turnus* once assisted Thee,
Aeneas ; and *Bononia*, that lyes
 Near little *Rhene* : with him, that lab'ring plies,
 With pond'rous Oars, the muddy Streams, that by
Revenna flow, which 'mong the Fens doth ly.
 Then, sprang, of old, from the *Euganean* Land,
 (*Antenor's* Countrey) came a *Trojan* Band.
 There *Aquileia*, with *Venetian* Arms,
 Are eager for the Fight : there the Alarms
 O'th' Fo, the swift *Ligurians* attend ;
 And, scatter'd on the Rocks, *Vageni* send
 Their hardy Nephews, there ordain'd to be
 The Honour of the *Libyan's* Victory.
Brutus, in whom these People, all, repose
 Their greatest Confidence, their Leader goes
 Into the Field, and 'gainst the Enemy
 Excites their Rage. A pleasant Gravity
 Adorn'd his Fore-head, and a serious Mind
 With Valour, not to Cruelty inclin'd.
 Th' unpleasent Praise of churlish Rigour He
 Did not affect, or harsh Austerity,
 Nor Glory by sinifter Courses sought.
 To these three thousand expert Archers, brought
 From flaming *Aetna*, the *Sicilian* King,
 Most faithfull, adds : but *Itha* did not bring
 So many men ; and yet She did afford
 Her Cohorts, which, selected for the Sword,
 And arm'd with Native Mettle, thither came :
 They *Varro's* Zeal to fight would hardly blame,
 Whoe're so many Arms at once beheld.
 Such Numbers rag'd through the *Rhetean* Field ;

When

(*) King Hieron.

When *Troy* the great *Mycena* did invade,
 And, when a thousand Ships their Anchors weigh'd,
 And sail'd through *Hellespont*. So soon as they
 Arriv'd at *Canna*, where the Ruins lay
 Of an old City, they encamp'd, and there
 Their most unhappy Ensigns fix'd : nor were
 The Gods then wanting to foreflew to all
 Those Ruins, that soon after did befall.
 Th' affrighted Souldiers see their Piles to burn,
 The Turrets on the Rampires overturn,
 And fall. *Garganus*, from a lofty Crown,
 Trembling, the Woods, and Forests, tumbles down.
 From his deep Bottom *Aufidus* began
 Panting to roar : amidst the *Ocean*,
 Remote *Ceraunian* Rocks with Flames affright
 The trembling Mariners ; and then, the Light
 With sudden *Stygian* Darknels cover'd o're,
Calabrian Sipus Gropes for Land, and Shore,
 The Owl with fatal Houting oft alarms
 The Camp, ev'n at the Gates ; and Bees, in Swarms,
 Like Clouds, involve the Eagles : in the Air
 Comets, the Fall of Kings, with flaming Hair,
 Shine fatally : and salvage Beasts by Night
 Break through the Camp, and Works, and, in the fight
 O'th' frighted Souldiers, through the Neighbouring field
 Scatter the Limbs o'th' Centinel they kill'd :
 Deluded by the Image of their Fear,
 From their dark Graves, the Ghosts of *Gauls* appear
 To break : and then the high *Tarpeian* Rock,
 As torn from its Foundation, often shook :
 The Temples of the Gods with Streams of Blood
 Were wet : *Quirinus* Statue, as it stood,
 Wept largely : *Allia*, greater then before,
 Swells higher then the Banks : the *Alps* no more

Stand

Stand still, nor *Apennine*, which Night, and Day,
Shook with vast Ruptures, and where *Libya*
Extended lyes, ev'n from the very Pole,
'Gainst *Italy*, the flaming *Meteors* roll.

Such horrid Thunder-Claps the Heav'ns above
Divide, that they detect the Face of *Jove*.

The *Lemnian* God his Lightning likewise threw
From *Ætna*, and, as broken Quarries flew
Up to the Clouds (as in the Giant's Wars)
Knock'd his *Phlegrean* Head against the Stars.

But, midst them all, as conscious of the Fight,
He looks, and Sense-distracted with the Fright,
With horrid Cries the Camp a Soldier fills,
And, panting, thus express'd the future Ills.

Spare us, ye cruel Gods! the Fields I see
Too little for the Heaps of Slaughter be,
Through thickest Ranks the *Libyan* Captain flies,
And His swift Chariot over Companies
Of Men, and Arms, drives on, and drags along
Their Limbs, and Ensigns: while the wind, with strong
Impetuous Blasts, a furious War doth make
Against our Eys, and Faces: From thy Lake
(Sad *Thrasimen*!) unmindfull of his Years,
In vain, *Servilius*, now reserv'd appears.

Whither! Oh whither, is't that *Varro* flies!
Oh *Jove*! among the Stones, see! *Paulus* lies,
The last great Hope of *Rome's* declining State:
These Ruins, *Trebia*, now, exceed thy Fate.
Behold, a Bridge is made of Bodies slain,
And silent *Aufidus* into the Main
Rolls mangled Corps: o're all the Plains I see
The Elephants insult with Victory.

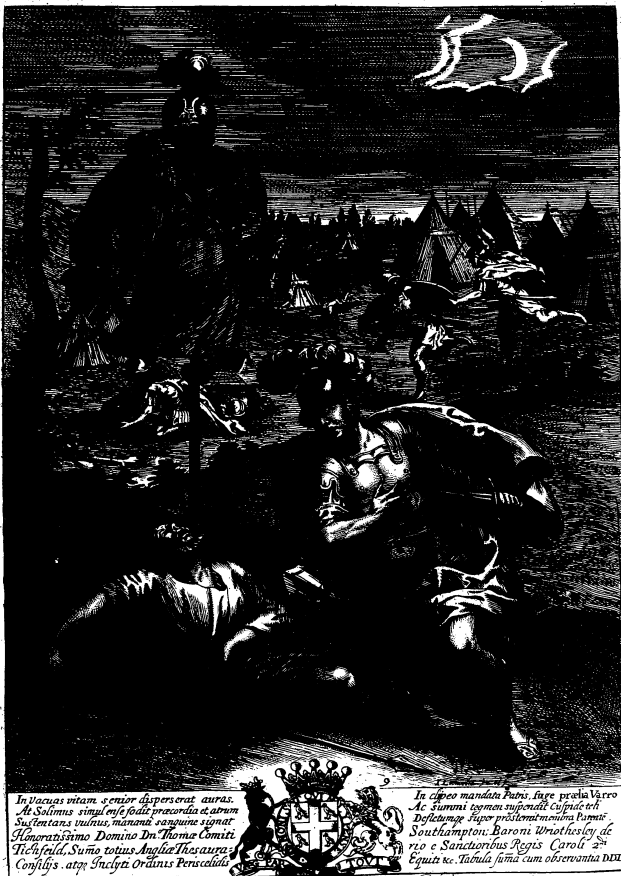
Our *Consul's* Axes, and our *Fasces*, stain'd
With Blood, a *Tyrian* Lictor in his Hand,

After

After our Custom, bears. To *Libya*
The Pomp of *Romane* Triumph's born away.
Oh Grief! Yet this, ye Gods, that we behold,
Is your Command: while by congested Gold,
Torn from left Hands, victorious *Carthage* sees
(^c) The Measure of the *Romane* Miseries.

The End of the Eighth Book.

(^c) *Mages* sent to *Carthage*, with the
Tidings of this Victory, carry'd with
him a Buttel (saith *Livy*, others
more) of Gold Rings, then worn
only by *Romane* Gentlemen.



SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

The Ninth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Consul Paulus, as advis'd, declines
The Fight, forbidden by unhappy Signs.
Rash Varro urgeth for a Day. A Son,
In that sad Night, before the Day begun,
His Father, flying from the Libyan Side,
Unhappy kills; who bids him, as he dy'd,
Forewarn the Romanes to avoid the Fight:
His Son this Warning on his Shield doth write,
And kills himself for Grief. The fatal Field
Is fought; the Romans miserably kill'd
The Libyans have the Day. While 'fore his Eys
His Men are slain, the Coward Varro flies.*



HILE Italy, thus vext with
Prodigies,
The Signs (in vain) of fu-
ture Ruin sees,
Discover'd by the Gods, as if
they might

Prove happy Omens of the following Fight;
The Consul, waking, spends the Night: and, now,
Throws in the Dark his Javelins: then, as slow,
L I Upbraids

Upbraids his *Colleague*; and, while yet 'twas Night,
 Would have the Trumpets found a Charge, and fight
 The *Libyans*, no less eager to engage.
 Urg'd by the adverse Fates, with sudden Rage,
 Out from the Camp they fall, and begin
 To Skirmish. For the *Mace*, that had bin
 Dispers'd, for Forage, through the Neighb'ring Plain,
 A winged Show'r of Shafts, like sudden Rain,
 Pour on the *Romanes*: and, before the rest,
Mancinus (who to be the first had prest,
 To dip in Hostile Blood his Weapon) dy'd:
 And with him many gallant Youth beside.
 Nor yet, though *Paulus*, sadly, did declare,
 How cross the *Auspices*, and Entrails were,
 Would *Varro* from the Battel have abstain'd,
 Unless the Lot, by which they did command
 The Camp, by Turns, had thwarted his Desire,
 And forc'd the hasty Fates a while retire.
 But yet, no longer, then a Day, could be
 Between a thousand Deaths, and their Decree
 Allow'd. Into the Camp the Troops return
 Again: while *Paulus* ceaseth not to mourn,
 Seeing the Reins of the next Day's Command
 Were to be trust'd in a frantick Hand;
 And, that those Souls were, then, preserv'd in Vain
 From Slaughter. For enrag'd, and mad again,
 For that he had the Battel then delay'd,
 Dost Thou, thus now, *Æmilius* (*Varro* said)
 Thy Gratitude, and the Reward repay
 Of that thy guilty Head? Or else have they
 From Thee deserved such a base Return; (Urn:
 Who snatch'd Thee from the Laws, and threatening
 Command them to surrender to the Fo
 Their Arms, and Swords; or, when to fight they go,
 Cut

(c) It had anciently been a Custom among the *Romanes*, where both the *Consuls* were together, to command alternately by Months; but *Varro*, and *Paulus*, had otherwise agreed to command the Army by Alternate Days. *Paulus*, on his Day, kept the Army from engaging, but soon *Varro* took his turn, he, without consulting his *Colleague*, immediately gave Battel to the *Libyans*.

Cut all their Right-Hands off. But you, whom I
 Have often Weeping seen, commanded by
 The *Consul* to retire, or shun the Fo,
 No more expect the Signal, when you go
 To fight; or slow Commands: let ev'ry Man
 Be his own Leader, and go boldly on
 In his own Ways. When first the Sun shall shed
 His Morning Rays upon *Garganus* Head,
 These Hands the Ports shall open for you all:
 Then charge them quickly, and this Day recall,
 Which you have lost. Thus he, with mad Desires,
 To Fight, the discontented Camp inspires.
 When *Paulus*, not the same in Mind, or Face:
 But, as if, after Fight, he'd seen the Place
 Strew'd with his slaughter'd Friends; and, as if there
 In View the Miseries ensuing were:
 As when all Hope of her Son's Life is past,
 In Vain, his yet-warm Body, in her last
 Embrace, a Mother huggs, and seems to be
 Senseless with Grief. By *Rome's* dear Walls (said He)
 So often shaken! by those Souls, which now
 Night with a *Stygian* Shade surrounds, and know
 No Guilt, forbear I pray, to run upon
 Your Ruin, till the Wrath of Heav'n be gone,
 And Fortune's Fury be consum'd. 'Twill be
 Enough, if our New Men shall dare to see
 The Fo without a Fear; or if, at all,
 They will endure the Name of *Hannibal*.
 Saw'st thou not, when, within the Neighb'ring Plain,
 His Voice was heard, how soon the Blood again
 From their Pale Faces fled? and how their Arms
 Fell down before the Trumpets thrill Alarms?
*Fabi*us, as you suppose, was dull, and slow,
 To Fight; yet all those Souldiers, that did go
 L 1 2 With

With those blam'd Ensigns, now in Arms appear :
So do not those, that with *Flaminius* were.

But Heav'n avert such things ! and, if you are
Resolv'd my Counsel to resist, and Pray'r ;
Yet hearken to the Gods : for know, of old,

(b) *Sibylla*, called *Grynaea*, from an
Attribute of *Apollin*, who inspired her.

This the *Grynaean* (b) Prophetess foretold
To all the World, in former Ages ; Thee,
And this thy Headlong Rage, presaging, She
Divulg'd : and, as another Prophet, now,
I plainly to thee here thy Fate avow ;
Unless to Morrow's Ensigns be by thee
Refrain'd, Thou, with our Blood, wilt ratifie
The *Sybil's* Words : nor shall these Fields be fam'd
(If thou persist) from *Diomed*, but nam'd
FATAL, from thee. Thus *Paulus*, in whose Eys,
Enflam'd with Grief, the Tears began to rise.
And then a wicked Error stain'd the Night ;
For *Satricus*, made Captive in a Fight
In *Libya*, to *Xanthippus* was a Slave ;
Who him (for's Valour priz'd) soon after gave
To th' *Autololian* King. At *Sulmo* he
An House possess'd, and left two Sons to be
There Nurtur'd by their Mother : one they call
Mancinus ; t' other *Solymus*, to all
Known for his *Trojan* Name : for his Descent
Was *Dardane*, and his Ancestour, who went
After *Aeneas* Fortune, built, and Wall'd
A City fair, which *Solymon* he call'd,
From his own Name, and, 'mong *Italians* fam'd,
By them, corruptly now, is *Sulmo* nam'd.
This *Satricus*, the *Autololian* King,
Among his Barbarous Troops, did thither bring,
And, on Occasion, us'd him there to teach
Getulians to know the *Latine* Speech.

But

But, when he found a Possibility
Pelignian Walls, and's Native Home to see,
To second his Attempt, he takes the Night,
And quits by Stealth the Camp. Yet in his Flight
He took no Arms ; being fearfull to betray
Himself by's Shield, and Naked went away.
But, when the Spoils, and Dead within the Field,
Hespy'd ; *Mancinus* strip'd : his Arms, and Shield ;
He strait puts on, by which his former Fear
Was lightned : but the Body, which he there
Had Naked made, and he, whose Spoils he wore,
Was his own Son, there slain not long before,
By a fierce *Macian* Fo : Night growing on,
'Bout the first Sleep, behold ! his other Son
(Young *Solymus*) appointed, by his Fate,
Then to relieve the Watch, without the Gate,
From the *Ausonian* Camp, advanc'd with Speed,
To seek, among the Heaps o'th' scatter'd Dead,
Mancinus Body, and by Stealth Interr
His dearest Brother : but he had not far
Advanc'd, when arm'd from the *Sidonian* Side,
Coming up to him, he a Man espy'd ;
With which surpriz'd, into thy Tomb he flies
(*Ætolian* (c) *Thoas*) and there Skulking lies.
But when he saw no Souldiers in the Rear,
And that alone i'th' Dark he wandred there,
Out from the Sepulchre he leaps, and throws
At's Father's Naked Back, as on he goes,
A Jav'lin, not in vain. His Father, who
Thought that some *Tyrian* Troop did him pursue,
And gave the Wound, about him look'd, to know
The Aut hour of that unexpected Blow ;
But, when, with Speed, the Conquerour advanc'd,
And from the Arms, well-known, a Lustre glanc'd,

And,

(c) A Companion of *Diomedes*, buried there.

And, as the Moon did then Assistance yield,
 He plainly saw, it was his Brother's Shield.
 Enflam'd with Rage, I me not thy Son (said He)
 Oh *Saturnus* of *Sulmo*! Nor should be
Mancinus Brother: nor deserve a Name
 Among those Nephews, that directly came
 From *Dardan Solymus*; should I now thee
 Permit: (false *Libyan*) with Impunity
 To scape this Hand. Shall I endure thee wear
 My Brother's Spoils before my Face? or bear
 The Arms of a *Pelignian* House away,
 While I survive, or, guilty, see the Day?
 No (my dear Mother) these I'll bear to Thee,
 A gratefull Present, and most fit to be
 A Comfort to thy Griefs, for thy lost Son;
 That thou may'st them for ever fix upon
 His Sepulchre: and, as he spake that Word
 Aloud, he rush'd upon him with his Sword.
 But, *Saturnus*, who now could hardly stand,
 And faintly held his Weapon in his Hand,
 Hearing his Countrey nam'd, his Wife, and Sons,
 And Arms, cold Horrour through his Members runs,
 And stupifies his Sense: his dying Mouth,
 At length, this Language to the Furious Youth
 Breaths forth; O spare thy Hand, I pray thee, spare;
 Not that I beg for longer Life; it were
 A Sin in me to ask it: but the Stain
 Of this my Blood, I wish may not remain
 Upon thy Hand. I am that *Saturnus*,
 Captive to *Carthage*, sprung from *Solymus*,
 Now to my Countrey, by the *Tyrian* brought.
 I know, my Son, 'twas not in thee a Fault,
 When first thou didst thy Spear against me throw:
 I was a *Libyan* then; but from the Fo

I fled,

I fled to you, and hasten now to see
 My dear Wife's Face, prevented thus by Thee.
 This Target, as I came, I took away
 From thy dead Brother; but be sure to lay
 This with his Arms, excus'd, upon his Tomb:
 But, first be carefull, soon as Thou shalt come
 Into the Camp, my last Advice to bear
 To *Gen'ral Paulus*, that he have a Care
 Still to protract the War, and Fight decline
 With *Hannibal*; whose *Auguries* Divine
 Swell Him with Hopes, that He shall shortly see
 An Immense Slaughter. But, let *Varro* be,
 I pray, restrain'd: For he, as Fame doth tell,
 Is eager still your Eagles to impell.
 'Tis a great Comfort, as my Life now ends,
 That I have giv'n this Warning to my Friends.
 But thy last Kisses, now, bestow upon
 Thy Father lost, and found at once, my Son.
 Thus as he spake, his Helmet off he cast,
 And, with his trembling Arms, the Neck embrac'd
 Of's Son; amaz'd, and strove, with Words, his Shame
 To cure, and to excuse the Weapon's Blame; (Son,
 That gave the Wound. Who knows (said he) my
 Or who can testify what we have done?
 Doth not the Night conceal the Error? Why
 Dost tremble so? Thy Breast more close apply
 To mine. Why dost thou at such Distance stand?
 Ev'n I, thy Father, do absolve thy Hand,
 And pray, my Labours ending, it may close
 Mine Eys. The Youth, oppress'd with sudden Woes,
 Gave no return of Words to what he said:
 But, fighting deeply, labour'd to have staid
 His Blood, and (strangely weeping) to have bound,
 With his torn Shirt, the deep-inflicted Wound.

At

At length, among his many Sighs, thus he
Breaks into sad Complaints. Doth Fortune Thee
(Dear Father) to thy Countrey, and to Us,
Thus bring again? Or doth She, cruel, thus
Me to my Father, Him restore to Me?
Happy my Brother was, thrice happy He,
Who thought our Father was destroy'd by Fate:
But I, by *Tyrians* untouch'd, too late
Now know him by a Wound. It would have been
At least some Comfort, Fortune, to my Sin,
Had it been still left doubtfull: but my Woes
No longer shall be left to the Dispose
Of the unequal Gods. While his Complaints,
Distracted, thus he vents, his Father faints
Through loss of Blood, and into empty Air
His Life resolves: the Youth, with sad Despair,
Then lifting to the Stars his Eys; Thou Moon,
Who art sole Witness of what I have done,
By this pollux'd Hand; who by thy Light
Did'st guide my fatal Javlin, in its Flight,
Into my Father's Body: these mine Eys,
And curst Sight (said He) while in the Skies
Thou reign'st, no more shall thee contaminate.
With that his Sword his Breast doth penetrate;
Yet he endeavour'd to sustain the Wound,
Till, the Blood largely-flowing, on the Ground,
His Father's last Commands he thus did write
Upon his Target, VARRO, SHUN THE FIGHT,
Then on his Javlin's Point his Shield he hung,
And himself, dying, on his Father flung.

The Gods these Omens, of the following Fight,
To the *Ausonians* gave; and, as the Night,
Conscious of all this Wickedness, gave way
Her Shades retiring, to the rising Day,

The

The *Carthaginian* Captain citeth all
His Troops to Arms; the *Romane General*
The like performs: and such a Day, as in
No Age before, for *Libya* doth begin.
You need no Words (said *Hannibal*) & excite
Your Courage, or provoke you to the Fight:
But we have come from the *Herculean* Bounds,
With Conquest to these *Iapygian* Grounds.
We stout *Saguntus* have destroy'd; to Us
The *Alps* gave way; and proud *Eridanus*
(The chief of Rivers in *Italian* Ground)
Flows in a captive Chancel; *Trebia's* drown'd
In Humane Blood: *Flaminius*, who was slain
By Us, (a Burthen to the *Tyrrhen* Plain)
Lyes buried there; and all the Fields are fill'd
With *Romane* Bones, and since were never till'd.
But, now, behold a Day, more bright, then all
These Titles, and which to our Wishes shall
Afford more Blood. This Fight's Renown to Me
A true Reward, and Great enough shall be.
All other things your Conquest shall become;
And, without Chance of Lots, whatever *Rome*
Hath hither, from the rich *Iberian* Coast,
Brought, as her Spoil; or what She else can boast
In her ⁽⁴⁾ *Aetnean* Triumphs, or what more
Sh' hath basely ravish'd from the *Libyan* Shore,
Your Swords shall gain; and you shall carry Home,
All, that to your Victorious Hands shall come.
Nothing of their vast Wealth will I, as due
To Me (your *General*) demand: for You
Hath the *Dardanian* Spoiler plunder'd all
The conquer'd World so long. Whoe'er can call
Himself a Native *Tyrian*, or can claim,
From his Original, a *Sarrane* Name,

M m

If

(4) *Sicilian*.

If him the fair *Laurentine* Land, which now
Sigeæ Swains (your future Slaves) do Plow,
 Delight; or, rather, the *Buxentian* Fields,
 Where Corn, an hundred-Fold, the Goddess yield:
 He give him Choice of Lands, and add to them
 These Banks, which *Tyber* with his conquer'd Stream
 Doth largely water. But then whosoe'er
 (My dear Companions) doth now appear
 In Arms, and brings from *Byrsa's* farthest Land,
 As an Ally, his Aids: if He his Hand
 Stain'd with *Aufonian* Blood, shall shew to Me,
 He shall a Citizen of *Carthage* be.
 Nor let *Garganus*, or this *Danubian* Land
 Deceive you; at the very Walls you stand
 Of *Rome*: though far that City's lofty Site
 Be distant from this Place, where we shall fight;
 Here shall She fall this Day, and henceforth I
 Shall need no more your Valour to employ
 In War (my Souldiers) but from hence You shall
 Directly march into the *Capitol*.
 This said: their Works, and Rampires down they throw,
 And over all Delays of Trenches go;
 While he, the Place well view'd, in order'd Ranks,
 Draws up his Troops, upon the winding Banks.
 The Barb'rous *Nasamonian* Bands were plac'd
 In the left Wing, and the *Marmarick*, vast
 Of Body, the fierce *Moors*, and *Macians*,
Mossilian Troops, and *Garamantians*.
 With them the *Adrimachides*, that give
 Themselves to War, and love by it to live;
 Then all those People, that inhabit on
 The Banks of *Nile*, and from the scorching Sun
 Shelter their Tawny Bodies: These their Head,
 And chief Commander, stout *Neeles* led.

But

But the right Wing did valiant *Mago* guide;
 Plac'd where swift *Ausidus* doth wandering glide,
 By winding Banks, with crooked Streams: and there
 The Active Troops of rough *Pyrene* were,
 And with confused Murmurs fill'd the Shore:
 There shin'd the Warlike Youths, that Targets bore.
 Before the rest, *Cansabrians* appear,
 And *Gascoins*, that no Helmets use to wear,
 With *Betick* Troops, and him, that, fighting, flings
 His flying Lead from *Balearick* Slings.
 But the main Battel *Hannibal* Commands:
 Which, with His Father's old Victorious Bands
 He strengthens, and Blood-thirsty *Celte*, who
 Their Troops oft muster on the Banks of *Po*.
 But, where his Course the River turn'd away,
 So that the Files unflank'd, and Open lay,
 His *Libyan* Elephants in Order stood,
 Their dusky Backs all charg'd with Towers of Wood;
 Which, when they forward march'd, up to the Skies,
 Like Battlements, or moving Walls, did rise.
 But, the *Numidian* Horse were left to Scout
 On ev'ry Side, and scour the Field throughout:
 While he new Force to his incensed Men
 Inspireth, and, Infatiable, agen
 Exhorting, fires their Thoughts by boasting, He
 A present Witness to each Man would be,
 And ev'ry Person by his Actions know,
 And what Right-Hand a singing Dart did throw.
 Now, from their Works, the Legions *Varro* drew,
 From whence the Rife of their Destruction grew;
 While joyfull *Charon* busily made Room,
 In his pale River, for the Souls to come.
 The Van, affrighted at the Signs of Blood
 Upon the hanging Shield, like Statues, stood:

M m 2

Fix'd

Fix'd at the Omen. Near to that, a Face
Of Dread, two Bodies dead in their Embrace.
The fatal Wound within his Father's Breast,
With his Right-Hand, the Son, to hide it, prest.
At this they wept, and then (Alas!) too late
Lament *Mancinus* in his Brother's Fate.
Then the sad *Angury*, and Looks alike,
In the dead Bodies, a fresh Sorrow strike;
At length, their Errour's Guilt, and Fates to be
Lamented, and the Arms, that bid them flee
The Battel, to their *General* they show.
His Thoughts now all a fire; To *Paulus* go
With these (said He) for him (whose Fears now stand
In his unmanly Breast) that guilty Hand
May move, which, stain'd with cruel Slaughter, when
The *Furies* Punishment demanded, then
Perhaps, with's Father's Blood this Charm did write.
This said, with Threats, his Orders for the Fight
Through all the Army run, with Speed: and where
Nealeus led his Barb'rous Nations, there
Himself with *Marfians*, *Samnites*, and with those
The *Iapygians* sent, He doth oppose.

(c) But, in the Middle of the Field, where he
Perceiv'd the *Libyan General* to be
Against him, he *Servilius* commands,
To lead the *Umbrian*, and *Picenian* Bands.
Paulus the right Wing led, and beside these,
T' attend the Plots of nimble *Numades*,
Scipio, a party took, with Charge, where e're
He spy'd their Troops within the Plains appear,
He should Advance, and Fight. Both Armies now
Drew near, and by the Running to, and fro,
The confus'd Neighing of the fiery Steeds,
And clashing Arms, a sudden Murmur spreads

It

(c) The *Persagreeth* with *Livy*, in the Nomination of the Commanders of the *Roman* Army. But *Polypius* adds *Marcus Atrilius* to be joyned with *Servilius* in the command of the *Battalion*, and affirms *Fannus*, instead of *Maharbal*, to lead the right Wing of *Hannibal's* Army.

It self through all the troubled Troops: as when
Loud Conflicts 'twixt the Winds, and Seas, begin
Their inward Rage; and Storms, that lave the Skies,
The Billows strait let loose: and, as they rise, (Rocks,
Their threatning Noise, through all the trembling
From their Foundations shaken by the Shocks,
Expire; and Surges, from the Bottom thrown,
With angry Foam, the lab'ring Ocean Crown.

Nor was this cruel Storm of Fate alone
The Labour of the Earth, Diffension
Crept into Heav'n, and Gods to War incites.
Here Father *Mars*, and here *Apollo* fights,
And *Neptune* there: vex't *Cytherea* here,
And *Vesta*, and *Alicides* angry, there,
For lost *Saguntus*. Old *Cybele* too,
And Gods of Mortals made: *Quirinus*, who
First rais'd the *Roman* State; with *Faunus*: then
Pollux, that lately, with his Brother-Twin,
Had shifted his Alternate Life: but there,
Girt with a Sword, *Saturnia* doth appear;
And *Pallas*, among the *Libyan* Waters born:
And *Hannibal* too, whose Temples with an Horn
Are Circumflex'd, and many lesser Gods
Beside; who coming, from their blest Abodes,
To see this Fight, with their Approaches shook
The Earth; and all their sev'ral Stations took.
Some on the Neighb'ring Hills, while others throw'd
Themselves, from Mortal Eys, within a Cloud.
The Heav'ns were empty left, while all to Wars
Descend: and strait to the forsaken Stars
As great a Clamour rose, as when, within
Phlegrean Plains, the Giants did begin
The Fight with *Hercules*; or *Jove*, for all
His Thunder-bolts, did on the *Cyclops* call,

When

When the bold Earth-born Army did invade
 His Throne, and Mountains upon Mountains laid.
 The Charge so fierce: no Dart, or Spear before
 The rest was thrown; but an impetuous Showr
 Of Shafts together fell, with equal Rage:
 And, as they, thirsting after Blood, engage,
 The Storm a Multitude of both destroy'd.
 But, where the Sword more closely was employ'd,
 The greater Number dy'd: on whom the rest
 Stood to maintain the Fight; and, as they prest
 To strike a Fo, would spurn them as they groan.
 The Sea as soon, with raging Billows thrown
 'Gainst *Calpe*, might remove it from its Seat;
 As all the *Libyan* Rage to a Retreat
 Could force the *Romanes*: or the *Romanes* make
 The *Libyan* Bands their Station to forsake.
 So close they fight, no Space was left at all
 For Blows to miss; or, when they dy'd, to fall:
 Helmets 'gainst Helmets clash, and ev'ry Stroke
 Excus'd the hidden Flames. Targets are broke
 'Gainst Targets, Swords by Swords are hack'd, and Feet
 On Feet do tread; so furiously they meet:
 Breasts against Breasts are bruise'd, and where they stood
 Earth could not be discern'd, o'reflow'n with Blood:
 And the thick Clouds of Arrows, as they fly,
 Take from their Eys the Day, and hide the Sky.
 Those of the second Rank, as if they fought
 I'th Front, with their long Pikes, and Lances, fought
 To wound the Fo: and those, that farthest stood,
 With missile Weapons labour'd to make good
 The Fight, with those were foremost: all the rest,
 With Clamour, their Desire to Fight express'd,
 And, with their horrid Shouts, the Enemy
 Provoke. And now all sorts of Weapons fly:

Some

Some hard'ned Stakes, Pines burning others fling,
 And weighty Piles. These Fatal Pellets fling;
 Those Darts: and, which would shake the strongest
 Huge Stones from the *Phalarick* Engines fall: (Wall,
 And through the Clouds the singing Arrows fly.
 How can I hope (ye Goddesses whom I
 Religiously adore) this Day to show
 To future Times: Can you such Pow'r allow
 (Ye Learned Virgins) to my Mortal Song?
 And trust the *Canna* to a single Tongue?
 If you affect our Fame, nor shall decline
 To give Assistance to our high Design;
 Hither from your *Parnassus*, hither all
 Your Sacred Lays, and Father *Phœbus* call.
 But maist thou (Noble *Romane*) still appear
 As Constant, and thy future Triumphs bear
 With as great Courage, as Adversity
 Thou then didst meet! Such maist Thou ever be!
 Nor tempt the Gods to try, if those, that are
 Deriv'd from *Troy*, can bear so great a War;
 And thou (O *Rome*) no more with Tears deplore
 Thy dubious Fate; but rather, now, adore
 Those Wounds, that shall Eternal Praise to Thee
 Produce: for Thou shalt never Greater be;
 But sink in thy Success, and by the Name
 Of former Miseries defend Thy Fame.

Now Fortune, shifting Sides, between them went,
 Deluding, with sad Doubts of the Event,
 The Rage of Both; and furious *Mars*, so long
 As Hope, between, in equal Ballance hung,
 Rag'd in their Arms alike. So have I seen
 The standing Corn, while yet the Stems were green,
 Mov'd by a gentle Wind, wave to, and fro,
 The Weighty Ears, which, as they Nodding go

To

To this Side, then to that, alternately
The fev'ral Motions of the Wind obey.

At length *Nealces*, with confused Shouts,
Brings on his Barb'rous Troops; and, Charging, routs
The adverse Wing: the Ranks disorder'd, through
The Intervals, the fierce victorious Fo
Breaks on the trembling Files; and strait a Flood,
(That like a Torrent rush'd) of reeking Blood
Runs on the Plain. None, falling, are by Spears!
Thrust on their Faces: for the *Romane* fears

(^f) Wounds on the Back, and on his Breast receives
His cruel Death, and Life with Honour leaves.

Among the first, affecting still to be
I'th hottest of the Fight, and equally
To meet all Dangers, stood brave *Scævola*;
Who, scorning to survive so sad a Day,
Sought worthy his great Ancestour to fall,
And dy beneath that Name: perceiving all
Was lost, Our Life, how short foe're it be,
Now in despiht of Fate, let Us (said he)
Extend. For Valour is an empty Name;
Unless, in Death's Approach, a lasting Fame
By suff'ring bravely, or by Wounds, we gain
Surviving Honour. Speaking thus, amain
Into the Midst, where the fierce *Libyan's* Hand
Cut out his Way, through those, that did withstand,
He, like a Tempest, falls; and, there he slew
Tall *Calathus*, and with his Sword quite through
His Body pierc'd, as boasting, he put on
The Arms of one there slain: strait down upon
The Ground he tumbles, biting with his Teeth
The Hostile Arms; the Tortures of his Death
By that suppressing, as he groveling lay.
Neither could *Gabar*, or stout *Sicha* stay,

With

With their joint Valour, his Impetuous Rage,
For valiant *Gabar*, as he did engage,
Lost his Right-Hand, but *Sicha*, mad with Grief,
And coming rashly on to his Relief,
Stumbling by Chance upon his Sword, doth wound
His Naked Foot, by which upon the Ground
He falls, and by the Hand of's dying Friend
Lies prostrate. This his Fury, in the end,
Nealces fatal Rage upon him brought,
Who, by so great a Name incited, sought
The Honour of his Fall, and strait a Stone,
Torn from the Neighbouring Rock, and tumbled down
By the swift Torrent, from the Mountain, took,
And threw it at his Face: his Jaws were broke
Asunder with the Weight; his Face no more
Its Form retains: mix'd with thick Clots of Gore,
His Brains flow through his Nose, and both his Eys
Dash'd from his mingled Front, he falls, and dyes.
Then *Marius* fell, endeavouring to relieve
Cæsar his Friend, and fearfull to survive
His Death: Both Youths, in Age alike, both poor
Alike, and both Sacred *Præseste* bore:
They joyn'd their Labours, and both jointly till'd
Their Neighbouring Fields, they both refus'd, and wish'd
Still the same things; their Minds alike, through all
Their Life. A Wealthy Concord in a Small
Estate. They fell together, and expir'd
In Fight together, as they both desir'd.
Their Arms, the Trophy of *Simebus* were.
But such a Benefit of Fortune there
The *Libyan* could not long enjoy. For now
The valiant *Scipio* with a threatening Brow
Came on (sore griev'd to see his Cohorts fly)
And *Varro* (Cause of all their Misery)

N n

With

(^f) This hath been frequently observed of the *Romans*, when they have seen their Cause desperate, particularly in *Cataline's* Army, where every man, that dyed, fell with his Face towards his Enemy. See *Salust.*

With *Curio* yellow-hair'd, and *Brutus*, from
 The first great *Consul* sprung, that rescued *Rome*;
 These by their Valour, had the Field regain'd,
 Had not the *Libyan General* restrain'd
 With a fierce Charge, his Troops, about to fly.
 Who when far off, He *Varro* did espy
 Engag'd, and near him moving to, and fro;
 The *Lictor*, in his Scarlet Coat, I know
 That Pomp, I know the Ensigns of your State
 (Said He): such your *Flaminius* was of late;
 Thus speaking, by the Thunder of his Shield,
 His Fury he Proclaims, through all the Field.
 Oh wretched *Varro*! Thou might'st there have dy'd
 With *Paulus*, had not angry Heav'n deny'd
 That thou by *Hannibal*, should'st there be slain.
 How often to the Gods might'st thou complain,
 That thou did'st scape the *Libyan* Sword: For there
 Bringing thy Safety, when thou did'st despair
 Of Life, upon Himself brave *Scipio* all
 The Danger turn'd: nor was fierce *Hannibal*
 Unwilling: (though by that Diversion, He
 The Honour of *Olympus* Victory
 Had lost). Thee for a greater Fo to change,
 And by that offer'd Combat, to Revenge
 On Him, the Rescue of his Father, near
Ticinus. Now the Champions both appear
 From several Quarters of the World, then whom
 Earth never yet beheld two Greater come
 Within the Lifts; in Strength, and Courage held
 Both equal; but the *Romane* Prince excell'd
 In Piety, and Faith. Then from the Cloud
 (Wherein from Mortal Eys, the Gods did shroud
 Themselves) leap'd forth (to view the Fight more near)
 For *Scipio*, *Mars*, and *Pallas*, full of Fear,

For

For *Hannibal*, The Champions both abide
 Undaunted, but their Entrance terrifi'd
 The Armies: Round about thick gloomy Fires,
 Where *Pallas* moves, her *Gorgon's* Mouth expires,
 And dreadfull Serpents hiss upon her Shield:
 Her Eys, like two great Comets, through the Field
 Disperse a Bloody Light, and to the Skies,
 From her large Crest, the waving Flames arise.

But *Mars*, the Air disturbing with his Spear,
 And covering with his Shield the Plain, doth wear
 His Mail; which, by the Lab'ring *Cyclops* made,
Etnean Flames through all the Field displai'd:
 And, with his radiant Cask, doth, rising, strike
 The Stars. The Champions, on the Fight, alike
 Intent, though traversing with watchfull Eys,
 Their Ground, perceiv'd the Armed Deities
 Approach; and, glad that they Spectatours were,
 Increas'd the Fury of their Minds. And here
 A Jav'lin *Pallas* from the *Libyan's* Side
 Lets fly, with a strong Force: which, soon espy'd
 By *Mars*, instructed to afford his Aid,
 By that Example of the furious Maid;
 Strait his *Etnean* Sword into the Hands
 O'th' Youth, he puts, and greater things Commands.
 At this the Maid incens'd, her Visage burn'd
 In Flames of Rage, and She so strangely turn'd
 Her glaring Eys, that in her Dreadfull Look
 She *Gorgon* overcame: as then, She shook
 Her *Egi*, all her Snakes their Bodies rear'd,
 And, at her first Assault, ev'n *Mars* appear'd
 A little to give Ground: the Goddess still
 Pursu'd, and Part of the adjoining Hill,
 Torn up, with all the Stones, that on it grew,
 'Gainst *Mars*, with all her Force, and Fury, threw.

N n 2

The

The Horrour of its Fall, diffus'd o're
 The Plain, frights *Saffon* with a trembling Shore.
 But, when the King of Gods this Fight's Intent
 Perceiv'd, involv'd in Clouds, *He Iris* sent,
 With Speed, their too great Fury to allay,
 And thus instructs her. Goddess, haste away
 To the *Oenotrian* Land, and there her Rage
 Command thy Sister *Pallas* to assuage;
 Bid her not hope to change the fix'd Decree
 Of Fate: and likewise tell Her, that, if She
 Desist not (for the Poison, and the Fire
 Of Her fierce Minde I know) and check her Ire,
 Against the *Romane*, She shall understand,
 How much the dreadful Thunder of my Hand
 Excells her *Egit*. When *Tritoniæ* knew
 This, a long time Uncertain what to do,
 And doubtfull in her Thoughts, if She should yield
 To Her Father's Arms: Well, We will quit the Field
 (Said She) but, when We are thus expuls'd, will *fove*
 Hinder us to behold from Heav'n above
Garganus Fields reeking with Blood. This said:
 Under an hollow Cloud, the furious Maid
 To other Places of the Battel took
 The *Libyan General*, and Earth forsook.
 But *Mars*, the Goddess gone, recalls again
 Their Courage; and, dispers'd through all the Plain,
 (Encompass'd with a Cloud, as black as Night)
 With his own Hand, strait recollects the Fight.
 The *Romane* now their Ensigns turn, and, Fear
 Quite laid aside, the Slaughter every where
 Renew. Then *Eolus*, who o're the Winds
 Is King, and them within a Prison binds,
 Who *Boreas*, *Eurus*, *Coris*, *Notus*, and
 The Rest, ev'n Heav'n-disturbing, doth Command,

At

At *Juno's* Suit, whose Promises were great,
 Furious (*Æolus*) (whose Imperial Seat
 Is in th' *Eolian* Plains) into the Fight
 Let's loose: (for then the Goddess took Delight
 By him to vindicate her cruel Ire.)
 He having divid'd in *Ætna* deep, and Fire
 Conceiv'd, strait raising up his flaming Head
 Into the Air, with horrid Roaring fled:
 From thence, and through the *Danubian* Kingdoms
 Clouds of congested Dust, and, where He goes,
 The dark'ned Air from all, (as if the Day
 Were spent) their Sight, Hands, Voices took away.
 Then 'gainst th' *Italians* Faces Globes of Sand
 (Sad to relate) he drives; and his Command
 To fight against them doth with Rage pursue;
 And, with that Weight of Ruin, overthrow
 The Souldiers, Arms, and Trumpets, and reverts
 Upon the *Rutuli* their flying Darts,
 And frustrates, with his adverse Blasts, their Blows:
 But all the Weapons, that the *Libyan* throws,
 He seconds; and their Jav'lines, and their Spears,
 As with the Loop asisting, forward bears.
 The Souldiers, now, chok'd with thick Dust, and Breath
 Stopp'd 'twixt their Jaws, that poor, ignoble Death
 Lament; while, hiding in the troubled Air
 His yellow Head, and, strewing all his Hair
 With Sand, *Vulturinus*, with his roaring Wings,
 Sometimes flies at their Backs, and sometimes flings
 Himself against their Faces, in a Storm,
 That whistling loud whole Cohorts doth disarm:
 Some, that press'd on, and ready, with a Blow,
 To fix it th' Throat of the now-yielding Fo,
 Their Swords he, in the very Stroak, withstands,
 And, entering to a Wound, pulls back their Hands.

Nor

(g) A strong South-East-Wind blowing frequently in that part of the Country (and so called by the Inhabitants) which, gained in this Fight by the *Carthaginians*, did exceedingly incommode the *Romans*. See *Levy*, Book 22.

Nor was't enough, that thus the *Romane Arms*,
And Men, he spoil'd; but with loud bellowing Storms,
Gainst *Mars* himself, his Fury he express'd
And twice with Whirl-wind shook his lofty Crest.

While thus *Eolian* Fury did engage
The *Latine* Troops, and *Mars* provok'd to Rage:
Pallas, near whom *Saturnia* stood, to *Jove*
Thus speaks. Behold! What Billows *Mars* doth move
Against the *Libyans*! With what Slaughters he
Himself doth glut! Is't not your Will (said She)
I pray, that *Iris* now to Earth descend?
Though I, when I was there, did not intend
The *Teucri* to destroy (for let your *Rome*
Reign with my Pledge, and my *Palladium*
There still remain) yet was I loath the Light
Of my dear *Libya*, *Hannibal*, should quite
Extinguish'd be, or that, in Prime of all
His Years, so Great Beginnings now should fall:
Here *Juno* took the Word, and, from a Sence
Of her long Labours, Yes (said She) that hence
The World may know, how great *Jove's* Empire is,
How much his Pow'r, how much his Wife by this
All other Gods excels! Now let thy Fire
The Tow'rs of *Carthage*, (nothing We desire)
Destroy: the *Tyrian* Army sinking down,
Through gaping Earth, in *Syrian* Waters drown;
Or else o'erwhelm them in the Neighb'ring Main.
To whom *Jove* mildly thus replies. In vain
You strive with Fate, and feeble Hopes prolong,
That Youth (Oh Daughter!) against whom so strong,
So furious thou didst fight, shall overcome
The *Africans*, and shall from that assume
That Nation's Name, and shall transport withall
The *Libyan* Lawrel to the *Capitol*.

And

And He, on whom such Courage (Wife) by thee
Such Honour is bestow'd (so Fates decree)
Shall turn his Arms from the *Laurentine* Land,
Nor do the Limits of his Mischiefs stand
Far off; the Day, and Hour approach, with Haste,
Wherein Hee'l with, that he no *Alps* had pass'd.
This said, He *Iris* sends away with Speed
To charge the God of War, he should Recede,
And quit the Fight. He not at all contends
With those Commands, but, murmuring, ascends
Into the Clouds, though Trumpets in the Fight,
Wounds, Blood, and Arms, and Clamours him delight.

The Gods no more contending, and the Plain,
Now clear'd from *Mars*, the *Libyan* again,
From the Remotest Part, where he to shun
Celestial Arms, retir'd, came furious on;
And, with loud Shouts, along his Foot, and Horse,
His Towred Elephants, and all the Force
Of's batt'ring Engines drew, and as he spy'd
A Valiant Youth, that with his Sword destroy'd
His lighter Troops, his Anger, sparkling in
His Bloody Cheeks, What God (said He) again,
Or what dire Furies Thee, *Minutius*, thus
Drive; on thy Foot: That thou, once more to Us,
Dar'st trust thyself? Where now is *Fabius*, made
Thy Father by Our Arms, to give thee Aid?
Wretch! 'tis sufficient once to scape from Me;
With this proud Language, He a Lance lets flee,
That swift, as from an Engine thrown, his Breast
Peirc'd through, and with the Stroke, his Speed suppress'd.
Nor is't enough the Sword doth Rage: they send
Fierce Beasts, and the *Italian* Youth contend
With Monsters. For, well mounted, *Lucas* Rid
Up to the *Moor*, that with his Spear did guide

The

The Elephants, commanding him t' excite,
 With greater Speed, the Heard into the Fight.
 The warlike Beasts, then driv'n on, and goar'd (roar'd:
 With frequent Wounds, made Haste, and strangely
 With Flames, and Men, and Darts, the lofty Tow'rs
 On their pale backs were arm'd; whence furious shows
 Of Stones fell on the Troops, and where they move
 Thick Storms of Shafts (as from the Clouds above)
 The *Libyans* from their flying Castles throw;
 While a long Wall of Teeth (as white as Snow)
 Runs through the Ranks, and, with their Points declin'd,
 From the bow'd Top, the Spears of Ivy shin'd.
 Here, among others, full of Fear, a Youth,
 Call'd *Ufen*, through his Armour, by the Teeth
 Of one of them was struck, and born through all
 The troubled Ranks; while he in Vain doth call
 For Help, the Point, where, quilted thick, was ty'd
 His Breast-Plate, lightly pierc'd by his Left-Side,
 And, his unwounded Body lifting high,
 Clash'd gainst his Shield. His Magnanimity,
 The sudden Danger not at all dismay'd,
 But, turning that Misfortune to his Praise,
 Now, near the Forehead of the furious Beast,
 Through both his Eyes his Sword he quickly prest.
 When trait, enraged by the fatal Wound,
 Rising upright, he tumbles to the Ground,
 The Tow'r drawn backward by its Weight: and then
 The Elephant depriv'd of Sight, the Men
 And Arms (a Spectacle of Terror) all
 Are crush'd together in her sudden fall.

The yet-prevailing *Romans* to withstand
 The Fury of these Monsters, gives Command,
 That burning Torches wherefoe're they go,
 Should be oppos'd, and Sulph'rous Flames to throw
 Into

Into their Tow'rs. This, with all Speed, obey'd,
 The Elephants they suddenly invade:
 Whose smoaking Backs, with Flames collected shin'd
 That, driv'n on by the Tempestuous Winde,
 Through their high Bulwarks Fire, devouring, spread:
 As when on *Rhodope*, or *Pindus* Head,
 A Shepherd scatters Fire; and through the Groves,
 And Woods, like an hot Plague, it raging moves:
 The leavy Rocks are fir'd; and all the Hills,
 Leaping now here, now there, bright *Vulcan* fills.
 But, when the burning Sulphur once begun
 To parch their Skins, th' unruly Monsters run,
 Like mad, and drive the Cohorts from their Stand:
 Neither durst Any undertake, at Hand,
 To fight them; but their Darts, and Jav'lines throw
 At Distance: burning, they impatient grow,
 And, through the Heat of their vast Bodies, here,
 And there, the scatter'd Flames encreasing bear;
 Till by the smooth adjoining Stream, at last,
 Deceiv'd, themselves into 't, they Headlong cast,
 And with them all their Flames, that still appear
 'Bove the tall Banks, till both together, there,
 In the deep Chancel of the Flood expire.

But, where the Fight continued still, nor Fire
 Had vex'd the Elephants, from fatal Hands
 Now Darts, now Stones, on the *Rheteian* Bands,
 And winged Lead, at Distance fall, like Hail.
 As when an Army doth a Fortrefs scale
 Through steep Ascents, or storms a fenced Tow'r.
 Worthy himself, and a more happy Hour,
 Here *Mutius* rais'd his Hand, and nearer goes,
 (In his Attempt unhappy) to oppose
 Their Fury with his Sword; but, with a Breath
 Expiring Heat, and Murmurs threatning Death,
 O o A furious

A furious Monster caught him from the Ground,
 And in her winding Trunk his Body bound;
 Which rose'd aloft, into the Air, and lank'd
 Oft gainst the Earth, was all to Pieces dash'd.
 Amidst these Slaughters, loon, as *Paulus* spy'd
Varro in Arms, upbraiding him, he cry'd;
 Now let us meet with *Hannibal*, whom Thou
 Plac'd'st fore thy Chariot, bound in Chains, didst vow
 To give the City. Oh unhappy *Rome*!
 And People, fatal in thy Favour! whom
 From the foul Guilt of so great Ills no Time
 Can e're absolve, or purge Thee from this Crime.
 Which shouldst thou, rather, with had ne're been born
Varro, or *Hannibal*? Thus, with sad Scorn,
 While *Paulus* spoke, the *Libyan* furiously
 Advancing, at the Backs of them, that fly
 (Ev'n in their *Gen'ral's* View) all Shafts provokes.
 The *Consul's* Helmet, by their furious Stroaks
 Bruis'd, and his Arms all shatter'd, *Paulus* throws
 Himself, more fierce at this, among his Foes.
 But *Varro*, having lost his Courage quite,
 (While *Paulus* to another Place the Fight
 Pursu'd) strait wheels about, and, with his Hand
 Turning his Horse, said; Thou dost justly stand
 Corrected, *Rome*, that didst to *Varro* give
 Command in War while *Fabius* is alive.
 But now, what civil Discord in my Minde,
 What sad Diffension of my Fate, I finde?
 What secret Fraud of Destinies? I all
 These Torments will determine in my Fall.
 But, Oh! some God my Sword withholds, and Me
 Reserves (Alas!) for greater Misery!
 Shall I live then? and to the Tribes agen
 The *Fisces*, stain'd with Blood of Country-Men,
 And

And broken thus return? And, as I go,
 My Face to other angry Cities show?
 Or, (then which Nought more Cruel could for Me
 By *Hannibal* be wish'd) fly hence, and Thee,
 Oh *Rome*! behold? More his distracted Fear
 Had utter'd; but the Enemy drew Near,
 And Charging him more Close with Darts, his Steed
 Snatch'd the loose Reins, and fled the Field with Speed.

The End of the Ninth Book.

O O 2

Silius



*Hic cines ad Numulum duntaxat Fugit Paulus
Hic et Hostilis Lethi Involvit Honorum.*
*Honoratis: Domino Dn. de
Compton. Comiti Northampton.*

*Omnia Exequio Nolo iungere Annibal' itas
Sed Decore Laudat' Fide: ut:*
*Jacobo Compton Baroni de
Tabula summa cum obsequiis. D.D.*



SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

The Tenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Paulus great Valour, and what Slangbeers he
At Cannæ made. He is advis'd to flee;
But Thoughts of Flight rejects. By Hannibal,
Christa, with his six Sons, together fall.
Servilius, by Viriathus slain,
By Paulus Hand is soon reveng'd again;
And, fighting midst his Foer, at length he dies:
The Libyan Celebrates his Obsequies,
Commends his Valour, and his Noble End.
Their Counsels, who their Countrey did intend
To quit, by Scipio are suppress'd. To Rome,
Without all Pomp, doth Consul Varro come.
The Multitude, incens'd against him, are
By Fabius appeas'd. The Slaves for War
Are Arm'd: the Senate passeth a Decree,
That none, that Captiv'd are, shall ransom'd be.



HEN Paulus saw, the Ad-
verse Fight encreas't;
As, when, with Spears encom-
pass'd, a wilde Beast
Leaps on their Points, and by
his Wounds doth know,

Where to direct his Rage, and choose a Fo:

Into

Into the thickest of the Globes he goes,
 And to all Dangers doth himself expose,
 And seeks a Death from ev'ry valiant Hand:
 Upbraiding thus his flying Men; Oh! stand,
 Stand stoutly to't, and in your Breasts receive
 The Sword; nor, wounded in your Backs, thus leave
 The World: there nothing now remains, at all,
 For Us, but the sole Glory of our Fall.
 Me, to the Shades below, you all shall find
 Your Leader. Then swift, as the Northern Winde,
 Or winged Shafts (which, in dissembled Flight,
 The Parthian backward shoots into the Fight)
 And, where, unmindfull of his tender Age,
Patrus (like *Mars*, in Courage) did engage,
 He rush'd into the mid'd of all his Foes,
 And the Youth, whom light *Vascons* did enclose;
 And fierce *Cantabrians* did with Darts surround,
 Freed from their cruel Arms: while they gave Ground,
 And Trembling fled. As when a Goat, in View,
 Through a large Plain, the Huntsmen close pursue;
 And, in the Chase, the weary Beast so nigh
 Approach, they think to catch't: if suddenly,
 Gnashing his Teeth, a Lion, from his Den,
 Before their Eys appears; their Colour, then,
 And Blood flies from their Cheeks, their Weapons all,
 Inferiour to their Danger, they let fall,
 And, flying, think no more upon their Prey.
 Now, with his Sword, on such, as in his Way
 Oppose, he press'd: and such, whom baser Fear
 Made fly, with Darts he follows in the Rear.
 Fury, and Rage delight him; and, to Crown
 His Deeds with Honour, by his Hand alone
 A multitude of Nameless People fall.
 And, if another *Paulus*, there, 'mong all

The

The *Dardan Troop* had been *Came* in Name
 Had surely lost, and *Hannibal* his Fame
 At length, his Wing declin'd, and suddenly
 The Front gives Way, and all together fly
 There *Labinus* fell, whom *Cingulum*
 Sent from her lofty Walls: there *Ocrius*, whom
 With *Opiter*, Vine-bearing *Settia* sent,
 From fertile Hills. Their Deaths were different, and
 Though the *Sidonians* join'd the Time: farther, and
 Shot through the Hip, fell *Labinus*; here,
 One through the Shoulder, t'other through the Knees
 The Brothers, wounded, him accompany:
 And there *Mecenas*; who, of antient Fame,
 Through the *Maonian* Land, his Noble Name
 From *Tyrrhen* Kings deriv'd, wounded quite through
 The Groin, a *Tyrian* Jav'lin, likewise Slew.
 But, through the thickest, *Paulus*, scorning all
 Desires of Life; and, seeking *Hannibal*,
 Charg'd furiously, and thought his Destiny
 Could only cruel be, if he should dy,
 And *Hannibal* survive. Fearing this Rage
 (For that, if once in Fight they did engage,
 So great a Storm, and Tempest could not be
 Without great Mischief) *fumo* instantly,
 (a) Frighted *Metellus* Shape assuming, Why
 Consul (said She) sole Hope of Italy!
 Dost thou Renew thy Rage in Vain, while Fate
 Refits? if *Paulus* live, the *Romane* State
 May stand; if otherwise, thou draw'st with Thee
 All Italy. Oh *Paulus*! Can it be
 That thou wilt, while the State thus totters, go
 To hazard gainst so insolent a Fo
 Thy Sacred Head? For, now, so flush'd in War
 Is *Hannibal*, that with the Thunderer

He

(a) *Vid. infra*, pag. 12.

He dares contend : and *Varro* (I beheld,
When first He wheel'd about) hath left the Field,
Himself reserving for a better Day.
Allow the Fates their Time, and, while you may,
From Death redeem your Soul, that's greater far
Than Ours ; You soon may have another War.
To this, with Sighs, the *General* reply'd.
And is't not Cause enough (if Nought beside
Did move Me) that I now should with to dy
In Arms, when to an Act, so Monstrous, I
Metellus urging hear? Thou, Fool ! away.
Fly, Oh ! fly hence with Speed, nor (Heav'n I pray)
Thee in the Back may Hostile Weapons wound !
But with thy *Varro* mayst thou safe, and sound,
Enter the Walls of *Rome* ! Dost Thou think Me
Worthy so base a Life, and not to be
As worthy (Coward) of a Nobler End :
Because the *Libyan*, who dares contend
(Forsooth!) with *Jove*, permits it? Oh, thou base
Degen'rate Issue of a Valiant Race !
When should I choose to fight? With whom should I
Desire to Cope, but such an One, that by
My Hand subdu'd, or I by his, might give
To Me a Name, that after Death shall live?

Thus chiding, 'mong his Foes himself he threw :
And, as *Acherrus* covertly withdrew
From the throng'd *Maniples*, and sought Retreat
To the Main Body, with more nimble Feet,
Him through the thickest Ranks, with Targets fill'd,
And confipated Arms, pursu'd, and kill'd.
So *Belgick* Hounds a hidden Boar pursue,
And with Sagacious Noses, drown'd in Dew,
Through devious Ways, the doublings of the Beast
Detect, and all his Footsteps closely prest,

Through

Through thickest Groves, where Hunts-men cannot
To beat, still follow, nor desist they from (come
The Chase, untill they have him in the Winde,
And, in some Thicker, close at Covert, finde.

When *Juno* says, that *Paulus* could not be
By Words diverted, but went on, strait She
Gelsites Shape puts on; and *Hannibal*,
As Slow, exciting, thus to Fight doth call.
This way thy Weapons turn; hither thine Aid,
Eternal Fame of *Carthage*, bring (She said)
To such, as it implore : the *Consul* near
The River fights, and horrid Slaughter there
Commits : nor canst thou greater Honour gain
By any Fo, that shall by Thee be slain.
Thus She to sev'ral Conflicts doth divide
The furious Youth; while, near the River's Side,
Old *Christa*, with 's six Sons, their valiant Hands
Employ'd, and fore-opprest the *Libyan* Bands.
Tuder, where he was born, no wealthy Town
Was held, yet (not Obscure) was of Renown,
As Warlike, 'mong the *Umbrian* People, where
Her Youth in Feats of Arms, and Slaughters, were
Train'd up; whence this old, chearfull Captain led
A Valiant *Phalanx* : who, when they had fed
Their Swords with Humane Slaughter, overthrew,
With frequent Wounds, an Elephant, and to
Her Fall add Flames, that instantly devour'd
(A joyfull Sight to them) her armed Tower;
When, strait, an Helmet's Lightning struck their Eys,
And they perceiv'd the trembling Plumes to rise
On the large Crest. Old *Christa*, by that Light,
Soon knew the Man, and drew into the Fight,
His Troop of Sons; commands them all to throw
Their Darts, and not to fear the Flames, that flow

P p From

From his fierce Countenance, or burning Crest.
 As, when an Eagle, carefull, in her Nest,
 To nourish such a Broad, as may be fit
 To bear *Jove's* Arms, against the Sun doth set
 Their Facs, and, by their undazled Eys,
 Through those bright Rays, her doubtfull Issue tries.

And now, to teach the rest, what they should do;
 With a weak Force, a single Dart he threw;
 Which (though it Nimble past the middle Air)
 But lightly pierc'd his Golden Mail, and there
 Stuck loosely, and by that weak Stroke betray'd
 The old Man's Hand. To whom the *Libyan* said,
 What Rage thy Hand, with Age now bloodless grown,
 To vain Attempts provokes? Thy Cornel thrown
 So feeble is, that our *Callaick* Gold

It scarce can raze: thy Weapons now, behold!
 I, thus, to Thee return. Beter by Me
 In War the Mémorable Youth shall be
 Instructed. Spdaking thus, He forward prest,
 And pierc'd, with his own Dart, old *Christa's* Breast.
 But, from the other Side, six Darts are thrown,
 From six Right Hands; and then six Spears come on,
 With equal Fury. As, in *Libya*, when
 A Lyons is chas'd into her Den,
 Her angry Whelps leap forth, and strive, in Vain,
 With tender Teeth, the Combat to maintain.

But *Hannibal*, with Arms encompass'd round,
 Confund their Shafts, and weightry Spears (that sound
 At ev'ry Stroke with Horrour, through the Field)
 Strongly sustains; and with his banner'd Shield
 Repells: nor can those many Wounds, that he
 Hath giv'n, nor all those Slaughters satisfy
 His Rage; unless He with the Father join
 The Sons in Death, and quite cut off the Line.

Then

Then *Abaris*, who bore his Arms, and there
 Enflam'd the Fight, and him did ev'ry where
 Attend, He calls: With Shafts supply Me still;
 For there's a Troop, that must be sent to Hell,
 And fret with Darts my Mail: they, instantly,
 Shall finde the Fruits of Foolish Piety.
 This said; the Eldest (*Lucas*) with a Dart
 He penetrates: the Point prest through his Heart,
 Upon his Brother's Arms He backward sinks:
 Next *Vols*, who, in Haste advancing, thinks
 To draw the Fatal Weapon from the Wound,
 A Pile (that 'mong the Dead, by Chance, he found)
 He, through his Beaver, strikes into his Nose:
 Then *Vesulus*, who slipping, as he goes,
 Faln in his Brother's Blood, he with his Sword
 Cuts off, and (barb'rous Valour, and abhorr'd)
 His Helmet, fill'd with his dis sever'd Head,
 Flung, like a Missile Shaft, at those that fled.
 Next *Telefinus*, stricken with a Stone,
 Upon the Back, where to the twisted Bone
 The Joints are Knit, fell, and beheld withall
 His Brother *Quercens*, by a Sling, to fall,
 Dead to the Ground, while he expires the Light
 Of Life, and shuts his dubious Eys in Night.
 But *Perisfinus*, weary through his Fear,
 Running, and Grief, though still he angry were,
 With feeble Steps, retiring through the Plain,
 And, sometimes standing to resist, was slain
 By a Fire-hard'ned Stake, which he, that bare
 The Arms of *Hannibal*, snatch'd newly there,
 From a slain Elephant: the half-burnt Oak
 Fix'd deep into his Groin; the furious Stroke
 Turn'd him upon his back. His cruel Rage
 The Youth, with Pray'rs, endeavour'd to assuage:

P p 2

But

But, as he gap'd, his Mouth with *Sygyian* Fire
Is fill'd, and in his Lungs the Flames expire.
At length, with all the rest, *Chrisla*, a Name
Through all the *Umbrian* Land, of antient Fame,
Fell, like alofty Oak, that long had stood
Observ'd, and Holy in its Native Wood,
When struck by *fove*, and sulph'rous Flames devour
The Old, and Sacred Branches, to the Pow'r
O'th' Fire, at length it yields, and covers all
The Trees beneath it, in its spacious Fall.

(b) *Parlor*.

While *Hannibal* thus rageth near thy Flood,
(Fam'd *Aufidus*) the ^(b) *Consul*, with much Blood,
Having reveng'd his future Death, the War
Pursu'd, as if He had been Conquerour.
There lay huge *Phorcus*, 'mong a thousand Dead,
Come from *Herculean Calpe*: *Gorgon's* Head
Carv'd on his Shield, about that dreadful Face
The Goddess's Original, and Race:
Him, daring to oppose, and vaunting high
The antient Names o'th' monstrous Family
Of Fam'd *Medusa* (whose dire Looks alone
Converted the Beholders into Stone)
As he, too forward, stoop'd, and at's left Thigh,
Too eager, reach'd, the Valiant *Consul*, by
The Helmet caught, and dragging Headlong down
Upon his Knees, deep in his Back doth drown

(c) These were *Nemidians*, in number five hundred (saith *Livy*, *Falerius Maximus* four hundred) who, hiding their Swords under their Coats, their Targets hanging at their Backs, (as was the Custom of such as revolted in Fight) fled from their own Side to the *Romanes*, who, taking from them their shields, and Darts, commanded them to the Rear, but they, soon as they perceived all Men intent on the Fight, furnished themselves again with the Targets of such as fell, and suddenly assailing the *Romanes* at their Backs, hewed them down at the Ham-strings with a great Slaughter, and were a great Occasion of the following Victory. *Liv. lib. 22.*

His Sword, where 'bout his Reins his Belt was bound:
He, from his gaping Bowels, on the Ground
Spews Streams of Blood, and the *Etolian* Field,
To the *Atlantic* Prince, a Grave doth yield.
Amidst the Slaughters, furious in the Rear,
With sudden Terror, other ^(c) Troops appear,
And charging fiercely, unexpected, fall
Upon the *Romanes*. These had *Hannibal*

Instructed

Instructed in all Fraud, and to that Art
Of Fighting train'd: who (faining to desert
The *Punic* Camp, arm'd with Deceit, their Hands,
And Arms had yielded) on the *Romane* Bands
Then Buſie, in the Slaughter, with a Rage
United, fly, and all their Rear engage:
Nor did they Weapons want, Slaughter affords
A large Supply of Jav'ins, Darts, and Swords.
But Valiant *Galba* (whose still pious Love
To Virtue, no croſs Fortune could remove)
Seeing an Enſign taken by the Fo,
Pursues with Speed, and with a fatal Blow
The Conqu'rouer fells: but, striving to regain
The Eagle, which his dying Hands retain,
(And would let go, but slowly, at the Laſt)
Pierc'd by *Amorgus* Sword, who came in Haſte
To's Friend's Relief, he fell, and in thoſe great
Attempts, unhappy, ſadly met his Fate.

But now, as if *Enyo's* Rage were ſtill
Unſatiſfi'd, *Vulturnus*, in one Hill
Of Duſt, rolls all the Field; and the white Sand
Throws up: and ſuch as Labour'd to withſtand
His Fury, with ſtrong Blaſts, that ſtrangely Roar,
To th' fartheſt Part of all the Champagne bore,
And gainſt the Hollow Banks their Bodies thrown,
And bruſ'd, within the ſwelling Flood did drown:
And, here, unhappy in his ſilent Fate,
The River *Curio's* Life doth terminate.
For, while, with inward Fury boiling, He
Labours to ſtop the *Romane* Troops, that flee,
And in their Way, himſelf oppoſing, ſtood,
Driv'n Headlong by the Throng into the Flood;
Th' troubled Waves he ſunk, and born away
Dead, in the *Adriack* Sands, inglorious, lay.

But

But the brave *Consul*, whose unshaken Minde
 The worst of Ills could bear, who ne're inclin'd
 To stoop to Fortune, meets the Conqu'ring Fo
 With equal Fury, and himself doth throw
 Amidst their thickest Arms; encourag'd by
 A Martial Heat, and Confidence to dy:
 When *Viriatibus*, whom th' Iberian Land
 Obey'd, pursuing with a Fatal Hand,
 A Fo, now tyr'd, and weary'd in the Fight,
 Near unto Raging *Paulus*, and in 's Sight,
 Cuts off. Oh Grief! Oh Tears! ^(d) *Servilius* there
 Next *Paulus*, the best Part of all the War,
 Fell by a barb'rous Hand, and in his Fall
 Alone, with Envy, We may *Canne* call
 Unfortunate. The *Consul* his sad Ire
 No more endures, and, though the Winds conspire
 To rob him of his Arms, and blind his Eys
 With Dust, yet through a Cloud of Sand he flies,
 And him, then tuning, (as 'tis us'd among
 Th' *Iberi*) on his Shield a barb'rous Song,
 Invades, and, through his left Pap driving, past
 His Weapon to his Vitals: this the last
 Of all his Slaughters was, no more could He
 In Fight his Hand imploy: nor (*Rome*) for Thee,
 In future Wars, must Noble *Paulus* stand.
 For an huge Stone, thrown from a private Hand,
 Dash'd on his Head, and deep into his Skull
 His batter'd Helmet beats, and fills it full,
 And all his Face with Blood: retreating then,
 Against the Neighb'ring Rock as he doth lean,
 Now almost choak'd with Dust, before his Face,
 Beshmeard with Gore, his Target he doth place,
 Like a fierce *Lyon* (lighter Shafts repress,
 And scorn'd) when, piercing deep into his Breast,

At

(d) *Servilius Galba*, had been *Consul* with *Scipio*, and that day commanded the main Body of the *Romans*, where He dyed, bravely fighting, at the Head of his Men.

At length he feels the Steel, amidst the Field
 He trembling stands, and patiently doth yield
 To every Weapon: while about his Nose,
 His Jaws, and Main, a bloody Riv'let flows;
 And, sometimes, turning his weak Limbs about,
 From his wide Mouth, he foaming Goar doth spout.

But, then, fierce *Hannibal* spurs on his Steed,
 Where e're the Storm, or Conqu'ring Sword doth lead;
 Where furious Troops, and where those Monsters are,
 That with their Iv'ry Teeth maintain the War.
 Here, overwhelm'd with Darts when *Piso* spy'd,
 The *Libyan* Captain over Bodies ride,
 Raising himself Upright upon his Spear,
 Pierc'd through his Horse's Flank, attempting there
 (In Vain) to leap upon him being down.
 To whom the angry *Libyan* (who soon
 Himself recover'd, though his Plunging Steed
 Pitch'd him upon his Shoulder) When they're Dead,
 Do thus the *Romane* Ghosts revive (said He)
 To fight? In Death nor will they Quiet be?
 This said, into his Body, as He strives
 To rise, up to the Hilt, his Sword he drives.

But, his Foot wounded with a *Cretan* Shaft,
 As *Lentulus*, full Speed, on Horse-back left
 The Field; the Stones besmearing with his Blood,
 And, with a stern Aspect, to th' *Stygian* Flood
 Sinking he *Paulus* spy'd: at that sad Sight,
 His Mind's distracted, He's asham'd of Flight.
 Then *Rome* appears to burn, and *Hannibal*
 Ev'n at the Gates to stand: then, first of all,
 The Field, that *Italy* devour'd, He saw.
 What then remain'd, but the next Day might draw
 The *Tyrians* to the Town? At length, he spake
 To *Paulus*, thus; Dost Thou the Help forsake

In

In such Distress : The Gods my Witnesses are,
 Unless thou guide us through this cruel War,
 And live (though 'gainst thy Will) in such a Storm,
Paulus, (Grief made his Language sharp) more Harm,
 Then *Varro*, Thou wilt do. Then take, I pray,
 (Of *Rome's* now sinking State Thou only Stay)
 This Horse : upon my Shoulders I will take
 Thee up, and set Thee safe upon his Back.
 As this he spake, the *Consul*, spitting Blood,
 From his torn Mouth, replies : Go on, make good
 Thy Father's Virtues ; why should we despair,
 So long, as such brave Souls remaining are
 In *Romulus* his Empire ? Spur thy Steed,
 Which Way thy Wounds permit thee. Let with speed
 The City-Gates be shut ; for suddenly
 This sad Destruction to the Walls will fly ;
 And (pray) advise, that *Fabius* may Command
 In Chief : blind Rage my Counsel did withstand.
 And what of my spent Life remaineth now ;
 But that to the rude Multitude I show,
 That *Paulus* dares, and knows well how to Dy :
 For, thus consum'd with Wounds, to them shall I
 Be born : What would the *Libyan* give, that Me,
 Turning my Back in Fight, He once might see ?
Paulus hath no such Thoughts : nor will I go
 So poor a Soul unto the Shades below.
 No, I am one : but why do I delay
 Thee thus, with mild Complaints ? Haste thee away,
 Hence quickly with thy Steed, with Service spent.
 With this grave Charge, strait to the City went
 Sad *Lentulus* : nor yet did *Paulus* dy
 Without Revenge ; but, as when, mortally
 Wounded, a Tiger doth, at length, retreat,
 And falls to struggle with approaching Fate,

He

He opens wide his weary Jaws to bite
 In vain, and in Attempts, beneath the Height
 Of his great Rage ; licks, only, with his Tongue
 The Lances, and the Darts against him flung.

And now *Ierthes*, who insulting near
 Approach'd, and shook, secure of Wounds, his Spear,
 Rising, with his sudden Sword, doth wound ;
 And, then, for the *Sidonian* Captain, round
 About him, looks, desiring in his Hands
 To quith his struggling Soul : but strait the Bands
 Of *Nemades*, of *Garamantians*, *Moors*,
 With *Celtians*, and *Asturians*, thick Show'r's
 Of Darts upon him pow'r'd, on ev'ry Side,
 Oppress the Man. Thus Noble *Paulus* dy'd ;
 Thus that high, valiant Heart, whom (if the War
 He sole had rul'd) perhaps we might compare
 With *Fabius* : his brave Death a Grace became
 To *Rome*, and plac'd among the ^(c) Stars his Name.

But, when the *Romanes* Hopes were lost, and all
 Their Courage, ruin'd in the *Consul's* Fall ;
 To cruel Arms the Headless ^(f) Army yield
 Their Backs : Victorious *Africk* through the Field
 Rageth in Blood : *Picenian* Cohorts here,
 And Warlike *Umbrians* fall ; *Sicanian* there,
 And *Hernick* Troops : those Ensigns scatter'd are
 Upon the Ground, which *Samnites*, fierce in War,
 Which the *Sarrastes*, and the *Marfi* brought ;
 There Targets pierc'd quite through, & as they fought
 Broke each 'gainst others Shields, and Helmets lay
 With useless Swords, and Bridles torn away
 From the fierce Horse's Mouths : the Neighbouring flood
 Throws up his Billows, swelling high with Blood,
 Into the Fields, and all the Bodies slain
 Returns, with Fury, to the Banks again.

Q q

See

(c) This is only an *Hyperbole* expressing the great Merit of *Paulus*, and the Fame of his Death : for the *Romanes* deified none, before *Julius Caesar*, after that Impulse of *Proculus*, persuading them first to make *Romulus* a God.

(f) *Paulus*, who commanded the Right Wing, and *Servilius*, who led the Left, being both slain, and *Varro* flying at the first Decline of their Fortune, the Army was destitute of Commanders.

(Q) *Egyptian.*

See a ^(Q) *Lagean* Ship, that, Island-like,
Floats on the Sea, if it by Chance do strike
Upon a Rock, while cloudy *Eurus* blows,
And Shipwrack over all the Ocean throws,
Strait Planks, with Oars, and Tackle, and tall Masts,
Pendants, and Sails, torn with impetuous Blasts,
And miserable Sea-men, that again
Spew up the Waves, are scatter'd on the Main.

The *Libyan*, by His Slaughters in the Fight,
Had measur'd out the Day : but, as the Night
The Aid of Light to His great Rage deny'd,
At length, he lai'd the cruel War aside,
And from the Toil of Slaughter spar'd his Men :
But yet, with Cares, his Mind still wak'd : nor then,
Amidst such Favour of the Gods, could He
Endure to rest ; His Thoughts continually
Prompt him to enter *Rome* ; and the next day,
Thence with drawn Swords, in Haste, to march away,
Is his Design : while yet their Blood was warm,
And Slaughter stain'd the Troops. Now with His Arm
The Gates He seileth, fires the Walls, and seems
To mix with *Canne* the *Tarpeian* Flames.

Conscious of *Jove's* Displeasure, and the Fate
Of *Italy*, *Saturnia*, troubled at
What He design'd, endeavouring to restrain
The Youth's rash Heat, and in Desires so vain
To curb his greedy Hopes, strait from His deep,
And silent Empire, She the God of Sleep
(By whose Assistance, She had often clos'd
Jove's weary Eys, and them to Rest compos'd)
Summons, and, smiling, laid ; I call not Thee
(Great God) to hard Designs : nor that to Me
Thou give up *Jove*, by thy soft Wings subdued,
Do I require : nor, that thou shouldst delude

And

And ~~that~~ in *Sycian* Night, his thousand Eys,
That *Id* kept, and did thy Powers despise.
But into *Hannibal* new Dreams inspire ;
Nor now to visit *Rome* let Him desire :
Or Walls forbid, where *Jove* denies, that He
Should enter. Her Commands he instantly
Pursues, and Poppy, in a crooked Horn,
Mix'd with some other Juice, through Darkness born,
He silently descends, and to the Tent
Of the *Barcan* Prince directly went.
Then, hovering o'er his drooping Head, he spreads
His drowy Wings, and Slumber gently sheds,
Like Dew, into His Eys, and with his Hand
Unto His Temples the *Letbean* Wand
Applies ; when suddenly prodigious Dreams
Possess his furious Breast : and now he seems
To compass *Tyber*, with his numerous Bands :
But, as, insulting, at the Walls he stands
Of *Rome*, he, frighted, sees Immortal *Jove*
Shining, on the *Tarpeian* Rock, above,
And, in his threatening Hand, he Thunder shook,
While all the Neighbouring Fields with Sulphur smoke,
Blew *Anyo*, in cold Waters, trembling lies,
And oft (a dreadful Sight) before his Eys,
Flashes of Lightning fly, then through the Air
A Voice was spread ; Thy Progress, Youth, forbear ;
Thy Honour's great enough, that doth arise
From *Canne*, Thou as soon our Marble Skies (storm'd
May't cleave, as through those Sacred Walls (when
By Thee) break way. Thus *Juno's* Will perform'd,
Sleep left Him, terrifi'd with what He then
Had seen, and fearing greater Wars : nor, when
The Night was done, did Day absolve his Mind
From that dire Image, which it left behind.

Q q 2

Amidst

A midst these Troubles of His Sleep, and vain
Disturbance, *Mago* tells Him, they had ta'en
The *Romane* Camp, by Night, and brought away,
With their remaining Troops, a wealthy Prey :

(b) *Livy* attributes this Advice to *Mabarkal*, whole Counsel (to march a-way immediately with his Horse, and to prevent the Fame of his Victory, by appearing at the Gates of *Rome*, before they apprehended his Coming) when *Hannibal* rejected, he replied, *Thou knowest, Hannibal, how to conquer, but not how to use Thy Victory.*

(b) To Him then promising a joyfull Feast,
Within the *Capitol*, when, to develt
The World of Day, the fifth Night should arise,
The *General*, concealing the Advice
Of Heav'n, and His own Fears, their Wounds in Fight,
And Strength exhausted pleads, and that they might
Not be too Confident of their Success.
The Youth dejected from his Hopes, no less,
Then if he had commanded Him to flee,
Ev'n from the Walls, and draw from Victory
His Ensigns, laid, With all this Toil, not *Rome*
(As She believ'd) but *Varro's* overcome :
By what sad Fate, so great Success in Fight
Dost Thou neglect, and thus Thy Country slight :
Let the Horse march with Me, and (I will Pawn
My Head) the *Iliack* Walls shall be Thine Own,
The Gates shall open'd be without a War.
While these by furious *Mago* urged are,
And by his wary Brother not believ'd,
The *Latine* Souldiers, flying, were receiv'd |
Within (c) *Canusium's* Walls, and there apace
Began to fortifie. Inglorious Face
Of sinking Fortune ! there no Eagles stand,
No Ensigns 'mong the Troops, no high Command
Of *Consuls*, nor by *Lictours* Axes born.
But faint with Fear, and, as with Ruin torn,
And main'd, their Bodies on weak Members strive
To keep their Stand : oft sudden Clamours rive
The Air, and oft deep Silence, with their Eyes
Fix'd on the Ground : here naked Companies

With

(c) They were not above four thousand Foot, and two hundred Horse, that fled in a Body, and were received into *Canusium*. The rest came scattered several Ways, and had onely Lodging given them by the Citizens. But all other Provisions were bestowed on them by a Noble Lady, called *Panda Rusa* : who, the War ended, was publicly honoured by the *Romane Senate*, for her seasonable Bounty.

With broken Targets stand ; the Valiant there
Want Swords : then all the Horsemen wounded are,
From their high-crosted Casks their glorious Pride
Was torn, and *Mars* his Honour laid aside.
Their Corslets pierc'd with many Spears, and in
Their Mails *Maurusian* Shafts were sometimes seen
To hang : sometimes they sadly call upon
Their Friends, were lost : here *Galba* they bemoan,
Piso, and *Curio*, worthy of a far
More Noble Fate, and *Scævola*, in War
Most fierce ; all these of Course : but *Paulus* Fate,
As of a common Father, they regrave,
How He ne're ceas'd, with Truth, their present Woes
To Prophecie, and *Varro's* Minde oppose :
How oft, in Vain, that Day from *Rome* He fought
To turn ; and, then, how valiantly He fought.
But such, who Care of future Things do take,
Either are busi'd, 'bout the Walls to make
Their Trenches, or to fortifie the Gates,
(As Need requir'd) and where the Field dilates
A plain, and easie Entrance to the Foes,
Firm in the Earth they fix Fire-hardned Boughs,
Like Horns of Stags, and secretly beside,
To wound them in their March, they Calthrops hide :
'Bove all these Miseries, and Wounds, that are
Not to be cur'd, the Reliques of the War,
And such as 'scap'd the Fo, through impious Fear,
And a more fierce *Erynnis* mov'd, prepare
(The Climate chang'd) the *Punic* Arms, by Sea,
Sidonian Swords, and *Hannibal* to flee.
The Chief of this Design, for Exile, was
(d) *Metellus*, sprung from no ignoble Race.
The wav'ring Winds of that degein'rate Crew
In War, to Counsels base, and strange, he drew :

To

(d.) This was *L. Cassius Metellus*, who, joining with *L. Furius Philo*, and some other of the young Nobility, resolved to fly to some foreign Prince, and for ever quit their Country, discouraging all Counsels of future Defence, till *Scipio*, attended by some other of both Resolutions, breaking into *Metellus* Lodging, where he with his Associates, were in Counsel, with his Sword in his Hand, forced them all to take an Oath to prosecute the War against *Hannibal*, and so broke their Design. *Liv. lib. 32.*

To look for Lands, where they themselves might hide,
 As in another World, and there abide,
 Where they might never hear the *Libyan's* Name,
 And whither their forsaken Countree's Fame,
 Might never come. But, when this News was brought
 To *Scipio*, with like Rage, as when he fought
 Ith' Field 'gainst *Hannibal*, his Sword he snatch'd,
 And to the House, where they this Mischief hatch'd
 'Gainst *Italy*, he hasts, and breaking down the
 The Doors; and, entering, with a dreadfull Frown,
 Shaking his Sword, before their frighted Eys,
 He thus begun: Thou Chief of Deities!
 Who dwell'st on the *Tarpeian* Rock, a Scare,
 The next to Heav'n! and Thou, *Juno*, not yet
 Chang'd with the Woes of *Troy*, and thou fierce
 Upon whose dreadfull *Aegis* are display'd (*) Maid
 The *Gorgon* Furies, and you Gods, that sprung
 From Mortals, and are willingly among
 Our Deities ador'd, and (which by Me,
 Is equal held to any Deity)
 By my great Father's Head, I swear, I ne're permit
 Will the *Lavinian* Land forsake, nor e're
 Permit, that it forsaken be, while I
 Survive. Now then, *Metellus* instantly
 Attest the Gods, that, if in *Libyan* Fire
 These Walls shall burn, Thou never wilt retire
 Into another Land: unless thou swear
 To this; although arm'd *Hannibal* were here,
 Whom Thou dost dread, the Fear of whom doth break
 Thy Sleep, Thou sure shalt dye, nor will I take
 A greater Pride, in any *Libyan's* Fall.
 These Threatnings crushing that Design, they all
 A Sacramental Oath, as was enjoyn'd,
 Swear to the Gods, and to their Countrey kinde
 Their

(*) *Pallus*.

Their Souls, and from that Crime their Breasts absolve.

While thus the *Latines* their Affairs revolve,
 With troubled Thoughts: Victorious *Hannibal*
 The Fields again surveys, and numbers all
 His own dire Acts; searching with greedy Eys
 Their Wounds, and to the cruel Companies
 Of *Libyans*, that round about Him stood,
 Yields joyfull Spectacles of *Romane* Blood.
 At the last Gasps, sore wounded through the Breast,
 With Darts, lay valiant *Clelius* 'mong the rest,
 Expiring his departing Soul to Air,
 And lab'ring, faintly, his pale Face to rear:
 Scarce, with his feeble Neck, from Earth his Head
 Had lifted, when his Horse, that knew him, Neigh'd
 Aloud, with prick'd-up Ears, and, Bounding, threw
 Headlong upon the Ground *Vagesus*, who
 Upon his Captive Back was born, and then
 Flying with Speed o're Heaps of slaughter'd Men,
 And through the slip'ry Paths, with standing Gore
 Made fat, and Bodies chang'd with Wounds, before
 His dying Master stands, and there his Neck,
 And Shoulders bowing, offers him his Back,
 On bended Knees, as he was wont to do
 And, trembling, seems his in-bred Love to shew.
 None could more neatly mount a metled Steed!

Then he; none surer, as he ran full Speed,
 Lay backward all along, or stood upon
 His naked Back, or, when he chanc'd to run
 A Race, more happily perform'd the Course.

But, not a little, wondering at the Horse
 That equal'd Humane Sense, the *Libyan* strait
 His Name, and Honours, who with adverse Fate
 So bravely did contend, desir'd to know,
 And, to dispatch him, gave the Mercy-Blow.

Then

(*) This Kind of recreation (formerly in use among the *Romans*) is now (with *Montaigne's* Bandiers, in his *History of the Sarragins*) common among the *Twicks*, who teach their Horses to kneel, and receive them on their Backs, and in full *Carriage*, to leap from one Horse to another, to lie along upon them, or to stand upright on their naked Backs, while they run at full Speed: and this to be done frequently in the *Hippodrome at Constantinople*.

Then *Cynus* (for He to the *Tyrians* Side
 Had turn'd his Arms) who near him then did ride,
 A Slave to Fortune, answers: Sir (said He)
 His Story worthy of your Ear may be.
 In former Times, that *Rome*, which now disdains
 With so much Scorn, to bear the *Tyrian* Reins,
 Was under Kings; but, hating *Tarquin's* Sway,
 Soon as She had his Scepter thrown away,
 Strait mighty Armies, from *Clusnum* came,
 (If either *Cocles*, or *Porfenna's* Fame,
 Or *Lidyan* Camps, by Chance, thine Ear have found)
 He, with *Meonian* Aids, encompass'd round,
 And *Tyrrhen* People strove again to bring
 By War, into his Throne, the banish'd King;
 Much, they, in vain, attempted: at the Gate
 The Tyrant press'd; when, Peace concluded, strait
 All Hate's compress'd, and by a League aside
 The War is laid, and Faith by Pledges ty'd.
 But, yet (good Gods!) the *Romane* Hearts, that know
 Not how to yield, prepar'd to undergo
 The worst of Ills for Honour! *Clelia*, who
 Not yet the Age of twice six Summers knew,
 One of the *Latine* Maids, that did remain
 A Pledge of Peace, among the Virgin-Train
 Transmitted to the King: She (not to speak
 Of what the Men perform'd) that King, the League,
 Her Years, the Flood contemning, fearless, o're
 Admiring *Tyber*, from the Hostile Shore,
 Swum, and the Billows broke with tender Hands.
 Had Nature chang'd her Sex, the *Tyrrhen* Lands
Porfenna happily should ne're again
 Have seen; but (that I may no more detain
 You in her Story) from her Stock He came,
 And from the famous Virgin took his Name.

As

As He this Story told, a sudden Cry,
 On the Left-Hand, broke forth, appearing nigh,
 Where *Paulus* Body, 'mong the Arms of Men,
 And mangled Corps, in Ruin mix'd, they then
 Dug up, amidst the Slaughter'd Heaps. Alas!
 How alter'd! how unlike to Him he was,
 That, lately, with his Shafts the *Punic* Bands
 Had routed! Or, when the *Taulantian* Lands,
 With Honour, he had vanquish'd, and did bring
 Into Subjection the *Illyrick* King?
 His hoary Locks all black with Dust; upon
 His Beard dry Clots of Gore; a Mural Stone
 His Teeth had broke: His Body all one Wound;
 Which when, o'rejoy'd, the *Libyan* Captain found,
 Fly, *Consul Varro*, now, securely fly;
 And live (said He) since *Paulus*, here, did dy:
 Fly; and to lazy *Fabius*, to the State,
 And People, *Canna's* Story all relate.
 If Thou desirest, so greedily, the Light
 Of Life, I'll grant Thee such another Flight.
 But He, whose valiant Heart (that justly claim'd
 Me, for a Fo) so brave an Heat enflam'd,
 With the last Rites of Funeral, by Me,
 And Decent Sepulture, shall Honour'd be.
 How Great here *Paulus* dost Thou ly! Whose Fall,
 Alone, is greater Joy to Me, than all
 The Thousands We have slain; and so, when Fate
 Me, with the Safety (*Carthage*) of thy State;
 Shall call, do I desire to dy. This laid,
 T' Interr his Friends, when the next Morn displaid
 Her Blushes from her Bed, and to prepare
 A Pyle of Arms (that to the God of War
 Were to be burnt). He gives Command: then all,
 Though weary, to the Work commanded fall,
 R r And

And strait in sev'ral Heaps the Groves are lai'd,
 And, on the shady Hills, tall Woods are made
 To Echo with their Axes : here to Ground
 They fell the Ash, and shady Pop'lar, crown'd
 With hoary Leaves, and there the Holm, that took
 Root in their Grand-fire's Age, and firmest Oak ;
 With Pines, that flourish by a River, and
 Sad Cypress, that near Sepulchres do stand,
 A mournfull Ornament. These to the Field
 They bear, and there, with Emulation, build
 The Fun'ral Pyles (an Office to the Slain,
 Fruitless, and sad) till in the Eastern Main
Sol drench'd his panting Steeds, and, by his Flight
 From Heav'n, with *Strygian* Darkness rais'd the Night.

But, when again the *Phaebontian* Reins
 Shed their first Beams on the *Eëan* Plains,
 And did to Earth its Colours all restore,
 They Flames apply, and Corps, distilling Gore,
 Burn, in an Hostile Land : an horrid Dread
 Of various Chance, seising their Thoughts, is spread
 With Silence through their Hearts, lest Fortune, by
 An adverse Fight, might cause them there to dy.

But Sacred (*Mars*) to Thee, up to the Skies,
 Like a vast Hill, a Pyle of Arms doth rise :
 The *General* himself lifts up a tall
 And flaming Pine, and thus on Thee doth call :
 Great Father *Mars* ! who, now, hast heard my Pray'r,
 These Sacrifices of a Prosperous War,
 And First-fruits of the Fight, within this Flame,
 I, *Hannibal*, or'e the *Aufonian* Name
 Victorious, burn, to Thee, and living Bands
 Offer these chosen Arms, with gratefull Hands.
 Then, throwing in the Torch, the greedy Fire
 Devours the Pyle ; and strait a flaming Spire

Breaks

Breaks through the Smoak, and to the Stars ascends,
 And a clear Light through all the Field extends.
 Thence, hasting to the Tomb, and Funeral
 To *Paulus* giv'n, the Honour of his Fall,
 Insulting, boasts. A lofty Pyle, there, They
 Had rais'd, and softer Beds, compos'd of Hay :
 Gifts likewise added are, to th' Valiant held
 A Fun'ral Honour : His dire Sword, and Shield,
 (Of late a Terrour, and a stately Sight)
 Then *Falces* torn, and Axes ta'en in Fight.
 No Wife, no Sons, no Troops of Kindred near
 Ally'd, were there ; nor on the lofty Bier
 (As Custom was) old Images precede ,
 And grace the Exequies : But, now, instead
 Of other Pomp, was *Hannibal*, alone
 Sufficient, to Eternize His Renown :
 Shining with richest Purple (to the rest
 Upon the Pyle) He, fighting, threw his Vest,
 And, after that, His Gold-embroider'd Cloak :
 Then to His Shade, with this last Honour, spoke.
Aufonia's Glory ! go Thou thither ; where
 Souls, great in Deeds, and Virtue, seated are ;
 Thou, by Thy Noble Death, hast Honour gain'd :
 Fortune, as yet, with her unconstant Hand,
 Our Labours guides, and doth command, that We
 Of future Chances ignorant should be.

Thus He, and strait from crackling Flames, into
 Ætherial Air, the joyfull Soul doth go.

Now Fame, her Voice encreasing, to the Skies,
 The Sea, and Earth, and chieftest City flies :

^(m) They now distrust their Walls, and, trembling, all
 Hope Safety only in the *Capitol*.

For now, for their Defence, no Youthfull Bands
 Survive ; an empty Name *Aufonia* stands,

R r 2

Without

^(m) So great (saith *Livy*, lib. 22.) was the Lamentation & Confusion through the City, that *Fabius* : whose present Courage gave Council to the rest, was constrained to confine the Women to their Houses, and in that great Conflagration, to omit the Anniversary Sacrifice to *Ceres*.

Without a Body: that the Enemy
 Not yet broke through the Gates, they think to be
 Delay, through Scorn: their Houses now appear
 To burn, the Temples spoil'd, and ev'ry where
 Their Sons, in cruel Slaughter, to expire
 Before their Eys, and the sev'n Tow'rs on Fire.
 One Day lamented the approaching Falls
 Of twice an hundred ^(*) Chairs, and sinking Walls
 Of now-exhausted *Rome*, depriv'd of twice
 Three hundred thousand Youth besides; and this
 After sad *Trebia*, and the *Tuscan* ^(*) Flood:
 And of Allies, as great a Loss of Blood.

(a) Senators.

(b) Trophies.

Amidst these Griefs, the Pious *Senate* all,
 By Lot, to their appointed Charges fall:
 Old *Fabius*, super-vising what was done
 With Diligence, th' Affrighted calls upon.
 Believ't, there's now no Reason to delay;
 We must be speedy, that the *Libyan* may,
 T' approach our armed Walls, attempt in vain.
 By Sitting, still cross Fortune Strength doth gain
 Among the Fearfull, and Adversity
 Through Fear grows greater. Go, go speedily, (make
^(*) Snatch from the Temple Arms (Brave Youths) go
 The Courts, and Porches, naked; quickly take
 The Targets from the Walls, were gain'd in War:
 Enough our Numbers for our Country are,
 If we loose nothing through our Fear to fight:
 In open Fields, that horrid Plague may fright
 Perchance; but the light-naked *Moor* shall ne're
 Break through these Walls, or boast his Triumphs here.

(*) Such Arms, as were taken from
 their Enemies, had long been preferred,
 as Trophies in their Temples; but, in this
 Exigency, they were constrained to
 make use of them to Arm their Slaves.

While *Fabius* thus excites their Minds, with Dread
 Dejected. 'Bout the Walls a Rumour's spread,
 That *Varro* was at Hand, and ev'ry Breast
 With secret Trouble, and with Doubt, 's possest.

As

As, when, a Vessel wrack'd, safe from the Sea,
 Alone, the Pilot, swimming, makes his Way
 To th' open Shore; the People trembling stand,
 Uncertain whether they should lend an Hand
 To help Him, or refuse Him, and, the rest
 So lost, his sole Survival all detest.
 How great his Infamy, who durst come near
 The Ports, so sad an Omen to their Fear!
 These Discontents, and Troubles to assuage,
 And turn the wav'ring People from their Rage,
Fabius declares; How Base it was to be
 Vex'd at Mis-fortunes in Adversity,
 It did un-manly seem, in those to bend,
 Who their Original from *Mars* pretend,
 Who could not hide their Griefs, but were intent
 To remedy their Woes by Punishment:
 But, if they would permit him, to upbraid,
 To Him that Day more Dismal shin'd (he said)
 When He saw *Varro* marching to the Field,
 Then that, wherein Dis-arm'd he Him beheld.

This Language all their Threats allay'd, and strait
 Their Hearts were turn'd. Now they condele his Fate,
 Now, sum up all the Comforts from them ta'en
 By the *Sidonian*, in two *Consuls* slain.

^(*) Then, to congratulate Him, out they run
 In Troops; protesting, that what'e' was done,
 They did believe, proceeded from a great
 And valiant Minde; That trusting to the Fate
 Of their Fore-Fathers, and their mighty Power,
 He not despair'd of the *Tarpeian* Tow'r.

No less sad, for his Crime, and full of Shame,
 Towards the Walls, the *Consul*, weeping, came:
 Not daring his dejected Looks at all
 To raise, to see his Country, and recall

Their

(*) At *Varro's* Return, left the
 People should grow infinitely cruel, at
 the Mis-fortunes of their *Generals*, the
Senators gave him Thanks, that he had
 not departed of the future good For-
 tune of the Common-Wealth.

Their Griefs. The *Senate*, and the People, that
To meet Him went, seem'd not to gratulate
His Safety: but sad Parents to require
Their Sons, and Brothers; or, inflam'd with Ire,
To tear the *Consul's* Face, appear'd to come:
And therefore, with a silent *Litour*, *Rome*
He, Private, enters, and through Grief condemn'd
That Honour, which the Gods, so late, condemn'd.

But *Fabius*, and the *Senate* doth provide
Speedy Relief, all Sadness laid aside;
And strait the ⁽¹⁾ Slaves are arm'd: nor doth that Shame,
For common Safety, move them to dis-claim
The Camp. But to reduce th' *Aeneian* State,
By any Means, within the Laws of Fate,
It is Decreed, and for the Sacred Tow'r,
Honour of Freedom, and Imperial Pow'r,
Ev'n Servile Hands to Arm. Now, they de-vest
Boys of their Garments, and their Shoulders prest
With Arms, to them unknown: stiff Helms close
Their tender Cheeks, and in the Blood of Foes
They are commanded to grow up to Men.
But, when 't was mov'd the Captive Troops agen
Should Ransom'd be at easie Rates (for there
Of such, that fought it, many thousands were)

⁽¹⁾ They to the wondring *Libyan* left them all.
So much the Possibility to fall,
Arm'd, into Bondage, did all Crimes exceed,
All other Guilt surpass. Then, 'twas Decreed,
That whosoever should Convicted be,
T' have fled the Fight in farthest *Sicily*,
Should serve, untill the Fo th' *Ansonian* Land
Should quite relinquish. Such then *Rome* did stand!
Next whom, Thou, *Carthage*, had the Fates thought
To change her Manners, mightst, as Chief, have (good
The End of the Tenth Book. (stood.

(1) These Slaves were in number ten thousand (some say eight thousand) and bought from their Masters at the publick Charge, and made free, that they might not dishonour the *Roman* *Militia*.

(1) That for the Future, their Soldiers might either dy, or conquer, the *Romans* refused either to redeem the Captives at the publick Charge, or permit their Redemption by their private Friends: by which means they were moit of them cruelly destroyed by their Enemies, who forced many of the chief, and the nextest relating in Blood, to fight as *Gladiators*, and be a Pastime to them, while they killed each other. *Appian. Hann.*



SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

The Eleventh Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

What People, after Cannæ's Loss, forsake
 The Roman Leagues, and part with Libya take.
 The Capuans proud Demands at Rome: Which She
 Contemning, forc'd the Messengers to flee
 With a Repulse. Strait Capua entertains
 The Libyans, which Decius disdain:
 His Faith, and Noble Courage: He is sent,
 In Chains, to Carthage: whither, as he went,
 By Storms, upon Cyrene, he is cast;
 Where, rescu'd from the Libyans, at last
 He dies. With wanton, and luxurious Feasts
 Loose Capua entertains her Libyan Guests.
 Amidst their Mirth, the Death of Hannibal
 Paestulus Son conspirer: Mago, with all
 The Spoils of Cannæ, is to Carthage sent,
 The People's acclamations, and Content;
 When he arriv'd, He new Supplies demands
 Of Men, and Monies: Hanno this withstands.
 In fine, Mago prevails, and all, that He
 Requires, the Senate grants by a Decree.



U T now what People to the
 Libyan Side,
 And the Sidonian Camp, them-
 selves apply'd,
 Through Cannæ's famous Loss,
 let me unfold.

When Fortune fails, no Mortals long will hold

Their

Their Faith. Their Hands now, openly, they strive
To the perfidious *Libyan* to give,
Too ready in Mis-fortune to despair!

Before the rest, the cruel ^(a) *Sannites* are
Most eager, on Occasion, to renew
Their Hate, and long-concealed Rage to shew.
Next, the unconstant ^(b) *Brutians*, who, with Shame,
(Too late) did afterwards the Fact disclaim.
Perfidious *Apulians*, next to these,

With their ambiguous Arms: then, hating Peace,
The vain *Hirpini*, who unworthily
Their Faith infring'd. A gen'ral Treachery
(Like the Contagion of some foul Disease)
Through all the Nations spreads: and now with these
Atella, now *Calatia* (common Fear
Depressing Justice) with their Troops appear,
In the *Sidonian* Camp. Then, with as bold

Inconstancy, *Tarentum* (that of old
Phalanthus built) the *Romane* Yoak deny'd:
Her friendly Gates high *Croton* open'd wide,
And taught the *Thespiæ* Nephews, at the Beck
Of Barb'rous *Africans*, to yield their Neck.
Like Rage possess'd the *Locri*, and the Coast,
Where *Græcia Major* ^(c) *Argive* Walls doth boast,
And Windings, wash'd by the *Ionian* Sea.

These, following the Success of *Libya*,
And Fortune, in that Errour, fearfull, swore
To lend their Arms to the *Sidonian* War.
And, now, the stubborn Bord'ers on the *Po*,
(The *Celtæ*) strive to encrease the *Romane* Wo
Again, and, mindfull of their antient Hate,
With all their Strength, themselves associate.
But, whither is't more just, this impious War
To th' *Celtæ*, or the *Bœi* to refer?

(a) The *Sannites*, a People inhabiting between *Campania*, *Apulia*, and *Picenum*, had often contended with the *Romans*, and sometimes had over them very memorable Victories (as at the *Conduæ Stræis*, where they made two *Consuls*, with the whole Army, pass under the Yoak; that is, March Map, by Man, dis-armed, and without their Belts, under two Spears erected, and a third lying cross, like a Gallows, in token of Bondage) and, though more often overthrown by the *Romans*, never laid aside their emulous Hatred of them, till utterly subdued, and in a manner extirpated, by *Sylla* the *Dillator*.

(b) The *Brutii* were the first, that revolted to *Hannibal*, and continued with him, till he left *Italy*, and some of them accompanied him into *Africa*. They were originally Shepherds to the *Lævians*, and, rebelling against their Masters, planted themselves in the farthest part of *Italy*, and became a numerous People. But this Defection reduced them to their primitive Condition of Servants; their best employment, ever after, being to carry Letters.

(c) This part of *Italy* was called *Græcia Major*, for that it was inhabited by the *Greeks*, who built there several Cities, as *Croton*, *Arpi*, *Thurium*, *Tarentum*, &c. beginning at *Locri*, and extending its Limits eighty-two Miles.

Or rather *Capua's* Madneſs; ſo to pleaſe
The Cruel Nation of the *Senones*?
And who would think thoſe Walls, that, firſt, did riſe
From *Dardan* Hands, and did, till then, deſpiſe
The Friendſhip of a Barb'rous Tyrant, now,
At ſuch a Time, ſo great a Change ſhould ſhow?
But Luxury, and Eaſe, that long had bin
Nurs'd in their Brothels; and, through frequent S in
All Shame, all Modeſty conſum'd, beſide
Infamous Honour, that, alone, rely'd
On Wealth, with Idleneſs, the City, void
Of Laws, and lazy People, quite deſtroi'd.
And then a cruel Pride provok'd their Fall:
Their Vices want no Aids; for none, of all
Th' *Auſonian* People, had a larger Store
Of Gold (ſo full a Sail their Fortune bore)
Then they: their long-Sleev'd Robes *Aſſyrian* Dy-
Enrich'd; they Feaſt, with high Regality,
Ev'n in the midſt of Day; ſoon, as the Sun
Diffus'd his Light, their Banquets they begun;
Their wanton Lives all Stains of Vices bear:
Beſide, the *Senate* to the People were
Severe: the People, through the *Senate's* Hate
Incens'd, Seditions raiſe; and, with Debate, (while,
Divide their Hearts: The Head-ſtrong Youth, mean-
Their Crimes encrease; and greater Sins deſile
The Aged. And then ſuch, as were of Baſe
Extraction, and whom an Ignoble Race
Defam'd, their Falling Country's Reins deſire
To guide, and to the Chief Command aſpire:
With Slaughter, likewiſe, 'twas their Uſe, of old,
To exhilarate their Banquets, and behold
Dire Spectacles of ſuch, as with the Sword
Contend, mix'd with the Feaſt; while on the Board,
S f Beſmear'd

Befnear'd with Gore, the very Goblets swell
Not more with Wine, then Blood of those, that fell.

With Cunning, These (that to the *Trians* He
Their Minds, deprav'd, might turn more eagerly)
The *Libyan* Prince attempts. Because He knew
Rome (notwithstanding all that Chance could do)
Would never yield. 'Twas easie to procure
What He desir'd: *Paulus* (not obscure
For Guilt in this) He Counsels to require
A Share in Government, and to desire,
That, with a Sociate *Consul*, he might bear
Alternate *Fasces*. If an equal Share
To Him, in Pow'r, and Honour, they deny'd,
Nor to behold two Axes would abide,
He, a Revenger, in their View, would stand
Of that Repulse. Therefore a Chosen Band
With Speed was sent, and *Virius* (who the rest
In Eloquence excell'd) himself address'd,
Chief in the Embassie. His Birth, indeed,
Was mean; But yet his Fury did exceed
All else. Scarce what was impiously desir'd
By th' frantic People had He told, and fir'd
Their Ears with swelling Words, when a loud Cry,
From the whole Counsel rising, did deny
His Message with unanimous Disdain.
Then ev'ry One upbraids him, and the Fane,
Through the Contention of their Voices, shook:
And here the brave *Torquatus*, with a Look,
Grave as his Grand-fire's, said. Dost Thou presume
(Oh *Capua*!) such Messengers should come
Within the Walls of *Rome*? 'Gainst which to bear
Their Arms, nor *Hannibal*, nor *Carthage* dare,
After their *Canne*? Hath 't not touch'd your Ear,
That, when in the *Tarpeian* Temple, here,

The

The *Latines* proudly urg'd the like Demands:
Not with a Vote, or Words, but furious Hands
They were repuls'd, and He, who hither brought,
And with proud Language utter'd what they sought;
With so great Violence, was Headlong thrown,
Out at the Temple-Gates, that, bruise'd upon
The fatal Rock, he there did expiate;
In View of *Jove*, his Language, by his Fate?
And I, his Off-Spring, ^(d) who that Oratour,
Then, from this Palace of the Thunderer
Expell'd, and *Consul*, with his naked Hand,
Defender of the *Capitol* did stand,
This Mad-man, who appears, with threatening Eys,
To view these Trophies of *Rome's* Victories,
And his Fore-Father's Faction to pursue. —

Vex'd *Fabius* seeing, that He fiercer grew,
In this Dispute, thus interposing, said,
Oh Impudence! Behold that Seat is made
Vacant by Storms of War, and whom of all
Your Crew (I pray) do you intend to call,
And substitute in Noble *Paulus* Place?
Doth thy Lot, *Virius*, with the *Senate's* Grace,
Cite Thee, before all other? Or doth now
The Purple to our *Bruti* Thee allow
As equal? Go thou Fool, go thither, where
Perfidious *Carthage* may, for Thee, prepare
Her *Fasces*. As with Heat he this Express'd,
Impatient ev'n with Sighs, within his Breast
Longer to keep his Anger (that thus broke,
Like Thunder, forth) aloud *Marcellus* spoke.
How dull a Patience (*Varro*) doth thy Minde
Possess? Confounded with this stormy Winde
Of War, so much, that, now a *Consul*, Thou
These mad, vain Dreams, art able to allow?

S f 2

Why

(d) This *Torquatus* (who is commended by the *Fate* for his Auterity) was defended of the *Consul Manlius*, whom the *Romans* *Stillicus* dressed for his overmuch Severity in Command. He it was, who, when the *Latines* (as now the *Capuans*) demanded to have a *Consul* of their Nation in *Rome*, torced *Manius* their Ambassadors out of the *Capitol*, and (as some additt) broke his Neck down Stairs.

Why dost thou not, from hence, these Headlong throw
 Out at the Gates : and make these Half-men know
 How great a Pow'r the *Consuls* have, that be
 Created by Our Custom : And, let Me
 Advise (Thou, never-sober Youth ! whose Fall
 Is nigh) fly quickly hence. Our *General*
 Shall, Arm'd, before your Walls an Answer make,
 Such, as is meet. With that, they all forsake
 Their Seats, and, with loud Clamours, press upon
 The *Capuans*, who hasted to be gone;
 While *Virius*, vex'd at that Repulse, lets fall
 In murmur'd Threats, the Name of *Hannibal*.

But *Fulvius*, the Prefages of whose Minde
 His future Honour at that Time Divin'd,
 And falling *Capua's* Image 'fore his Eys
 Appear'd, Replies; Though, Crown'd with Victories,
 Thou, *Hannibal*, His Neck in Chains, to *Rome*
 Shouldst bring; Yet ne're, hereafter, shalt Thou come
 Within these Sacred Walls: then take Thy Flight
 (I pray Thee) whither Thy sick Thoughts invite.
 At length, this angry Answer of the vext
Senate they bore away, with Threatning mixt.

Is it thy Will, Great *Jove*, that Fates should lay
 Still Buried in so great Obscurity
 An Age more happy shall hereafter come,
 When a *Campanian Consul* Pious *Rome*
 Shall gladly entertain, and shall afford
 Secure those *Fasces*, of Her own Accord,
 To valiant ^(c) Nephews, that were long deny'd

Through Arms, & War; but of their Grand-ire's Bride
 This shall a lasting Punishment remain.
Rome shall as soon the Suffrage entertain
 Of *Carthage*, as of *Capua*. This Reply
 When *Virius*, intermixing cunningly

Fiction

(c) The first of Foreinners, that had
 the Honour of being *Consul*, was *Cornelius Balbus*, born in the Territories
 of the *Carthaginians*. But, after him,
 many others were admitted: and among
 them *L. Fulvius*, a *Tusculan*, immedi-
 ately after his Country had rebelled a-
 gainst *Rome*, and he was the Ancestor
 of that *Fulvius*, who reduced *Capua* to
 their Obedience. See *infra*, Book 13.

Fiction with Truth, did, with the Fates, declare:
 The Fatal Signal of a Bloody War
 Was giv'n, and the *Campanian* Youth, inspir'd
 With Fury, Arms, and *Hannibal* desir'd.
 The People, flocking from all Parts, invite
 The *Libyans* to their Houses, and recite
 What mighty Things the *Libyan* Prince hath done:
 How He, like *Hercules*, had over-run
 The *Alps*; and, in His Course, had pass'd those high
 Aspiring Rocks, that to the Gods are nigh.
 Who had, a Conquerour, choak'd up the Stream
 Of *Po*, with Slaughter: And, how He (the same
 Great Conquerour) troubled with a *Numidian* Blood
 The *Lydian* Lake: and Banks of *Trebia's* Flood
 Transmitted had, with an Eternal Name,
 To Fame: How He *Flaminius* overcame,
 And *Paulus* (*Consul*) whom in Fight He slew.
 Beside, how He *Saguntus* overthrew,
 In His first War. And then *Pyrene's* Heights,
Iberus, and His Father's *Stygian* Rites
 They all extoll, and th' War, which long before
 He, in His Childhood, at the Altar swore.
 And, then, so many *Generals* overthrown
 In Fight; so many slain, that He, alone,
 By all the Weapons of the Gods did stand
 Untouch'd, in Battel. While He did command,
 With such a Person therefore, they should joyn
 Their Hands, and with Him, in a League, combine:
 But, if that Bloodless People's high Disdain,
 Vain Contumacy, and that Citie's Reign,
 That equal Laws, and *Fasces* had deny'd,
 (As to their Servants) *Capua* would abide:
Varro was then to be prefer'd, that He,
Consul, in Purple, might more Glorious flee.

This

Why dost thou not, from hence, these Headlong throw
 Out at the Gates : and make these Half-men know
 How great a Pow'r the *Consuls* have, that be
 Created by Our Custom : And, let Me
 Advise (Thou, never-sober Youth ! whose Fall
 Is nigh) fly quickly hence. Our *General*
 Shall, Arm'd, before your Walls an Answer make,
 Such, as is meet. With that, they all forsake
 Their Seats, and, with loud Clamours, press upon
 The *Capuans*, who hasted to be gone;
 While *Virius*, vex'd at that Repulse, lets fall
 In murmur'd Threats, the Name of *Hannibal*.

But *Fulvius*, the Prefages of whose Minde
 His future Honour at that Time Divin'd,
 And falling *Capua's* Image 'fore his Eyes
 Appear'd, Replies ; Though, Crown'd with Victories,
 Thou, *Hannibal*, His Neck in Chains, to *Rome*
 Shouldst bring ; Yet ne're, hereafter, shalt Thou come
 Within these Sacred Walls : then take Thy Flight
 (I pray Thee) whither Thy sick Thoughts invite.
 At length, this angry Answer of the vext
Senate they bore away, with Threatning mixt.

Is it thy Will, Great *Jove*, that Fates should ly
 Still Buried in so great Obscurity ?
 An Age more happy shall hereafter come,
 When a *Campanian Consul* Pious *Rome*
 Shall gladly entertain, and shall afford
 Secure those *Fasces*, of Her own Accord,
 To valiant ^(a) Nephews, that were long deny'd

Through Arms, & War ; but of their Grand-fire's Pride
 This shall a lasting Punishment remain.
Rome shall as soon the Suffrage entertain
 Of *Carthage*, as of *Capua*. This Reply
 When *Virius*, intermixing cunningly

Fiction

(a) The first of Foreiners, that had
 the Honour of being *Consul*, was *Cornelius Balbus*, born in the Territories
 of the *Carthaginians*. But, after him,
 many others were admitted, and among
 them *L. Fulvius, M. Fulvius*, immedi-
 ately after his Country had rebelled a-
 gainst *Rome*, and he was the Ancestor
 of that *Fulvius*, who reduced *Capua* to
 their Obedience. See *infra*, Book 13.

Fiction, with Truth, did, with the Fates, declare :
 The Fatal Signal of a Bloody War
 Was giv'n, and the *Campanian* Youth, inspir'd
 With Fury, Arms, and *Hannibal* desir'd.
 The People, flocking from all Parts, invite
 The *Libyans* to their Houses, and recite
 What mighty Things the *Libyan* Prince hath done :
 How He, like *Hercules*, had over-run
 The *Alps* ; and, in His Course, had pass'd those high
 Aspiring Rocks, that to the Gods are nigh.
 Who had, a Conquerour, choak'd up the Stream
 Of *Po*, with Slaughter : And, how He (the same
 Great Conquerour) troubled with *Ausonian* Blood
 The *Lydian* Lake : and Banks of *Trebia's* Flood
 Transmitted had, with an Eternal Name,
 To Fame : How He *Flaminius* overcame,
 And *Paulus* (*Consul*) whom in Fight He slew.
 Beside, how He *Saguntus* overthrew,
 In His first War. And then *Pyrene's* Heights,
Iberus, and His Father's *Stygian* Rites
 They all extoll, and th' War, which long before
 He, in His Childhood, at the Altar swore.
 And, then, so many *Generals* overthrown
 In Fight ; so many slain, that He, alone,
 By all the Weapons of the Gods did stand
 Untouch'd, in Battel. While He did command,
 With such a Person therefore, they should join
 Their Hands, and with Him, in a League, combine :
 But, if that Bloodless People's high Disdain,
 Vain Contumacy, and that Citie's Reign,
 That equal Laws, and *Fasces* had deny'd,
 (As to their Servants) *Capua* would abide :
Varro was then to be prefer'd, that He,
Consul, in Purple, might more Glorious flee.

This

Thus boasting, they, by Lot, choice Men prepare
 To fend, that with the *Tyrians* might swear
 A League: but *Decius*, then, the sole Renown
 Of *Capua*, in his Breast reserv'd, alone,
 Unconquer'd Courage: and, receiv'd into
 The Midst of the Assembly (for He knew
 He might not long delay) Why do ye make
 Such Haste, dear Countrey-men (said He) to break
 Our Father's Laws? And, thus, to entertain
 Into your Families that guilty Man,
 For breaking of the League, condemned by
 The Altars: How is thus all Memory
 Of Justice lost? 'Tis Noble, still in great
 Affairs, with private Men, or with a State,
 To keep Faith in Distress. Time doth invite
 Us now, for the *Rutulians* to fight:
 Now should our Armies move, our Ensigns fly,
 While their State totters, and a Remedy
 Their Wounds require. That Kindness is, alone,
 That's offer'd, when Prosperity is done,
 And that gives Aid, where Fortune is declin'd.
 For 'tis no Honour to a gallant Minde,
 To hug the Fortunate. Then hearken now
 To Me, their Souls like to the Gods I know,
 And Hearts still greater, then their greatest Ills:
 Believe Me, Them nor *Thrasimene* fills,
Canna, nor *Paulus* Memorable Fate:
 Ev'n These are they, that with their Arms did beat

(f) The *Samnites*, extremely vexing the *Capuans* by their Incurfions into their Borders, and at length fortifying the Hill *Trifate*, and defeating their Army, in the adjacent Plain, the *Capuans* with Tears desired Aid of the *Romans*, who sent two under the Conduct of their two *Consuls*, *Valerius Corvinus*, and *Cornelius Cistius*, who triumphed over the *Samnites*, and freed the *Capuans*. *Liv. lib. 7.*

U The Fo, fix'd on your Walls, and *Capua*
 From the proud *Samnites* rescu'd: These are they,
 Who gave you Laws, who all your Fears expell'd,
 And which the *Sidicinian* Army quell'd.
 Then what Allies, through Malice, do you fly?
 Or, rather, whom d'ye entertain? Shall I,

A Trojan,

A Trojan, who from Father *Cepus* came,
 To whom he left his Sacred Rites, and Name
 From *Jove*, of great *Iulus* Kin, shall I
 Among these Half-men (*Nasamonians*) ly?
 Or 'mong the barb'rous *Garamantians* (which,
 In Grinning, salvage Beasts resemble) pitch
 My Tent; mix'd with *Marmarick* Troopers? Or
 Shall I endure a *General*, that for
 The League, and Justice takes his Sword? and Praise
 From Blood alone unto Himself doth raise?
 No; Right, and Wrong, your *Decius* does not mix
 With such Indifference, that he should fix
 On such a Choice: you with no Good so great
 Hath cruel Nature Arm'd, as with the Gate
 Of Death; which, alwaies-open, gives you Pow'r
 To leave a tedious Life, at any Hour.

Thus, to their Ears averſe, while *Decius* spent
 His Breath in Vain, a chosen Regiment
 Made League with *Hannibal*: and, strait, a Band
 Of light *Autololes*, with Noise, at Hand
 Appear'd, sent by the *General* before,
 While He, with a great Body, Marcheth o're
 The Plains with Speed; and *Decius* agen
 Exclaims, Come, now's the Time (dear Countrey-men)
 The Hour's arriv'd, while, following Me, you may
 Perform an Action, worthy *Capua*.
 Now let Us all those Barb'rous Troops destroy;
 Let ev'ry one strive ſoly to enjoy
 That Honour; if the Fo approach, the Gate
 Obſtruct with Carcaſes, and expiate
 This Errour with your Swords. Such Blood alone
 Can purge your guilty Souls from what is done.
 While this (in Vain) to all unpleasant, He
 Expreſs'd, inform'd of his Severity,

With

With an Heart full of Rage, the *Libyan* stands
 Before the Walls, and, instantly, Commands
 The Deputies into the Camp to send
 For *Decius*, whom rough Valour did commend;
 And a Breast arm'd with Faith; a Soul inclin'd
 To Justice, and then *Capua* a Minde
 More great; who, with undaunted Courage, took
 Those menacing Commands: and, with a Look
 Most fierce, as bitter Words returns again.
 The *Libyan* Him, so full of brave Disdain,
 Amidst so many Arms, and Ensigns, thus
 Aloud upbraids: After *Flaminius*,
 And after *Paulus*, We are challeng'd! See!
 Alas! mad *Decius* would contend with Me,
 To give a Fame, and Honour to his Fall!
 But hence, my Souldiers, quickly march, with all
 Your Ensigns, and, in Spight of Him, to Me
 Let the *Campanian* City open'd be.
 What new Wars He can raise I'de, gladly, try
 'Gainst Us, to whom the *Alps* did openly,
 And Rocks, that strike at Heav'n, o're which a God
 Alone (before Impregnable) had trod.
 With that He, angry, blush'd, and from His Eys,
 Through Fury kindled, sudden Flames arise;
 And, foaming at his Mouth, deep Sighs he draws,
 That break, in dreadfull Murmurs, from his Jaws.
 By the whole *Senate* thus attended, Hæ
 The City enters; and, his Face to see
 The People flocking round, He venteth all
 The Storms of his dire Rage, and burning Gall;
 While the approaching Dangers more enflame
 Brave *Decius* Minde, who saw the Instant came
 Of Time, wherein He was to vanquish all
 The Praise of an Unconquer'd General.

Him

Him neither Flight, nor Barricade'd Doors
 Conceal. But Free, as if no *Libyan* Pow'rs,
 No *Hannibal*, were then, within the Town,
 He, with a Fearless Look, walks up, and down;
 When strait, with cruel Arms, a furious Band
 Seis'd Him, and forc'd Him at the Feet to stand
 Of *Hannibal*; who, on a lofty Throne,
 A Conqu'rou sate, and, with a Thundring Tone,
 This bitter Language vents. Dost Thou presume,
 Alone, to under-prop declining *Rome*,
 And rescue Her from Ruin? Thou Fool, say;
 Which of the Gods from Me shall take away
 So great Enjoyments? Or, was I, to be
 Subdu'd, reserv'd (dull *Decius*) to Thee?
 Weak *Decius*! To whom no Woman, born
 In *Agenorean Carthage*, but would scorn
 To Yield. But Him (for why such high Disdains
 Should We endure?) Fast in deserved Chains
 (My Souldiers) binde. Scarce He an End had made
 Of Railing; when stout *Decius* they invade,
 And binde, with Chains, His Hands upon His Back.
 Then, as a Lyon, on the lofty Neck
 Of a young Bull, amidst the Herd, doth leap,
 And murmuring with Rage, Victorious, deep
 Into his trembling Flesh his Claws hath prest,
 There hanging, feeds upon the groaning Beast:
 So *Decius* raging, while His Chains they binde,
 Come speedily (for such We ought to finde
 Thy Entrance *Hannibal*) these Chains, the Prize
 Of this unhappy League, close binde. (He cries)
 So *Decius* may a Worthy Victim fall:
 For 'tis not fit, that Thou, who placest all
 Delight in Humane Blood, shouldst Sacrifice
 Bulls to the Gods. Let *Capua*, in this,

T

Behold

Behold thy Right-Hand ; see thy League : as yet
 The Court Thou hast not enter'd, nor hast set
 Thy Foot with in the Temples ; but We see
 The Prison's open'd by the Cruelty
 Of Thy Commands. Go on, and give Encrease
 To Thy Beginnings, by such Acts, as these :
 Fame shall to Me, when Dead, hereafter tell,
 That *Hannibal* in *Capua*'s Ruins fell.
 But, here, they stop'd His Speech, and o're His Head,
 To blinde His Eys, a⁽²⁾ Fatal Robe was spread,
 And strait He's dragg'd away, in View of all
 His Friends : and then Triumphant *Hannibal*,
 With a more quiet Minde, and calmer Look,
 Goes on ; and, viewing all about Him, took
 Survey of all the Buildings in the Town,
 And Temples, and, what's worthy to be known
 Enquires ; Who built the Walls ; What Numbers are
 In Arms ; How Great their Treasure was for War :
 What was their Strength of Horse ; How great withall
 Their Infantry : To Him their *Arcenal*
 They shew, and ⁽³⁾ *Stellate* Fields with Store of Corn.

The Day now *Phæbus* to his Bounds had born,
 With weary Steeds, and *Hesperus*, by Degrees,
 Obscur'd his Chariot, hasting to the Seas :
 When they (as Custom was) their Feasts prepare,
 And, through the City, crown'd with Royal Fare
 Their stately Tables. Of the Honour He,
 And Entertainment of a Deity,
 Thought worthy, sits aloft upon a Bed
 Of Purple ; that far off its Rays doth spread.
 Nor was the Troop of Servants single ; some
 Serve in the Meat ; others burn rich Perfume ;
 The sev'ral Dishes some, in Order, joyn ;
 Some serve in Drinke, and Antique Goblets shine,

Of

(2) When any Person was condemned, the Judge gave Sentence in these words : *Ge, Licetour, blinde his Hands, muffle his Head* (which was done by throwing a Cloth over it) *blinde him to the curld Tree, &c.* which was the Judgement given against *Horatius*, for killing King *Tullius*. Liv. 1.

(3) Of this Name there were two Fields. The one near *Capua*, in *Etruria*, whence a Tribe was taken into *Rome*, and call'd *Stellatina*. The other, lying near *Capua*, was so fertile, that it was a great Relief to the Common-Wealth, capable to support twenty thousand Men, as *Dionysius*, out of *Suetonius*, observes.

Of massive Gold, upon the Tables ; Night,
 By numerous Tapers Flames, is put to Flight :
 With Noise of those, that Up, and Down, do go
 The high-Roof'd Palace-rings. A Stranger to
 Such lautious Banquets, with a wondring Eye,
 The unknown Face of Stately Luxury
 The *Tyrian* Souldier views : with Silence (*) He
 Feeds on, and blames such Prodigality
 In Banqueting ; and, that such Troops of Guests
 Were entertain'd, at their delicious Feasts.

(*) *Hannibal*.

But when, at Length, His Hunger was allay'd,
 And His rough Mind, with Wine, more Frolick made ;
 When Mirth upon His smoother Brow did rest,
 And weightier Cares were banish'd from His Breast ;
Gymean Teutras his *Euboick* Lyre
 Tun'd, and His Ears, dull'd, with the Trumpet's Dire
 Alarms, in War, with pleasant Eyrs delights.
 Now *Jove* he sings, and his stoln Loves recites :
Electra's Bed (of *Atlas* Race was She)
 From whence sprung *Dardanus* ; a Progeny
 Worthy the Gods : how, to Immortal *Jove*
 Thence *Eriubonius* did a Nephew prove :
 Whence *Tros*, whence *Ilus* came, and, in a long
 Descent, *Asaracus* : at Length, He sung
Carys, who equal was in Deeds, and Fame,
 To All, and gave unto those Walls their Name.
 The *Carthaginians*, and *Campanians*, all
 Applaud his Lays : and, first, the *General*,
 With all due Rites, a Goblet Crown'd with Wine
 Pays to the Honour of the Pow'rs Divine ;
 The Rest Him follow, and, instructed by
 Their Custom, *Bacchus* Juice flows lib'rally
 Upon the Boards, and fires their swelling Veins.

And, now, the *Tyrians* having giv'n the Reins

T t 2

To

To Mirth, a Valiant Soul, untouch'd with Wine,
 (For willingly, brave Youth, Thy high Design,
 Worthy all Memory, I'll not pass by
 In Silence; nor deserved Fame deny
 To Thy Attempts, which, though Imperfect, yet
 Were clearest Demonstrations of a Great,
 And Noble Courage) from all Venom free
 Of Drink, the Honour ponder'd, silently
 Within his Breast, of a *Sidonian* Fight,
 And Death; and, tharthis Sacred Motion might
 The rather be admir'd, ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Paulus* Son
 Condemn'd those Arts His Father had begun.
 He, closely following behinde His Sire,
 Who, with the Faust oppress'd, did, Slow, retire
 From the throng'd Palace, when He found a Time
 To open what He thought, and tell to Him
 His new Design; and when the Place was free
 Behinde Them, from the Palace: Hear (said He)
 My Resolution, worthy *Capua*,
 And Us, (with that, turning His Gown away,
 He shew'd His Armed Side) I now intend,
 With this My Sword, this cruel War to end,
 And bear the *Libyan's* Head to *Jove*: this Sword
 Shall ratifie this Infamous Accord,
 Made such by His Deceits; but, if Your Age
 Cannot, in so great Spectacles, engage,
 Or, tyr'd with greater Deeds, now fearfull be,
 You may securely Home retire, and Me
 Leave to my Thoughts. Thou *Hannibal* dost prize
 As Chief, and to the Gods dost equalize:
 But how much Greater, then a *Libyan* Name,
 Will Thy Son be? With that a Dreadfull Flame
 Seem'd from His Mouth to issue, and the Man
 Already in his Minde the War began.

But

(i) This young Man, called *Paulus*, was the Son of *Palladius* (or *Paulinus*) *Calvinus*, who, though he had married the Daughter of *Appius Claudius*, and had likewise given his own Daughter in Marriage to *Levinus*, was the Chief of the Faction, that caused the *Capuans* to revolt to *Hannibal*. *Liv. lib. 23.*

But the Old Man, who, with a troubled Ear,
 The Weight of a Design, so great, did bear,
 Trembling, before Him fell, upon the Place.
 And, as He did, with Kisses, oft embrace
 His Feet, Dear Son, by what remains to Me
 Of Life, and by a Father's Rights (said He)
 And by thy Safety (dearer far, then mine
 To Me) desist. (I pray) from this Design;
 Let me not see Our Hospitality
 With Murder stain'd, nor Friendly Cups to be
 Fill'd up with Blood, and Tables overthrow'n
 In Fury of the Fight. Canst Thou alone
 Him, whom nor Armies, Walls, nor Cities dare
 Withstand, when He comes near, and ev'ry where
 Ejecteth Rays, like Lightning? Him, who throws
 Something like Thunder from His Head, oppose?
 If, when thy Sword is spy'd, that Dreadfull Voice
 He should cast forth, by which He oft destroys
 Whole Squadrons in the Field? You but deceive
 Your self; if Him, thus Feasting, you believe
 Disarm'd. Gain'd by so many Slaughters, by
 So many Wars, Eternal Majesty
 The *Gen'ral* Arms. If you approach Him, then,
 That *Cannæ*, *Trebia*, and dire *Thrasimen*,
 And *Paulus* mighty Shade before Thee stands,
 Thou wilt admire; Will His Companions Hands.
 Or those about His Person, in so great
 A Danger Idle be? I Thee intreat
 Forbear, nor wish Superiority
 Above Him, o're whom Thou canst not *Vindict* be.
 Do not those Fatal Chains, that late did binde
Decius, instruct Thee to compose Thy Minde:
 Thus talking, when He saw the Youth to be
 Inflam'd with Love of Greater Fame, and free

From

From Fear ; I nothing more (said He) request :
 Come let's return, with Speed, unto the Feast :
 Thou canst not pierce the Breasts of all that Ring
 Of *Tyrian* Youth, that now defend the King.
 Try in this Throat Thy Hand ; for first Thy Blade
 (If Thou intend'st the *Libyan* to invade)
 Must through My Bowels pierce. My tardy Age
 Contemn not Thou ; My Body I'll engage
 Against Thee, and that Sword, which cannot be
 Extorted now, I, by My Death, from Thee
 Will force. With that He wept, and *Hannibal*,
 By Heav'n's great Care, reserv'd was to fall
 By *Scipio's* Arms. Nor then did Conscious Fate
 Allow, a forein Hand should perpetrate
 An Act so Great. But, of what Praise was He
 Depriv'd, whose Glorious Magnanimity,
 Worthy to Act in Deeds most famous, won
 So much Renown, for what He would have done :
 Then, both together, to the Feast they went
 Again, and clear'd their Brows from Discontent,
 Till Sleep dissolv'd their Banquet, and their Mirth.

But, as the next bright Morning to the Earth
 The fiery Steeds of *Phaëthon* did raise,
 His Chariot on the Surface of the Seas
 Reflecting ; fam'd *Amilcar's* Active (*) Son
 Already on His great Affairs begun
 To think, Fierce *Mago's* Order'd to repair
 To *Carthage*, to the *Senate* to Declare
 What *Hannibal* had done. With Him the Prey,
 And Captivated Men, are sent away,
 And Spoils, that to the Gods Devoted are,
 As Sacrifices of a prosperous War.
 The next Part of His Care was to convey
 Brave *Decius* (Alas !) to *Libya*,

Reserv'd,

(*) *Hannibal*.

Reserv'd, at his Return, a Sacrifice
 To his slow Rage, had not the Deities,
 Pitying his undeserv'd Punishment,
 The Youth, by Storms, to (*) *Battus* City sent.
 Here (2) *Ptolemy's* *Pellæan* Pow'r the Man
 Reserv'd from their dire Menaces, that than
 His Keepers were, and freed his Neck from Chains :
 But the same Land, that sav'd his short Remains
 Of Life, from Slavery, soon after gave
 His Bones, inviolate, a quiet Grave.

In the mean Time, the *Paphian* Goddess findes
 The wish'd-for Hour, t' involve the *Libyan's* Mindes
 In secret Ruin, through Prosperity,
 And their insulting Hearts, by Luxury,
 To tame ; and, therefore, She her Sons commands,
 Enticing Darts to scatter from their Hands
 Abroad, and silent Flames to send into
 Their Breasts. Then, smiling on the wanton Crew,
 Now let proud *Juno* Us despise (said She)
 (And 'tis no Wonder, for now What are We :)
 Let Her go on, driv'n with propitious Gales.
 She with her Hands, She with her Arms prevails :
 We small Shafts onely, from a Childish Bow,
 Expell, and from Our Wounds no Blood doth flow.
 But, now, be doing ; now's your Time : take Aim
 (My Sons) and, with your silent Darts, enslave
 The *Tyrian* Youths ; that Army, which nor Fire,
 Nor Sword, nor *Mars*, with slackest Reins, can tire,
 With store of Wine, Embraces, and by Sleep,
 Must be subdu'd. Into His Bowels deep
 Let *Hannibal* imbibed Pleasures drink.
 To ly on painted Beds, let Him not think
 It Shame, and with *Assyrian* Sweets his Hair
 Perfume ; let Him, that, in *Hybernal* Air,

Boasted,

(*) *Cyrene*.(2) The Ship, driven by Tempest into the Port of *Cyrene*, (then under *Ptolemy*, King of *Egypt*) *Decius* fled to the King's Statue for Sanctuary, which oblig'd his Keepers to carry him to *Alexandria* to *Ptolemy*, who, understanding the Injustice of his Captivity, released him. *Liv. lib. 23.*

Boasted, to lengthen out His Sleeps, delight
 In Houses, rather, to consume the Night:
 And let Him Learn to give the Idle Day
 To *Bacchus*; and, when cloy'd with Feasts, He may
 Be charm'd with Musick, and Luxurious Nights
 Or sleeping spend, or waking in Our Rites:
 This *Venus*; which the wanton Troops commend,
 And strait, from Heav'n, with Snowy Wings descend:
 The *Libyan* Youths, soon, feel their fiery Darts,
 And the discharged Shafts inflame their Hearts.
 Now *Bacchus* Gifts, and Banquets they desire,
 And warbling Songs to the *Pierian* Lyre.
 Now through the Plains no sweating Courser flies;
 No Lance, thrown through the Air, doth exercise
 Their naked Arms: in gentle Baths to rest,
 Their lazy Limbs they cherish, and, oppress'd
 With miserable Wealth, rough Valour's gone:
 The *General* Himself, but breath'd upon
 By flattering Desire, begins to Feast
 Anew; and, oft invited, 's made a Guest.
 And, by Degrees degenerate (His Minde,
 Corrupted by those secret Shafts) declin'd
 His Country's Arts. With equal Honour, all
 Now *Capua* another Countrey call,
 Another *Carthage*. Their Affections, free
 Before, to greedy Vice, through Victory,
 Now yield. Nor do the *Capuans* Measure keep
 In Luxury; but, drown'd in Riot, heap
 Lust upon Lust, and in their Feasts, between
 Each Course, add Sports, and often change the Scene.
 So 'bout the *Lotos*, on *Lagean* Banks,
 The *Phrygian* Minstrels, with lascivious Pranks,
Spartan Canopus fill. And, first, their Ears
 With his sweet Eys (while *Hannibal* appears

Extreamly

Extremely pleas'd). fam'd *Teuthras*, for his Skill
 Most eminent, Delights with Voice, and Quill;
 And, when he saw the *Libyan* Prince admire
 The warbling Nerves, then the *Ionian* Lyre,
 With Praise, he celebrates; and, as he sung,
 His well-tun'd Harp conspiring with his Tongue,
 The Musick that of dying Swans exceeds,
 And those sweet Lays 'mong many (for the Deeds
 Of antient Heroes best the Ear affect)
 Most pleasant for the Banquet doth select.

Once by the *Argive* People (strange to tell!)
 A Lute was heard, that did the Rocks compell
 To follow, and the flying Stones to stand,
 Fix'd into Walls. Touch'd by *Amphion's* Hand,
 This rais'd the *Theban* Walls; while to the Skies
 Flints, of themselves, in Heaps, congested, rise
 T' enchanted Tow'rs. Another by his Lays
 The *Phoece* tam'd, becalm'd the raging Seas,
 And *Proteus* drew through all his Shapes, and bore
Arion, on a *Dolphin's* Back, to Shore.
 But that, whose Sound, in the *Peliack* Cave,
 A Bridle to the Minds of Heroes gave,
 And great *Achilles* Thoughts, the ⁽¹⁾ *Centaure* lov'd,
 And when, upon the Strings, his Finger mov'd,
 Hell's, or the *Ocean's* Fury 'twould allay.
 He *Chaos*, and the World, once wanting Day,
 Or Light, a starless Lump; and then how God
 Diffus'd the Waters of the Deep abroad,
 And bound the Globe of Earth amidst the Frame;
 How high *Olympus* to the Gods became,
 By his appointment, a Secure Abode,
 And chaster Age of Father *Saturne* shew'd.
 But those sweet Nerves, by *Orpheus* touch'd, to whom
 The Gods, and Shades below, did listning come,

U u

Their

(1) The Centaure Chiron, Tutor to Achilles.

Their Quill emerited, now shine among
 The brightest Stars. His Mother his sweet Song
 Admir'd, and her *Aonian* Sisters too;
 His Musick the *Pangæan* Hills pursue.
Hemus, and farthest *Thrace*, Beasts, with their Woods,
 Him follow, and the Mountains with their Floods;
 Unmindfull of their Nests, Flight laid aside,
 Birds, Captiv'd, in th' unshaken Air abide.
 And, when the *Pegæan* Ship (before
 The Sons of Earth were skill'd beyond the Shore)
 Refus'd the Sea to enter, by His Song,
 Entic'd up to the Poop, the Waters throng.
 He those pale Kingdoms, whither Ghosts retire,
 And *Acheron*, that with Eternal Fire,
 And Flames, still Echoes, by His Lays alone
 Subdu'd, and fix'd the ever-rolling ^(m) Stone.
 Thus *Tenubras*, with His *Thespian* Lays their Hearts,
 Hard'ned in War, to softer Ease diverts.

(m) The Stone, which *Sisyphus* rolls
 in Hell.

But, in the mean time, with propitious Gales,
Mago unto the Coast of *Libya* sails;
 And the desired Port, with Lawrel bound,
 The Vessel enters, as in Triumph, Crown'd
 With captive Arms: the lofty Prow displays
 A Lustre over all the Neighb'ring Seas:
 The Seamen in the Road the Echoing Shores
 With Clamours fill, and, as they tug their Oars
 Against their Breasts, rais'd by their num'rous Blows,
 The Foam o're all the broken *Ocean* flows:
 To catch their Joys, the eager People press
 Into the Waves, and, proud of the Success,
 With great Applause, and Emulation, all
 Their Welcome celebrate. The *General*
 Is with the Gods compar'd: Him, ev'ry where,
 Matrons, and Nephews, (that instructed are

To

To Honour Him,) commend: by Young, and Old,
 The *Senate*, and the People, He's extoll'd;
 And likewise, by slain *Heroes*, thought to be
 Worthy the Honour of a Deiry.

Into His Countrey thus proud *Mago* came,
 And Gates, triumphing in His Brother's Fame,
 Enter'd: the *Senate* to their Place resort,
 And, with a full Convention, throng the Court:
 There (as an ancient Custom did enjoin)
 All Veneration to the Pow'rs Divine,
 And the Assembly, pay'd; I bring (said He)
 News of that broken Force, which *Italy*
 Against Us us'd, and of that War, wherein
 Your *Mago* no mean Part of Toil hath bin; crown'd.
 And, when We fought, the Gods Our Wishes
 There is a Place, from *Dionæ* Renown'd,
 Possess'd of old by *Dannus*, the moist Grounds
 Their *Aufidus* with rapid Streams surrounds,
 And, through the Plains o'reflowing, cuts his Way
 With Speed into the *Adriatick* Sea,
 Where falling with great Noise, he beats again
 The yielding Billows back into the Main:
 Here *Varro*, and (a Name of Honour held
 Among the *Latines*) *Paulus*, took the Field,
 Before the Day had chac'd away the Night,
 And kindled with their shining Arms the Light
 Of the then rising Morn. Desire, t'engage
 Enflam'd My Brother, and with equal Rage
 Our Ensigns hasten on: Earth trembles, strook
 With Horrour; high *Olympus*, groaning, shook:
 And here the *General* (then whom the Earth
 Unto a Greater never yet gave Birth)
 In Slaughter hid the River, and the Field;
 And, as He furious charg'd (this I beheld)

U u 2

Ev'n

Ev'n with the very Noise, that He came on,
 Scatter'd, through all the Plains, to Him alone
 All Italy gave Way : ev'n I beheld,
 When Coward Varro basely fled the Field,
 And threw his Arms away : brave Paulus too
 I saw, when standing o're his Friend, and through
 His Body pierc'd, with Darts, at length He fell.
Aegates, and those Servile Leagues, that tell
 Our former Infamy, that Glorious Day
 With Streams of *Romane* Blood hath wash'd away.
 If such another Day We live to see ;
 Then *Carthage*, surely, Thou the Head shalt be
 Of ev'ry Nation, and shalt be ador'd
 By all the World ! These Trophies shall Record
 The Slaughter ; which, a Bad of Honour, there,
 On their Left Hands the Noblest Persons wear.
 With that pours forth (they wondring to behold)

(*) Rings, among the *Romans*, were peculiar to their *Knights* to wear, and on their Left Hands ; in this Battle were slain five thousand six hundred, and thirty of that Order : and, by the Consent of many *Aethiops*, their Rings filled three Bushels.

(*) A mighty Heap of shining Rings of Gold,
 And ratifies His Words : and then again
 Assumes His Speech ; What then doth now remain,
 But, that (said He) from its Foundation turn'd,
Rome, with the Ground, should levell'd be, and burn'd :
 Let Us endeavour this, and now repair
 Our Troops, that by so many Dangers are
 Exhausted. Let the Treasures open'd be,
 With greatest Freedom, to such Hands, as We
 Have gain'd in War. Our Elephants (a Sight
 Of Terrour to the *Romanes*) now are quite
 Decay'd, and all Provisions grow low.
 As this He mention'd, with an angry Brow,
 He turn'd to *Hanno*, (whom the rising Fame
 O'th' General did long ago enflame
 With bitter Thoughts) Now we have giv'n (said He)
 Proof of our Valour, and Designs to Thee.

Is it now fit, that I a *Latine* Swain
 Should serve : Or must We *Hannibal* again
 Deliver up : Unhappy Wretch ! forbear
 Thy Poisonous Envy, and Thy Thoughts, that are
 Swell'd high with *Strygian* Gall. Behold ! that Hand
 (At Length Crown'd with so many Trophies, and
 So many Titles) ev'n that Hand, which Thou
 Wouldst have giv'n up to *Romane* Tortures, now,
 Their Shores, Lakes, Rivers, & their Fields with Blood
 Hath fill'd. Thus *Mago*, while the *Senate* stood
 Inclind to favour Him in what He spoke.
 But *Hanno*, whom both Envy did provoke,
 And Anger, thus replies : I not, at all,
 Admire the railing Language, now let fall
 By that rash, foolish Boy. His Innate Pride,
 And Brother's Spirit may be soon defcrid
 In Him, and the vain Venom of His Tongue :
 But, lest You should think Me so chang'd, among
 His Vanities, as to desist, I say ;
 That now's the very Time, that We should pray
 Their Peace, and this destructive War forbear :
 And I beseech You to consider here
 What 'tis He brings ; (there's nothing else beside
 Left to Your Censure) 'tis, that We provide
 Arms, Ships, Men, Money, Elephants, with Store
 Of Corn. If Conquer'd, We could give no more,
 We have with *Trojan* Blood, already, cloy'd
Rutulian Plains, and *Italie*'s destroy'd :
 Now then (good Conquerour !) let's lay aside
 Our Cares, and in Our Countrey safe abide ;
 Let not Our Families, that oft have been
 Made empty, be exhausted now agen
 By the Expenses of a wastfull War.
 And, now, I'me sure, the fatal Day's not far

Remov'd (I wish, that my Prefage may be
 False, and my Minde with a vain Augury
 Deluded) but Their furious Hearts I know,
 And see the future Anger that will grow
 From what they suffer: And, for my Part, I
 Ev'n *Canne* dread. For lay Your Ensigns by,
 Try what is to be done: demand a Peace;
 'Twill not be giv'n. Our Ruins will encrease
 From what they feel: and they would sooner yield
 To League with Us; if they had won the Field,
 Then now, when overcome: But Thou, who dost,
 With such proud Language, so Great Actions boast,
 And, with such swelling Noise, invad'st the Ears
 O'th Ignorant, Thy Brother, (who appears
 Equal to *Mars* in Arms, then whom the Earth
 Unto a Greater never yet gave Birth,
 For War) Why hath not He (I pray thee say)
 Unto the Walls of *Rome* yet March'd away?
 We Children, not yet fit the Weight to bear
 Of Arms, may, from their Mothers, force to War,
 And Rigg a thousand Ships at His Command,
 And seek for Elephants through all Our Land;
 That *Hannibal*, thus arm'd, His Empire may
 Prolong, and Reign unto His dying Day.
 But You, my dearest Countrey-men (for Us
 No hidden Dangers compels) do not thus
 Spoil Your dear Families; but moderate
 The Arms, and Wealth of such, as in the State
 Have Pow'r; let Peace, that is the Best of things
 To Mortals known; Peace, that more Honour brings,
 Then *Myriads* of Triumphs; Peace, that can
 Our common Safety keep, and make This Man
 Equal to That: into Our Countrey be
 At Length recall'd, and let the Infamy,

And

And Name of Treachery be banish'd from
 Thy Walls (*Phaniffa*) but, if You're become
 So greedy of a War, and still persist,
 Not to give up your Arms, at the Request
 Ev'n of your Countrey, truly I advise,
 That hence your Fury may have no Supplies:
 And this let *Mago* to His Brother say;

More He'd have said (for Speaking could not lay
 His Anger) but the Clamours of the Rest,
 Divided in their Votes, his Speech suppress'd.
 At length, 'twas answer'd: If that the Renown
 Of *Libya* (*Hannibal*) excell'd by none
 In Arms, be Cause of Anger unto Thee,
 Ev'n at the very Bounds, must therefore We
 Be wanting to the *Vittour*? Or our Aid
 Refuse, that one Man's Envy may be made
 A Bar unto that Empire, which We now
 Have gain'd? With that they readily allow
 What ere for War is needful; proud, that so
 Their Favour, in His Absence, He might know.
 Then to *Iberia* they decree the same
 Should be convey'd; while Envy did defame
 The *General's* Immortal Deeds, and made
 His Honour to be lesned by this Aid.

The End of the Eleventh Book.



*Jupiter Æthiopum remeans tellure minantem
Romulus vi Panum vadit succedere vult.
Fulminas, et tonitrus, et nimbus æquatur.
Honoratissimo Dni Domino Edoardo
ville. Baroni de Kimbolton, Dni Camerario
Cantabrigie: e Sanctioribus Consulibus.*



*Quo visis ovocavit majorem, bella capessit
Nobili quon ferre delecti: lano equit, et
dumcuti iuben, Perq apparuit ore.
Comiti Manchesteria, Vicecomiti Mande:
Hospitali Dni Regis, Cancellario Academiz
et Jureconsulto Periculis Equit.
Manchesteria. D.D.D.*



SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick War.

The Twelfth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Through Luxury, and Ease, the Lybians, made
Effeminate, Parthenopæ invade,
And are repuls'd. From thence to Cumæ, then
To Putzol, on they March, and are agen
Repuls'd: the Sulph'rous Soil, the Pools, and Lakes
Describ'd. From thence the Libyan Captain makes
His Army march to Nola, where they are
Overtrown. What Contributions for the War
At Rome are made: Such as, would Service sue
In War, are punished with Infamy.
Torquatus prospers in Sardinia.
The Libyan, wasting Countries in his way,
And burning Towns, goes to Tarentum; where
The City is betray'd: the Romans are,
For Safety, forc'd to flee into the Port.
The Ships, by them block'd up, within the Port,
By a new Stratagem unto the Sea,
Over the Hills doth Hannibal convey.
By his traitor Treachry borne Gracchus falls,
In vain endeavouring the besieg'd Walls
Of Capua to relieve. The Libyan goes
To Rome; where Storms, and Lightning him oppose.*



OW the sharp Winter, in the
Earth again,
His Icy head, his Temples swell'd
with Rain,
And Cloudy Brows had hid;
and Spring, with clear
And warmer Air, and Winds,
began to chear

X x

The

The fertile Fields; when forth the *Libyan* breaks
 From *Capus*, and with Panick Terror shakes
 The neighbouring Towns. As Serpents, that lay still
 Conceal'd, while the *Riphean* Winds were chill,
 In warmer Days roll from their secret Beds,
 And, shining new, erect their Radiant Heads,
 And, from their lofty Jaws, their Venom Spout.
 But soon as *Libya's* Ensigns Shin'd about
 The Fields, through Fear, all Desolate was made,
 And strait in Works, as Terror did perfwade,
 Despairing Safety, they themselves enclose,
 And Trembling, on the Walls, expect their Foes.
 But then that Vigour, that did Arm'd invade
 The *Alps*, and, breaking through, a Passage made,
 That *Trebia* enjoy'd, and stain'd, with Blood
 Of Bravest *Romanes*, the *Maonian* Flood,
 Was lost. Their Limbs with Wine, and Pleasure made
 Effeminate, and, dull with Sleep, decal'd:
 These, that were wont in coldest Nights to ly
 Loaden with Arms, beneath a Stormy Sky,
 And oft, when Show'rs of Hail came Rushing down,
 Contemn'd their Tents: who ne're by night were known
 To lay their Quivers, Darts, Swords, Shields aside,
 And Arms, as useful as their Members try'd;
 Their Helmets, now, an heavy Burden call,
 Their Targets Weighty seem, their Jav'lins all
 So weakly thrown, that they with Silence fly.

The first of all, that was assaulted by
 Their Arms, was Fair ^(a) *Parthenopé*, a Town
 Not Wealthy; but for Strength of some Renown:
 But the convenient Port the *General*, who
 Sought to secure the *Ocean*, thither drew;
 That Ships from *Carthage*, there, might safe arrive.
 The Citizens did then in Pleasure live,

And

And entertain'd, in Peace, the *Muses*, free
 From weight of Cares: *Siren Parthenopé*,
 From ^(b) *Achelous* sprang, whose *Musick* long
 Reign'd in those Seas, when Her delightful Song
 Destroy'd the Mariners, that near Her came,
 Left, to those Walls, Her memorable Name.

Affaulting this behinde, (for by the Sea
 The Front was Safe) the *Libyan* no way
 With all his Strength could force. Inglorious in
 The loss of that Design, He doth begin,
 With Rams, to Batter the obstructed Gates:
 And there, that Conquerour, that ev'n the Fates
 At *Cannæ* had Subdu'd, did stand, in Vain,
 Before a ^(c) *Gracian* Bulwark: and again
 A cautious Resolution doth approve

By that Event; for that He did not move,
 After the *Damian* Field (that sadly swum
 In *Trojan* Blood) unto the Walls of *Rome*.
 Now You, that call me Idle, and that say,
 I know not how, to give the Fates their Way;
 For that I would not suffer you to Climb
 (Said He) the Walls of *Rome*, ev'n at a Time
 When you had newly Fought: now enter, and
 Within these Houses, which a *Gracian* Band
 Onely defends, give Us that Festival,
 Which once you Promis'd, in the *Capitol*.

While thus He them upbraids: incens'd with Shame
 (Should He desert the place) of future Fame,
 He ev'ry thing attempts, and eager Whets
 Their Swords, with his accustomed Deceits.
 But sudden Flames upon the Walls, and through
 The Air, at ev'ry Breach, swift Weapons flew.
 As, when an Eagle hides upon an High
 Imperious Rock her Yung, if silently

X x 2

A Serpent

(b) The *Sirens* were the Daughters of *Achelous*, and *Atsipomus*.

(c) For that anciently it was Peopled with a *Greek*, *Celaire*.

(a) *Nephtis*.

A Serpent thither crawl, and gaping wide,
 By his Approach, her Breed is terrifi'd,
 She with her Bill, and Talons (wont to bear
 The Arms of *Jove*) still Watchfull, ev'ry where,
 Resists her Enemy, and flies about
 The Circle of her Nest, to keep him out.
 Weary, at length, to *Cuma's* Port He took
 His Way, by various Motion to provoke
 Fortune, and wave that Blow to His Renown.
 But *Gracchus*, then Commander of the Town,
 Was its Defence, and forc'd Him to retreat
 Ev'n from the Walls, not suff'ring Him to set
 Before the Gates, or hope for Entrance there.
 Then, mounted on a nimble Steed, Despair
 Seising His Minde, He views, and searcheth all,
 And thus again doth on His Souldiers call,
 With Arguments of Praise: Good Gods! (saïd He)
 What Period (Friends) what Measure shall We see
 Of Standing, ^(d) thus, at ^(e) *Grecian* Towns, while none
 Of You remember, what You once have done?
 Is it because a greater Bulk doth stand
 Before You, then the *Alps*? and I command,
 That You should climb again those Rocks, that strike
 At Heav'n? Should We another Land, that's like
 To that now finde, where sudden Rocks, and Snow
 Invade the very Stars, would You not go;
 And boldly Arms, where're I lead You, bear?
 These Walls (*Alas!*) and *Cuman* Rampires, here,
 Despairing *Gracchus* hold, I who, perceive,
 Ev'n in the least of Danger, dare not leave
 Those Ports: but shall the World then think what You
 Have gain'd by Toils, you did by Chance subdue?
 I, by those Gods, that at the *Tyrrhen* Lake
 Propitious were, entreat; for *Trebia's* sake,

(d) *Cuma*, and *Nepes*.

And

And by *Saguntus* Dust, Your selves now shew
 Worthy Your present Fame, and *Came* to
 Your Thoughts recall. As thus He sought to raise,
 And fix with Words, their Minds, with wanton Ease
 Made dull, and through Prosperity decay'd;
 And, as he there the Avenues survaï'd,
 A shining Temple, on the Top of all
 The Tower He spy'd, whose fam'd Original
 Thus, *Capua's* cruel Captain, *Virius* told.

In this Our Age, that Fabrick You behold,
 Was not (saïd He) erected, greater Hands
 Built it: when *Dædalus* liv'd in the Lands
 Of the ^(f) *Dilean* King (thus Fame doth say)
 To quit the Earth, by flying, He the Way
 First found; none else, in all the World, did dare,
 On borrow'd Wings, himself into the Air
 To lift, and shew men how to fly. But He,
 His floating Body poising equally
 Amidst the Clouds, soon mounted out of Sight;
 Like a strange Bird, affrighting in His Flight
 The very Gods. His Son likewise assumes,
 By his Advice, the Shape of borrow'd Plumes,
 To try the waies of Birds. But Him again
 He fal'n beheld, beating the troubled Main
 With his unhappy Wings, and broken Oars
 Of Quills; and, as Indulgent, he deplores
 His sudden Fate, moving his Hands unto
 His Breast, unmindefull whither He would go,
 Sorrow his Flight delay'd: but, to appear
 Gratefull for his Cloud-wandering Passage, there
 To *Phæbus* he first built that Holy Fane;
 And lai'd aside his daring Wings again.

(f) *Minos*, King of *Creta*.

This *Virius*. But *Hannibal* each Day
 Pass'd without Action Numbers, of that Stay,
 And

And cros aham'd he Sighs, and Quits the Town,
 Resolv'd to satiate his Grief upon
 The *Dicarchean* ^(f) City : but ev'n there
 The Sea, and Industry of those, that were
 Within, and lofty Walls, repell his Rage.
 And, while a Tedious Labour doth engage
 His Army, there to force a Passage, through
 The rough obstructed ways, He takes a view
 Of the Mirac'lous Pools, and Soil not far
 From thence. The Chief of *Capua* present are ;
 And one among the rest begins to show,
 Whence the warm *Baiae* were so call'd, and how
 One of the Fam'd *Dulichian* Ship, which came
 Upon that Coast, left to that Pool his ^(g) Name.
 Another tells, the *Lucrine* Lake of old
 Was call'd *Cocytus* ; and commends the Bold
 Adventure of *Alcides*, midst the Sea,
 When He dispers'd its Waves, and brought away,
 Th' *Iberian* Heard : how *Styx* its Antient Name
 Had to *Avernus* chang'd, of greatest Fame
 Among those Silent Lakes : then the Dark Face
 Of Groves, and Shadows, that invest the Place.
 Fatal to Birds, it breaths, into the Air,
 A dire Contagion, and is ev'ry where
 Renown'd, for *Stygian* Worship. Near to this,
 (As Fame reports) a Dreadful Pool there is,
 Which leads to *Acheron*, and, op'ning wide
 With a Deep Gulf, divides, on either Side,
 The gaping Earth, and sometimes doth affright
 The Ghosts below with unexpected Light.
 Not far from this, the Place all Dark, they tell,
 Where the *Cymmerian* People long did dwell,
 In a *Tartarean* City, under Ground,
 Pref'd with Infernal Clouds, and Night profound.

At

(f) *Pueri*.(g) *Rains*, one of *Ulysses* his
 Companions, buried there.

At length, they shew those Famous Fields, that Fire,
 Sulphur, and boiling Brimstone still expire.
 From the parch'd Entrails of the Groaning Earth
 Black Vapours break, like Waves, and, at their Birth,
 Into the Air cast *Stygian* Blasts, that from
 The trembling Caves, with dreadful Murmurs, come.
 And as, sometimes, the Fire beats round about
 Those hollow Rooms, and Labours to get out,
 It sadly Bellows, with a threatening Sound,
 And tears the mangled Entrails of the Ground,
 Destroys the shaking Mountains, eaten through
 With Flames. The *Giants* there (if Fame say true)
^(h) Subdu'd by *Hercules*, the Earth that's cast
 Upon them shake, and, often breathing, Blast
 The Fields, and, when they Threaten to prevail,
 And break their Chains, the very Heav'ns grow Pale.
 There cruel *Mimas* Prison ; *Prochyté*
 Appears : and, farther off, *Inarimé* ;
 Which, with Black Storms, fuming *Japetus* down
 Doth prefs. While frequent sulph'rous Flames are
 From his Rebellious Mouth, and, if he should (thrown
 At any time get loose, again He would
 Against the Gods, and *Jove*, the War renew.
 Not far from these *Vesuvian* Cliffs they shew,
 And on the Top the Rocks, devoured still
 By Flames, with Ruins, round the broken Hill,
 And Stones, that equal *Aetna's* Fates : and there
 He sees *Misenus*, in his Sepulcher,
 Keeping his *Trojan* Name, and on the Shore
 Th' *Herculean Bauli*. Thus doth he explore.
 With Wonder, both the threatnings of the Sea,
 And Labours of the Land. These seen, away
 To th' *Pherecyades* high Walls he hasts,
 And the *Nysæan* Top of *Gaurus* walls,

Fertile

(h) The *Phlegrean* Field, where
 the *Giants* were overthrown by *Hercules*.

Fertile in Gen'rous Vines. From thence amain
 His Troops he leads to *Nola*; (in a Plain
Nola is situate, encompass'd round
 With num'rous Tow'rs, guarding the Level Ground
 With a deep Trench) but there *Marcellus*, who
 Assum'd not Arms to be protected fo
 By Tow'rs, who would have Valour onely made
 Their Wall's Defence, brought them both Strength, and
 He, when far off the *Libyan* Fleet he spy'd, (Aid.
 Which thither Steer'd, and tow'rd's the Walls apply'd
 The Flow'r of all their Force; To Arms, said He;
 The cruel Fo draws near. And instantlie,
 Exclaiming thus, his Arms he takes in Hand;
 And strait the eager Youth about him stand,
 And in a Rage (as Custom was) put on
 Their bloody Casks. Then, running up and down,
 The Troops he orders thus; *Nero*, by Thee
 That Port, on the Right-Hand, shall guarded be:
 Thou *Tullus*, who the *Volsce*'s Glory art,
 Thy *Larinatian* Ensigns shalt divert,
 And Country Cohorts, to the Left; and, when
 I give the Word, with sudden Fury then,
 And Silence, force the Gates, and pour into
 The Fields your Show'rs of Darts against the Fo;
 Into the Midst of them I'll charge, and force
 From th' open Gates the Skirmish of their Horse.

As thus *Marcellus* spoke, the *Libyans* strove
 The Bars, and *Pallisadoes*, to remove,
 And the despis'd Walls to scale. Then, round
 The Town, the Trumpets, and shrill Cornets sound,
 With Shouts of Men, hoarse Horns, and clashing Arms
 Against their furious Limbs. With these Alarms
 The *Elephants* advance, incited by
 The Darts upon them thrown: and suddenly,

Like

Like a rude Storm, the Troops of Horse came on,
 And charg'd. As when, the Banks, & Locks, o'rethrown,
 Unruly Rivers Inundations make:
 Or, driv'n by *Boreas*, foaming Billows break
 Against the Rocks: Or, an Eruption made
 From their dark Prisons, Winds the Land invade.

Nor with that dreadful Sight of Arms, and Men,
 Could *Libya* hope to gain the Place. For then,
 On's frighted Steed, the ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Dardan General*
 Advanc'd, and at their flying Backs, withall
 His Fury, press'd His Lance: invoking thus
 His Friends; The Gods, and Time, now favour Us.
 Go on, this leads to *Capua*'s Walls. And then,
 Turning upon the Enemy agen;
 Stay, whither haste Ye? I do not (said He)
 Upbraid thy flying Men, but rather Thee,
 Perfidious *Hannibal*; for in our Hands
 The War, this present Field, and Army stands:
 I'll quit Thy Troops from Slaughter, let Them see
 A single Combate between Thee, and Me.
Marcellus this demands! This said, the Fame,
 And Value, of the Danger did enflame
 Him with the *Libyan* to begin the Fight.
 But this to *Juno* was no pleasing Sight;
 Who Him diverted, hasting to His Fall,
 From what He then design'd: while *Hannibal*
 Strives all He can to Rally, and to Stay
 His frighted Troops. Such then from *Capua*,
 And from those fatal Mansions, do We come?
 (Said He) Oh stand, ye Wretches; You, whose Summ
 Of Glory, is Dishonour! Credit Me,
 No Place will Faithfull prove to You, that flee:
 You have deserv'd, that all *Ausonia* now
 Should rise against You; and it is from You,

Y y

You

(i) *Marcellus*.

You, that with so great Terror routed are,
That all may both of Peace, and Life despair.
His Voice suppress'd the Trumpet's Sound; and, though
Obstructed, through their Ears, his Clamours go.

In *Græcian* Arms young *Pedanius* stood,
Most fierce in Fight, and from that *Trojan* Blood
Himself derived, that from *Antenor* came.

Nor less, then His Original, in Fame
Was He, ^(*)Sacred *Timæus* Glory, and
A Name below'd in the *Euganean* Land.

(*) A River, that descends from the *Alps*, and, running more then forty Miles under Ground, breaks out again near *Favente*, and emptieth it self into the *Adriatick* Sea; the *Euganean* Lake not far from it.

To Him, nor Father *Po*, nor those, that boast
Their *Apennus*, nor the *Venetian* Coast
Could any Equal finde. Whether he fought,
Or in a studious Life the *Muses* sought,
Or tun'd *Æonian* Ditties with his Quill,
Not any was more famous for His Skill:
As He, in full Career, did close pursue
The *Libyans* at their Backs; and, near them, knew
The Cask, and Noble Spoils, of *Paulus* slain,
Worn by young *Cinyps*, who rejoyc'd (in vain)
In that great Favour of his *General*.
This *Cinyps* was below'd by *Hannibal*:
None was, then He, more Beautifull in Face,
None in the Fore-Head had a greater Grace;
So shines that Ivory, that, in the Air
Of *Tibur* bred, Time never can impair;
Or Gems of the *Red-Sea*, which in the Ear,
For Whiteness of admired Price, We wear.
Him Glorious in His Helmet, and His Crest
Well known, in the last Rank, among the Left,
When *Pedanius* spy'd, and to His Eys
Paulus, from Shades below, appear'd to rise,
Gnashing his Teeth, he charg'd him; Must (said He)
The Trophies of that Sacred Head by Thee

Be

Be worn; which not, without the Crime of all
The Gods, and Envy, ev'n your *General*
Could wear? See *Paulus*! (and, with that, upon
The Ghost of *Paulus* calls to see it done)
And, as he fled, his Lance, with all his Force,
Thrusts in his Side; then, lighting from his Horse,
Tears off the Cask, and Trophies of the Great
Consul, with his Right-Hand, and, while he yet
Could see, despoils him of his Honour: all
His Beauty is dissolv'd in his Fall.

And strait a *Stygian* Colour over-casts
His Snow-white Limbs, and all the Glory blasts
Of His admired Form; His Amber Hair
Disorder'd falls; His limber Neck can bear
No more its former Weight; but, as oppress'd,
Sinks with His Head into His Milky Breast.

So, when the n⁽¹⁾ *Cythereian* Star again
Rising, refresh'd, from the *Eöan* Main,
Himself to *Venus* boasts, if Clouds invade
His Face, the Lustre of his Beams will fade,
And soon, decreasing in that Mask of Night,
Retires his languishing, and fainting Light.

(1) Lucifer.

Ev'n *Pedanius*, as he takes in Hand
His Helmet, at his naked Face doth stand
Amaz'd, and checks his Rage, and then away
Bearing, with Shouts, unto his Friends his Prey,
He Spurs his furious Steed; which Stains with Gore,
From his fierce Mouth, the frothy Reins he wore.
But, then *Marcellus*, fierce in Arms, came on,
And meeting Him, the Honour He had won
Thus gratulates. Go, *Antenorides*,
Go on; and by such valiant Acts, as these,
Surpass thy Ancestours: it now (said He)
Remains, the Spoils of *Hannibal* should be

Y y 2

Our

Our Prize. Then, fir'd with Rage, his fatal Lance,
 With dreadfull Noise, he threw; nor had, perchance,
 His Wish been vain, had not the Obvious Force
 Of *Geslar* with his Body stop'd the Course
 O'th flying Shaft: for, while He, fighting near
 At Hand, defends his *General*, the Spear,
 Not aim'd at Him, past through Him, ending all
 His mighty Threatnings in His changed Fall.
 With that the *General*, with Speed, withdrew,
 Struck with the Danger of his Death, and to
 The Camp retir'd. Then, with a Headlong Rout,
 The *Libyan Army* turn'd their Arms about,
 And all contend, who shall most Speedy fly:
 Their Enemies Pursue, and satisfie
 The long-contracted Anger of their Woes;
 While ev'ry Man with Emulation shows
 To the Revenging Gods, and Heav'n, His Sword,
 All stain'd with Blood. ^(a) That Day did first afford
 That, which ev'n from the Gods none durst believe
 Before; that it was possible to give
 A Stand to *Hannibal* in Fight: but then
 They took His Chariots, Elephants, and Men,
 And strip'd the Living; and, thus joy'd to see,
 That *Hannibal* did from the Slaughter flee,
 Return. *Marcellus* to the God of War,
 In Honour, is compar'd; and Greater, far,
 In Triumph march'd, then when He once did bring

(a) The Reputation of this Victory was of greater Consequence, than the Victory it self (though some say the *Carthaginians* lost two thousand three hundred, and the *Romans* but one man) for from thence the *Romans* took Courage, scarce believing before, that *Hannibal* could be vanquish'd in open fight.

(a) His Victory over *Viridamirus*, King of the *Gauls*. See above in the first Book.

^(a) Opimous Spoils to the *Tarpeian* King.

But, when the *Libyan* Prince, with much ado,
 Had from His Trenches forc'd the Conqu'ring Fo;
 When, and with how much Hostile Blood, shall I
 Wipe off this Stain? *Aufonia* saw Me fly.
 Oh *Fove*! (said He) dost thou conclude, that I
 Am worthy, after *Trebia*, thus to dy?

And

And You, My long-unconquer'd Troops! who are
 (Alas!) now Vanquish'd without a War
 By *Capua's* Wealth; I, not degenerate
 From former Acts, have seen You turn of late
 Your Conqu'ring Ensigns from the *Latines*, and
 Shew'd them Your Backs: and, when I call'd to stand,
 And fight, from Me You fled, Affrighted, all,
 As if from the *Italian General*.
 What then o'th' ancient War remains (said He)
 In You, who can, when I recall You, flee?
 Thus *Hannibal*, while, with loud Shouts, their Prey
 The *Romane* Troops to *Nola* bear away.

But *Rome*, which had been long inur'd to hear
 The sad Disasters of their Friends, and ne're
 Enjoy'd Success, the joyfull Tidings brought
 At Length, how Happily they then had fought,
 With that great Favour of the Gods erects
 Her drooping Head, and Courage recollects.
 But, first, those Coward Youths, that slowly to
 The War were drawn; and, while it rag'd, withdrew,
 And hid themselves from Danger, punish'd be
 For their Concealment. Then with Infamy
 They Mark all those, that, through a fond Desire
 Of Life, had Arts invented to retire;
 Or, in a League with *Hannibal* had bin
 Involv'd: and purge the Nation from that Sin.
 That fatal Counsel's punish'd, and Thy Crime
 (*Metellus*) who consulted in a Time
 Of Danger to desert Thy Native Land.
 Such then the Hearts of Men: the Women stand
 Resolv'd to equal them, and to require
 A Share in Glory. Then their Antique Tire,
 And Gems, which did their Heads, and Hands adorn,
 And Carcanets, that from their Necks were torn,

The

Our Prize. Then, fir'd with Rage, his fatal Lance,
 With dreadfull Noise, he threw; nor had, perchance,
 His Wish been vain, had not the Obvious Force
 Of *Gestur* with his Body stop'd the Course
 O'th flying Shaft: for, while He, fighting near
 At Hand, defends his *General*, the Spear,
 Not aim'd at Him, past through Him, ending all
 His mighty Threatnings in His changed Fall.
 With that the *General*, with Speed, withdrew,
 Struck with the Danger of his Death, and to
 The Camp retir'd. Then, with a Headlong Rout,
 The *Libyan Army* turn'd their Arms about,
 And all contend, who shall most Speedy fly:
 Their Enemies Pursue, and satisfie
 The long-contracted Anger of their Woes;
 While ev'ry Man with Emulation shows
 To the Revenging Gods, and Heav'n, His Sword,
 All stain'd with Blood. ^(a) That Day did first afford
 That, which ev'n from the Gods none durst believe
 Before; that it was possible to give
 A Stand to *Hannibal* in Fight: but then
 They took His Chariots, Elephants, and Men,
 And strip'd the Living; and, thus joy'd to see,
 That *Hannibal* did from the Slaughter flee,
 Return. *Marcellus* to the God of War,
 In Honour, is compar'd; and Greater, far,
 In Triumph march'd, then when He once did bring

(a) The Reputation of this Victory was of greater Consequence, than the Victory it self (though some say the *Carthaginians* lost two thousand three hundred, and the *Romans* but one man) for from thence the *Romans* took Courage; scarce believing before, that *Hannibal* could be vanquished in open Fight.

(b) His Victory over *Virdomarius*, King of the *Gauls*. See above in the first Book.

^(b) Opimous Spoils to the *Tarpeian* King.
 But, when the *Libyan* Prince, with much ado,
 Had from His Trenches forc'd the Conqu'ring Fo;
 When, and with how much Hostile Blood, shall I
 Wipe off this Stain? *Aufonia* saw Me fly.
 Oh *Fove*! (said He) dost thou conclude, that I
 Am worthy, after *Trebia*, thus to dy?

And

And You, My long-unconquer'd Troops! who are
 (Alas!) now Vanquished without a War
 By *Capua's* Wealth; I, not degenerate
 From former Acts, have seen You turn of late
 Your Conqu'ring Ensigns from the *Latines*, and
 Shew'd them Your Backs: and, when I call'd to stand,
 And fight, from Me You fled, Affrighted, all,
 As if from the *Italian General*.
 What then o'th' antient War remains (said He)
 In You, who can, when I recall You, flee?
 Thus *Hannibal*, while, with loud Shouts, their Prey
 The *Romane* Troops to *Nola* bear away.

But *Rome*, which had been long inur'd to hear
 The sad Disasters of their Friends, and ne're
 Enjoy'd Success, the joyfull Tidings brought
 At Length, how Happily they then had fought,
 With that great Favour of the Gods erects
 Her drooping Head, and Courage recollects.
 But, first, those Coward Youths, that slowly to
 The War were drawn; and, while it rag'd, withdrew,
 And hid themselves from Danger, punish'd be
 For their Concealment. Then with Infamy
 They Mark all those, that, through a fond Desire
 Of Life, had Arts invented to retire;
 Or, in a League with *Hannibal* had bin
 Involv'd: and purge the Nation from that Sin.
 That fatal Counsel's punish'd, and Thy Crime
 (Metellus) who consulted in a Time
 Of Danger to desert Thy Native Land.
 Such then the Hearts of Men: the Women stand
 Resolv'd to equal them, and to require
 A Share in Glory. Then their Antique Tire,
 And Gems, which did their Heads, and Hands adorn,
 And Carcanets, that from their Necks were torn,
 The

The joyfull Matrons bring, and to the War
 With Emulation Sacrifice; nor are
 The Men unwilling, they should share so great
 A Lot of Praise, and, to perpetuate
 That Act, rejoice to give them Place. Next whom
 A Noble Troop of *Senatours* doth come,
 And all into the Publick Treasure heap
 Their private Riches: none desire to keep
 A secret Stock, in Store, for better Days:
 But, ev'n the Vulgar strive the Banks to raise,
 And with the Spoils of their poor *Lares* come.
 Thus all her Limbs, and Her whole Body, *Rome*
 At once employing, rais'd again to Heav'n
 Her Bloodless Face: besides the Answer giv'n
 At ^(c) *Gyrba* adds new Hopes, and seems t' allay
 Their Woës; the Messengers reporting, they
 Had joyfull Tidings heard, when from the Den
 A Sacred Voice, like Thunder, broke, and when,
 Inspir'd by *Phœbus*, the Prophetick Maid
 This bellow'd out; Let all your Fears be laid
 Aside, fair *Venus* Race! Whate're remain'd
 Of Misery, in your sad War sustain'd,
 Exhausted is: Light Labours are behinde,
 And, without Dangers, Fears: be still inclin'd
 To Prayers, and to the Gods Devotions pay;
 Warm Sacrifices on their Altars lay:
 Nor yield to Misery; for *Mars* will you
 Assist, and the ^(d) *Gyrbaean* Prophet (who
 Was ever prompt to ease the *Trojans* Woës)
 Will all those Ills, that threaten you, oppose;
 But let an hundred Altars, first of all,
 Be Crownd with Fire, as many *Vidimes* fall
 To *Jove*; He this dire Cloud, and Storms of War
 Shall, Violent, to *Libya* drive. From far

(c) This Answer of the Oracle was brought by *Q. Fabius Pictor*, who, intrusted by the *Prætor*, wore a Wreath of Laurel, as he entered the Temple, to enquire the Oracle, and, when he received Answer, went directly to his Ship, on the *Paup*, whereof he placed it, and never removed it, until he arrived in *Rome*, where it was deposited on the *Altar of Apollo*, with great Solemnity. *Liv. lib. 23.*

Your

Your selves shall see Him shaking, for the Fight,
 His *Ægis*, which shall all the World affright.

When this, at *Gyrba* sung, they did Proclaim,
 And to the People's Ears *Apollo* came,
 Up to the *Capitol* they flock amain,
 There, prostrate to the God, the Holy Fane
 With Blood they Honour, *Teans* sing, and *Jove*
 Entreat, the Answer may Authentick prove.

In the mean time, *Torquatus*, old in Arms,
Sardinia, with his Country's Force, Alarms:
 For there (his Name from *Trojan* Blood deriv'd)

^(e) *Haplogoras* unto the War, reviv'd,
 The *Tyrians* call'd: brave *Ofcus* was His Son,
 Worthy a better Father, who, upon
 His forward Youth relying, train'd His Young,
 And tender Years (as Custom was among
 Those Barb'rous Nations) in Arms. When He
Torquatus saw Advancing, furiously,

With hasty Ensigns, greedy to begin
 The Fight; strait sallying forth, experienc'd in
 Th' Advantage of the Place, a nearer Way
 He takes, and, where thick Forests did display
 Their shady Heads, through devious Paths, He flies,
 And, in an hidden Vale, in Ambush lies.
 The Isle, Man's Foot resembling, by the Sea
 Encompass'd, and assaulted ev'ry Way
 By Billows, and by Waves compress'd, contains
 Vast Tracts of Land: at first the *Græcian* Swains
 Call'd it *Ichnusa*; But, soon after these
 (Boasting His Blood from *Libyan Hercules*)
 From Himself, *Sardus* on the Land His Name
 Impos'd; the *Tœuri* likewise thither came,
 And, there dispers'd through all the Sea, when *Troy*
 Was overthrow'n, did forc'd Abodes enjoy.

Then

(e) The *Sardinians* had yielded to the Obedience of the *Romans* at the End of the first *Punic* War, and now at the infliction of *Rome* (not the Enemy of *Hannibal's* Family) rebelled, under the Conduct of *Ofcus*, and *Haplogoras*. In two several Conflicts the *Sardinians* lost the Day: and in the latter, twelve thousand men were slain, among them the King's Son *Ofcus* (three thousand, two hundred taken prisoners, and with them *Haplogoras*, *Mages*, and *Hæmo*, three eminent *Carthaginians*, and the Island reduced to its former Obedience.

Then likewise, *Iolau*, to the Land
 No little Fame didst add ; when with a Band
 Of *Thespians*, in thy Father's Navy, there
 Thou didst arrive. 'Tis said, when *Cynthia* Fair
 Was by *Aëleon* in the Fountain seen,
 And, all his Members torn, his Crime had been
 Sadly Reveng'd, affrighted at his strange
 Unusual Fate, and his prodigious Change,
 His Father *Aristæus* fled by Sea,
 And to *Sardinia* came : they tell the Way
 Unto that Coast, to Him before unknown,
 Was by His Mother fam'd *Cyrene* shown:
 The Country is from Serpents free, and void
 Of Poison ; but with Bogs, and Fens annoy'd,
 The Air 's unwholsom ; where it looks upon
 Th' *Italian* Shore, with Rocks, and Hills of Stone,
 It breaks the sparkling Waves. Within, the Plains
 With sultry *South-Winds*, when hot (*Cancer* reigns,
 Are Pale, and too much parch'd ; but all the rest
 Is Fertile, and with *Ceres* Favours blest.
 Through this rude Tract of Land, & Pathless Groves,
 The Fo, *Torquatus* oft deluding, moves,
 And in Expectance of *Iberian* Aid,
 And *Tyrian* Weapons, for the Battel stay'd.
 At Length, the Fleet arriving, and his Men
 Encourag'd more, without Delay, agen
 He from his Covert leaps : and then at large
 The adverse Troops drew out, and seem to charge,
 And joyn, though Distant ; and no Space between,
 For hasty Darts, at Distance could be see :
 Till, trustier Weapons, their try'd Swords they drew,
 And then a cruel Slaughter doth ensue.
 They kill, and fall alternately, and, on
 Their fatal Points, descend to *Acheron*.

I cannot

I cannot hope their num'rous Slaughters, and
 So many horrid Acts, for a Command
 So High, so Great, to utter, as I ought,
 Or equal with my Words their Rage, that fought.
 But Thou, *Calliope*, my Labours blest ;
 That, to Eternity, I may expres
 Our *Poët's* Noble Deeds, but little known
 As yet, and Consecrate His due Renown !
Ennius, of King *Mesàpus* antient Line,
 Who to the Honour of the *Latine* Vine
 Did, by His Valour, add, led the Forlorn
 To fight, sent thither from *Calabria* ; born
 Among the antient *Rudie*, now known
 In His surviving Memory alone.
 He (as, of old, the (*) *Thracian* Singer, who,
 When *Cæcyus* with War shook *Argos*, threw
 His *Rhodopeian* Darts, when He had laid
 His Quill aside) with no small Slaughter made
 Himself to be observ'd, when first he Charg'd,
 And from the Slaughters of his Hand enlarg'd
 His Fury. *Oscus* hoping, if that Stain
 He wip'd away, Immortal Praise to gain,
 Upon Him flies ; and at Him throws his Spear,
 With all His Force : *Apollo*, sitting near
 Within a Cloud, derides what He design'd,
 And, driving far the Shaft into the Winde,
 Fond Youth (said He) Alas ! Thou dost aspire
 Loo high, to let His Spoils be thy Desire :
 He 's Sacred, and the *Muses* greatest Care,
 A *Poët* worthy *Phæbus* ; who shall dare
 The first, in Noble Verse, *Italian* Wars
 To sing, and raise their Captains to the Stars :
 He *Helicon*, with His Immortal Lays,
 Shall make to Eccho ; nor shall He in Praise,

(*) *Orpheus*.

Z z

Or

(*) *Hædus*.

Or Fame, unto the Old (*) *Ascrean* yield:
Thus *Phæbus*; and through *Oscus* Temples thrill'd
A swift Revenging Dart: his sudden Fall
Makes the whole Army face about, and all
The Troops, affrighted, through the Champaign fled.
The Father, hearing that his Son was dead,
Groaning with Rage, pierc'd his own panting Breast,
And to the Shades below his Foot-steps prest.

But, *Hannibal* in Fight thus broken, and
Crush'd by *Marcellus*, wafts the Neighbouring Land,
And turns His unjust Arms upon the Poor
Acerre; which to Fire, and Sword, giv'n o're,
With no less Rage He on (c) *Neuceria* falls,

And levels with the Ground her stately Walls.
Next, (c) *Castlimon's* Gates, that long had bin
Stoutly defended by their Arms within,

By Fraud with much ado he gain'd, and sold
Unto the starv'd Besieg'd their Lives for Gold.

And then into the *Dannian* Fields He falls,
And, to what Place soe're His Malice calls,
Or Plunder doth invite, His Fury turns.

Then, smocking in Her Fall, (c) *Petilia* burns,
Unhappy in her Faith, the next to sad
Saguntus Fate, and Proud, that once She had
Alcides Quiver kept. To th' *Lilyan* Side

Tarentum, after this, her self apply'd,
And gave them Entrance; but a *Latine* Band,
Relying on the Place's Strength, remain'd

A strong Reserve within the *Cittadel*,
(c) Here he remov'd his Navy (strange to tell)
That ready Rigg'd within the Harbour lay;

For, at two narrow Mouths, the crowded Sea
Breaks out between two Rocks, and, with a Large
Recess, a secret Ocean doth discharge

Into

Into the Plains: But He the Ships (that there
Block'd up, by th' *Arcenal* Commanded were)
By Stratagem, recover'd from the Sea's
Embrace, another Way by Land conveys.
First slippery Planks on ev'ry Oaken Wain
Were laïd, and Hides of Oxen newly slain:
The nimbly-turning Wheels, through Meadows, drew
Their Load, and then o're lofty Hills, and through
Thick Groves, the Fleet arriv'd, upon the Shore,
And swim, brought to the Sea, without the Oar.

But Fame (the Navy by no usual Way
Transported) Him, that terrifi'd the Sea,
Now fills with frequent Cares (while He pursu'd
The War far off, and hop'd to have subdu'd
Th' (c) *Oëbalian* Race) that *Capua* was then
On ev'ry Side besieg'd, the Bars agen
Oth' Gates forc'd open, and quite overthrown,
And the whole War upon that Wretched Town
Was turn'd. Enrag'd, He quits that Enterprise;
And, Shame, and Anger, Wings affording, flies
The next Way thither, with prodigious Haste,
And Threatning, to the Fight, desired, past.
So, of her Young depriv'd, a Tigress flies
From Covert, and with Rage-inflamed Eys
Explores all *Caucasus*, and in few Hours,
With the like Speed, o're *Ganges* Borders scours;
Till in her Course, their Tract She apprehend,
And on her Fo, surpriz'd, her Fury spend.

Him, in his March, *Centenius* (rashly prone
To all Attempts, and Dangers) falls upon
With sudden scatter'd Troops, but yet with small
Honour to the *Sidonian General*:
For, Rich in *Latine* Vines, the Peasants He
Had round about Him rais'd, and suddenly

Z z z

An

(*) *Acerre*, and *Neuceria*, were both destroyed by *Hannibal*. The first (the People fleeing out by Night, and flying into other Cities of *Campania*) found escape, was burnt by Him: The latter, after an hard Siege, yielded on Conditions, that all the People might march away, every Man with two Garments, but no sooner came they out of the City, but He forced them into *Salsurnæ Pits*, where they were choaked with Smoke, and Vapours. *Liv.* 21.

(c) *Castlimon*, (now *Castelluccio*) held out a long Siege, until they had eaten all things *Edible* (even to their Bridles, and all things covered with *Leather*) but, at length, having some small Relief of *Nuts*, which the *Romans* put into Barrels, and sent floating down the River *Falurnus* (which ran through the Town) *Hannibal* (who before was sent to all Conditions) was induced to give them their Lives for Ransom, and upon Payment gave them safe Conduct to *Cume*. *Liv.* 21.

(c) The *Perilans* (whose City was built by *Phidolides*, to whom *Hercules* bequeathed his *Sagittæ*) of all the *Brutians*, only kept their Faith to the *Romans*. Which caused *Hannibal* to use them with the greatest Severity, burning their City to the Ground, and slaying most of the Citizens: eight hundred of which, escaping his Fury, were, after His Departure from *Italy*, with great Care, and Honour, replanted by the *Romans*, in their Country. *Appianus Hannibal*.

(a) The *Cittadel* of *Tarentum* plac'd within one of the *Harours* (for there were two divided by an *Isthmus*) held out sometime after *Comarus*, had betrayed the Town to *Hannibal*: So, that, to hinder their Relief by Sea, He made use of this stratagem to convey Ships over the *Isthmus* and to freightning them on all sides, to Extremity, at last received that likewise to his satisfaction.

(c) The *Tarentines*.

An half-Arm'd Band oppos'd against the Fo:
Twice sev'n were slain, and still they forward go:
Then twice sev'n thousand *Fabius* (then He
No more expert, but of a Family
Renown'd in Arms) all well Appointed led:
But He still over Heaps of scatter'd Dead,
A Conquerour, goes on, and cuts his Way
Through all; nor in his March admits Delay.
But the Ambitious vain Desires to raise
Unto Himself the empty Name, and Praise,
Of a Brave, Gen'rous Minde, upon Him call
To solemnize a joyfull Funeral.

(7) *Flavius Lucanus*, who entertained *Gracchus* in his House, pretending some of the chief *Lucanians* would come to a certain place to treat with him, prevailed, that He went out to meet them, and was betrayed into the Hands of *Hannibal*, who admiring his great Valour (for that, when he saw himself betray'd, he resolv'd not to be taken alive) at his Death celebrated his Funerals with great Solemnity, and sent his Bones to *Rome*.

For, while a Parley (7) *Gracchus* did demand,
And the perfidious Promise entertain'd
Of the *Lucanian* People, (Sad to tell)
By His Host's Treachery, surpriz'd, He fell;
And *Hannibal* with Greediness assum'd
The wish'd-for Praise, to see His Corps entomb'd.
But, soon as it was known, that, with such Haste,
To the *Campanian* Walls the *Libyan* past,
Affairs no where stand still. Both *Consuls* take
The Field with Speed. *Nola*, and *Arpis* make
What Strength they can; Young *Fabius*, among
The Rest, His hasty Forces brings along.
There *Nero*, here *Syllanus*, Day, and Night
Their Cohorts speed to the desired Fight,
And from all Quarters come; resolving all
Their Gen'als to oppose gainst *Hannibal*
Alone. While, nearer to *Tifata*, He
Advances, where the Hill's Vicinity
Pres'd on the Neighbouring Walls; and, looking down
From that near Height, surveys the lower Town.

But, when such numbers of Allies He found,
Which with their Arms the Gates encompass'd round,
That

That Entrance, was deny'd to Him alone,
And that they could not fall from the Town,
Doubtfull of the Event, sometime He thought
Through all, that then oppos'd Him, to have fought
A Passage with His Sword; and then declin'd
Again whate're before He had design'd;
And seeks those Myriads by Policy
To draw from the besieged Gates, and free
Th' inclosed Walls. Thus therefore His resolves
He with Himself debates, and Cares revolves.
Oh! whither tend My troubled Thoughts? Shall I
In this unequal Place new Dangers try,
And *Capua* see Me fly? Or sitting still,
Upon the Top of this adjoining Hill,
Shall I endure this Town of My Allies?
To be destroy'd, and fall before mine Eys?
Such Me nor *Fabius*, nor *Minnius* found,
When I escap'd from Hills encompass'd round
With armed Troops: With Victory, compell'd
The affrighted Herd to scatter, through the Field,
Flames from their burning Horns, where'er they run.
Nor yet are all My Arts, and Projects done:
If *Capua* cannot now defended be
By Us, yet *Rome* may be Besieg'd. When He
Had thus His Resolution fix'd, before
The Sun had rais'd from the *Eoan* Shore
His Horses, breathing Day, both with His Hand,
And Voice, He draws His Troops together, and
Declares His high Design. Go on (said He)
My Souldiers, let all Difficulties be
Surmounted by Your Valour, and (as fast,
As You can March away) now boldly haste;
To *Rome* You go: this March the *Aps* to You,
This *Canna* did decree. Go, and into

Th'

Th' *Iliack* Walls your Targets drive, and there
Retalliate *Capua's* Ruins, which so dear
Shall cost, that you shall see high Towers, and *fove*
From his *Tarpeian* Temple to remove:

Instructed thus, away the Army hies:
Rome in their Ears, *Rome* onely in their Eys
Is fix'd; and they believe the Diligence
Of *Hannibal* that Action did commence
More aptly, then had He conducted them
From the (*) *Aetolian* fatal Field. The Stream
Of swift *Vulturnus* overpast, the Rear,
To stop th' *Italians*, that behinde them were,
Burn all their Boats; and then, with nimble Bands,
March over all the *Sidicinan* Lands,
And *Thracian Cales*, that its antient Name
Did from thy Son (fair *Orithya*) claim:
Then *Alifanus*, that great Plenty yields
Of *Bacchus* Fruits, and the *Casnian* Fields,
Inhabited by *Nymphs*; and straitway, near
To those, *Aquinas*, and *Fregelle*, where
The smoaking Giant buried lies, in Haste
They over-run: Then, with like Speed, they past
O're lofty Hills, where Warlike *Frusino*
Sticks on hard Rocks, and where *Anagnia* too
Hangs on arising Hill, and Plenty yields
Of Corn. At length, into *Labicus* Fields,
And Plains, He enters, and those Walls declines,
Batter'd by *Telegon*. His high Designs,
Admit no Stop: nor pleasant *Algida*,
Nor yet *Gabinian Fumo's* Towers can stay
His March; but on, like a rude Storm, He goes
To those low Banks, where *Anyo* gently Flows
With sulph'rous Waters, and, with Silence, to
Old *Tiber's* Arms. When here the Line He drew

Of's

(*) *Canna*.

Of's Camp, and set His Standard up, and shook
The Banks with 's Cavalry; first, *Ilia*, strook
With Fear, flies to her Husband's Sacred Cave,
And all the frighted *Nymphs* the Waters leave.

But the *Italian* Dames, as if they had
No Walls at all, Affrighted run, like Mad,
About the Streets; and, figur'd by their Fear,
Those wounded Ghosts before their Eys appear,
That at sad *Trebia*, and *Ticinus* Stream,
Were slain; brave *Paulus*, *Gracchus*, and with them
Flaminius seems to wander up, and down.

The Waies, and all the Passes of the Town
Are through'd. The Stately *Senate* troubled to
Behold their Fear, endeavour to subdue
Their sad Distraction with an angry Frown;
Yet Tears sometimes, with Silence, trickle down
Under their Helmets, as they Doubtfull are,
Wh at Fortune threatens, or the Gods prepare.
Through their high tow'rs, the youth disperfed, thought
Affairs were then to such a Period brought,
That 't was enough, for *Rome*, Her Walls to keep.

But *Hannibal*, who scarce the whole Night's Sleep
Had to His weary Souldiers granted, rose
Betimes, an Enemy to all Repose,
And thinking whatsoever Time was spent
In Slumber, that so much from Life was rent,
His Radiant Arms puts on, commands His Light
Numidians to break forth: and then, in Sight
Of frighted *Rome*, with Nimble Coursers, round
About her trembling Bulwarks, with a Sound,
Like Thunder, Rides. Sometimes the several Ways
The Avenues, and Passes He surveys:
Now 'gainst the Barricado'd Gates His Spear
He strikes, and seems delighted with their Fears:

Then

Then, Pleas'd, He to the lofty Hills retires,
 And, entering with His Eys the Town, enquires
 Of Places, and their Causes : and in that
 Survey had taken Time to penetrate
 Into all Parts, and ev'ry thing had seen ;
 Had *Fulvius*, with a strong Relief, not been
 At Hand : nor was the Siege of *Capua* quite
 Relinquish'd ; but the *Libyan*, with the Sight
 Of *Rome* much satisfied in His Desires ,
 With His insulting Troops, to th' Camp retires.
 But, when the Night from Heav'n was chas'd away,
 And with the first Appearance of the Day
 The Ocean bluish'd, and Morn reviv'd again
 Their Labours, breaking down the Works, amain
 He pours His Forces out, and with a Cry,
 As loud as He could make ; Oh Souldiers ! by
 Our many Trophies, and our Hands in Blood
 Now Sacred, make (said He) Your Wishes good :
 Equal Your own Desires ; Attempt, and Dare
 As much in Arms, as *Rome* hath Cause to Fear.
 Destroy this Heap, and there is Nought for You
 In all the World beside left to subdue :
 Nor let the Fame of their Original
 From *Mars* retard You ; You that City shall
 Now take by Myriads, enter'd long ago
 Of Warlike *Senones*, accusom'd to
 Be taken ; and, perhaps, amidst their Fears,

(c) Their *Senatours* in their Triumphal Chairs,
 Like their Fore-Fathers, sit, expecting by
 Your Hands a Noble Death, resolv'd to dy.

Thus He : but the *Oenotrian* Youth require
 No Language of their *General*, to fire (their Dear
 Their Thoughts : their Wives, and Children, with
 Parents, that up to Heav'n, lamenting, rear

Their

(c) When the *Gauls* entered *Rome*, the *Senate* placed themselves in their Chairs, and Habit, at their several Doors, believing that Venerable Sight might qualify the Fury of the Barbarous *Gauls*, or, at least, they might dy in State. At the first, the Reverence of their Persons, and Posture, amazed the *Gauls*, till a *Gaul*, brooking the Beard of one of them, the *Senatour* snatched him on the Fingers, with his Staff, at which the *Gaul* incens'd, slew him, and by his Example all the rest, before thought *Gauls*, were slain.

Their feeble Palms, sufficiently excite
 Their Courage ; and, presenting to their Sight
 Their Babes, ev'n penetrating with their Cry
 Their Hearts, their armed Hands with Kisses ply.
 On they desire to go, and to oppose
 Their Bodies, for their Walls, against their Foes :
 Then, on their Friends reflecting, swallow down
 Their Tears. But, when the Gates were open thrown,
 And the whole Army fallied forth, a Cry,
 Mingled with Pray'rs, and Groans, invades the Sky,
 From the high Walls : the Matrons, with their Hair
 Dishevel'd, howle, and lay their Bosoms bare.

But, *Fulvius*, flying out before the rest,
 Exclaims, Who knows not, that the *Libyans* prest,
 Through a Necessity, to come before
 Our Walls ? He flies from *Capua's* Gates : — As mor e
 He would have said, with horrid Murmurs, from
 The broken Clouds, loud Cracks of Thunder come.
 For, when the threatening *Libyan* Father Jove
 (As He from *Ethiopia* did remove)
 Beheld approaching near the *Romane* Walls,
 The other Gods he strait together calls,
 Commands the *Dardan* Temples to defend,
 And quickly into the sev'n Tow'rs descend.
 Himself, high seated on the *Capitol*,
 Musters up all his Forces, summons all (pow'r's
 The Winds, and Clouds, with Storms of Hail : then
 Thunder, and Lightning down, with *Stygian* Show'rs.
 The Poles with Horrour shake, the Heav'ns are quite
 Obscur'd ; the Earth is cover'd o're with Night ;
 The Tempest blinds their Eys ; and *Rome*, though near,
 To the approaching Fo doth disappear.
 Flames, from the Clouds, upon the Army, thrown,
 Continue still their Noise, and hiss upon

A a a

Their

Their blasted Limbs: here *Notus*, *Boreas* there,
 And *Africus*, with Cloudy Wings appear,
 And War with such a Rage, and Fury, move,
 As might suffice the Wrath, and Minde of *Jove*:
 Then sudden *Cataracts* of Water fall,
 Mix'd with black Storms, and Blasts, and cover all
 The Neighb'ring Champagn with a foaming Flood.
Jove on the Top of all the Mountain stood,
 And, as He Thunder poiz'd in his Right-Hand,
 It gainst the Shield of *Hannibal* (His Stand
 Not yet resolv'd to quit) with Fury throws:
 His Lance's Head strait melts, and His Sword flows,
 As from the Forge it were but newly ta'ne.

At length, His Arms thus burnt, He doth restrain
 His Men, declares the Vanity of all
 That secret Fire, that from the Clouds did fall,
 And Murmurs intermix'd with Winds: But, then,
 After so many Miseries of His Men,
 And Ruins, pour'd from Heav'n, the Fo not seen,
 Nor Sword in all the Storms, that there had been;
 He bids His fainting Army to retire
 To Camp, and sadly thus revives His Ire.
 Well: to the Winds, and Winter-Storms, Thou now
 (Oh *Rome*) the Safety of one Day dost ow:
 But Thee the Morrow's Light shall not defend
 From Us; though angry *Jove* himself descend
 To Earth, to guard Thee. And, as this He spoke,
 From the clear Heav'ns a sudden Lustre broke,
 And all the Clouds dispers'd. The purged Sky
 Shin'd out again, the *Romanes* instantly
 Perceiv'd the God, and straitway, laying all
 Their Arms aside, to the high *Capitol*
 Erect their humble Hands; and, Pious, round
 The Sacred Hill, their joyfull Laurel bound:

And

And then the chearfull Face of *Jove*, bedew'd,
 Oflate, with no small Sweat, thus praying, View'd.
 Grant Father *Jove* (say They) Thou Chief of all
 The Gods! O, grant, that *Hannibal* may fall
 By thine own Sacred Shaft, in Fight! for none
 Can Him destroy, We fear, but Thou alone.
 As thus they pray'd, the Ev'ning 'gan t' invest
 The Earth with Shades, and Silence stop'd the rest.

But Night, by *Sol* dispers'd, as from the Sea
 He rais'd his Lamp, and use of Life, with Day,
 Restor'd to Mortals, *Hannibal* agen
 Came on: nor did the *Romane* Youth within
 Their Trenches keep. But, when they came as near
 To fight, as one might well have thrown a Spear,
 Their Swords scarce drawn, the Light of Heav'n began
 To fail, thick Darkness suddenly o'reran
 The Skies, the new-born Day was put to Flight;
 And *Jove* began again to arm for Fight,
 The Winds blew high, and a thick Globe of Show'rs,
 By *Auster* driv'n along, grew Hot; *Jove* pou'rs
 His Thunder down, by which he *Atlas* shakes,
 With *Taurus*, *Pindus*, *Rhodope*: the Lakes
 Of *Erebus* it heard, and, buried far
 In Darkness, once again Celestial War
Typhus saw. Now *Notus*, whistling loud,
 Comes on, and whirling round a pitchy Cloud,
 Full fraught with Hail, the *Libyan* charg'd, in Vain
 Struggling, and threatning, and Him forc'd again
 Into His Camp: but He no sooner there
 Had lai'd His Arms aside; but strait a clear,
 And joyfull Face of Heav'n again was shewn:
 Nor could you think mild *Jove* his Bolts had thrown,
 Or had with Thunder torn the Peacefull Sky.
 All this He, vex'd, endures with Constancy,

A a a z

And

And oft affirming, the ensuing Day
 No more should be against them. One they
 Their Valour of their Countrey must assume,
 And, lest they should believe to ruin *Rome*
 Might prove a Sin, Where was (I pray, said He)
 The Thunder of their Conqu'ring *Jove*, when *We*
 With these our Swords th' *Ætolian* Champagn strow'd
 With Slaughter: when the *Tyrrhen* Pools o'reflow'd
 With Humane Blood. If now the King of Gods
 Fights for the *Romane* Walls, with so much Ods
 Of Thunder thrown; Why strikes He not at Me,
 Who fight against Him 'midst this Noise? No; We
 Most poorly turn Our Backs to Storms, and Winde:
 Oh! (pray) resume that Courage, and that Minde,
 Which, while as yet the Leagues, and the Decrees
 Of *Senate* were in Force, did prompt Us these
 Our Arms to take in Hand. Thus ev'ry Breast
 He fires, till *Sol* his weary Steeds releast:
 The following Night could not His Cares allay;
 Sleep durst not once approach Him: With the Day
 His former Rage returns, and then agen
 He summons to the Fight His frighted Men,
 And strikes His dreadful Shield; the Noise, and Storms
 Of Heav'n so imitating, with His Arms.

But when He found, that *Rome* so confident
 Was of the Gods, that She Supplies had sent
 Unto the *Betick* Coast, and that by Night
 The Troops march'd from the Walls full of Despight,
 And Rage, that the Besieg'd such Leisure had,
 (As now secure of *Hannibal*) more Mad
 He presseth forward; and Advanceth near
 The Walls: when *Juno*, almost sick with Care,
 Thus *Jove* with Counsel seeks to qualifie.
 Sister (said He) and Wife, most Dear to Me,

When

When wilt thou check this *Tyrian* Youth: or when
 Wilt thou restrain this furious *Man* agen?
 Let it suffice, *Saguntus* to destroy,
 To level the high *Alps*, and to annoy,
 And Chains impose upon the Sacred *Po*,
 And to pollute the Lakes. He's ready now
 Into Our Temples, and Our Tow'rs to break.
 Stop Him, for you may see (as now *We* speak)
 How He prepares, how He for Fire exclaims,
 To imitate Our Thunder with His Flames.

To this *Saturnia* giving Thanks, through Air
 (Much troubled) to the Earth descends, and there
 Seising the Youth's Right-Hand; Whither, said She,
 Thou Mad-Man, dost Thou run? and, not to be
 Maintain'd by Mortals, dost a War pursue?

'Tis *Juno* speaks to Thee: (with that She drew
 Her Vail of Clouds away, and shew'd her Face)
 Thou hast not now with *Phrygian* Swains (Alas)
 Or the *Laurentines*, to contend: behold!

(For 'll remove the Mist awhile, t' unfold
 All Things to Thee) observe, and see Thou where
 That Hill's high Top ascends into the Air,
 (The Palace call'd of the ^(a) *Parrhasian* King)
 By *Phæbus* 'tis possess'd; who, menacing,
 Prepares his Echoing Quiver, and his Bow
 For Fight: but where upon the lofty Brow
 Of Neighb'ring Hills, the ^(b) *Aventine* doth rise,

See! how *Diana* shakes, before thine Eys,
 Her Torches, fir'd from *Phlegæthon*! how She
 Hath strip'd her Arms for Fight! Then that way see,
 How *Mars*, in cruel Arms, that ^(c) Field, that bears
 His Name, hath fill'd! there *Janus*, furious, Wars;

And here *Quirinus*: ev'ry Deity
 Fights from his Hill; but then observe with me, How

(a) Mount *Palatine*, where King *Evander* the *Arcadian* dwelt, and *Aspurgus* had a Temple.

(b) Another Hill in *Rome*, where *Diana* had a Temple.

(c) *Campus Martius*.

How *Jove* his *Ægæ*, breathing Storms, and Fire
Shakes, and with how great Flames he feeds his Ire:
Or this way turn thy Face, and, if Thou dare,
Behold the Thunderer, what Tempests are
Beneath his Nod! or, when he shakes his Head,
What Thunder falls! what dreadfull Flames are shed
Against Thine Eys! at length, give Way unto
The Gods, nor such *Titanian* Wars pursue.

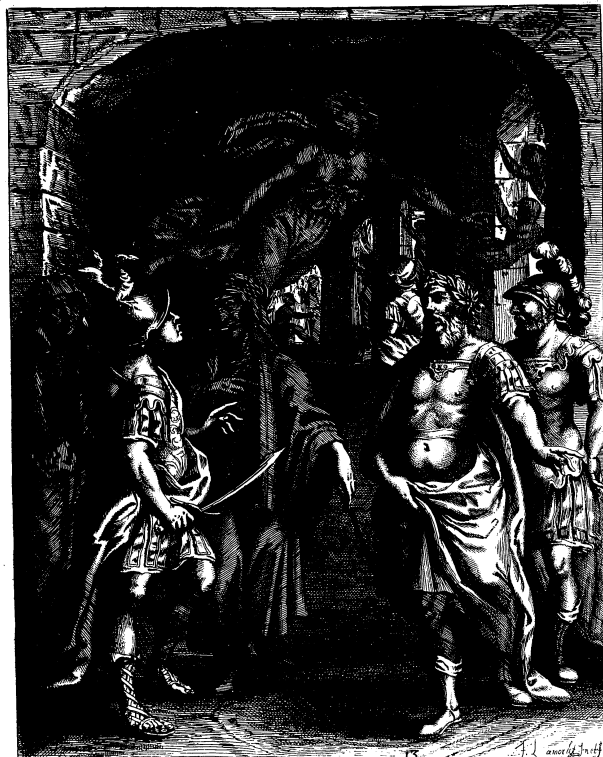
This said, the Man, intractable to Peace,
Or Rule, yet wondering at the stormy Face,
And fiery Members of the Gods, with Pain
Away She drew, and Peace to Heav'n again,
And Earth, restor'd. He, looking still behinde,
Retires, and to the Camp, much vex'd in Minde,
Commands His Ensigns strait to march away,
And threatens to return another Day;
When through the Air a clearer Light displaies
It self, and *Phæbus* gilds the trembling Seas.

But, when the *Romanes* from the Walls beheld
Far off, that *Hannibal* had left the Field,
And pull'd His Ensigns up, they, Silent, view
Each other's Face; and, Nodding onely, shew
That, which as yet, through Greatness of their Fear,
They durst not then believe, nor willing were
To think Him gone; but rather, that He then
Practis'd His *Punic* Frauds, and Arts agen.
In this Suspense each silent Mother stands,
Kissing her Children, till the *Punic* Bands
Quite vanish'd from their Eys, and, Fear remov'd,
All his suspected Plots but Fancies prov'd.
Then to the Sacred *Capitol* they throng,
And, mutually imbracing, chant a Song
Of Triumph to *Tarpeian Jove*: and, there
Adorn the Temple of the Thunderer.

No

Now all the Gates fly open, ev'ry where
Those Joys, which they so lately did despair,
The People rush to see: these view the Place,
Where the *Sidonian* King's Pavilion was,
And where He proudly, from a lofty Throne,
Spoke to his summon'd Troops; those look upon
The Place, where Warlike *Asur* lay, and where
Fierce *Geter*, and cruel *Hanno* Quarter'd were.
This done, their Bodies purg'd in living Springs,
Each Hand its Aid, to build up Altars, brings
To th' *Anienian Nymphs*; and, Joyfull, then
Hallowing the Wall, return to *Rome* agen.

The End of the Twelfth Book.



Succedunt Simulacra veram concordia Patrie
 Unanimes Simul struuntque per vrbem
 Honoratissimo Dn' Dño Joanni Comiti
 Grenulle de Kilhampton & Budeford
 Capituli Seneschallo Ducatus Cornubiæ, Oro
 Sibi Generoso. *Thula rumina cum*



Officula vana petens Tuosque Finis, reduci
 Et nebulis simile animas apprehendit tentat,
 Bathonia Vicecomiti Lanildowne Batoni
 Custodi & Mariano Sammariorum
 inette stolis & primo a Cubiculo Dni
 Obstantia D.D.D.



SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

The Thirteenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Repuls'd by Storms, and Lightning, from the Gates
 Of Rome, resolv'd to try again the Fates,
 The Libyan returns, Agrippa shows
 What Miseries, and Plagues attended those,
 That fought against the Places, that contain'd
 The fam'd Palladium. By this restrain'd,
 Away He marcheth to the Rhegian Coast:
 In the mean time besieged Capua's lost.
 What Wealth, and Trophies, there the Romanes gain,
 In Spain two Noble Scipioes are slain.
 Grief, for his Friends, appressing Him, and Cares,
 Young Scipio to Autonoe repairs.
 Apollo's Priestess, who, by Magick Spels,
 Cumæan Sybil's Ghosts doth raise, which tells
 To Him ensuing Fates, describeth Hell,
 And where the Blest Souls, in Pleasure dwell.*



H E Capitol's high Top He
 scarce discern'd
 In His slow March, when strait
 the Libyan turn'd
 Towards the City His fierce
 Eys again,

Preparing to return, and in that Plain

B b b

Encamp'd

Eneamp'd, where Bankless *Thuria* overflows
 The level Meadows; and, Inglorious, goes
 Into the *Thuscan* Sea, a silent Stream.
 Here sometimes on his chiefest Friends the Blame,
 Sometimes upon the God's commands, he laies,
 Then on Himself. Tell me at length (He saies)
 Thou, by whose slaught'ring Hand the *Lidian* Lake
 Increas'd, who mad'st the *Danubian* Land to shake
 With Thunder of thine Arms, discourag'd now,
 Into what Countrey back again, dost Thou (Spear
 Thine Ensigns bear? What Sword Thy Breast, what
 Hath pierc'd? Should Tow'rd *Carthage* now appear
 Before thine Eys, what Reason couldst Thou yield
 Soldier, unwounded thus to quit the Field?
 Wouldst Thou alledge from Storms (dear Countrey) I
 From Tempests mix'd with Blood, and Thunder, fly?
 Let this Effeminate Stain be far, Oh far,
 From *Tyrian* People, as unfit for War,
 But in fair Weather, and in Air that's clear.

The Army, though as yet a *Panick* Fear
 O'th' Gods possess'd them, and a recent Smel
 Of Lightning on their Arms, as yet, did dwell;
 And fore their Eys the Fight of angry *Jove*:
 Yet still a Vigour to obey, and move,
 Wherever He should them command, appears,
 And, by degrees diffus'd into their Ears,
 (By what He said) Desire in ev'ry Breast
 To bear their Ensigns back again, encreast:
 As when a Stone the Water breaks, it makes,
 At first, small Rings; but as its Motion shakes
 The trembling Liqueur, while it still descends,
 The numerous *Orbs* increase, till it extends
 The curling Circle, ev'ry Way, so wide,
 That it may touch the Banks on either side.

But

But, contrary to this, *Agrippa* (who
 His fam'd Descent from *Diomedes* drew)
 Among th' *Oetolian* People, much Renown'd,
 And of a Noble Name, with Riches Crown'd,
 But Faithless, and, when *Rome's* Affairs declin'd,
 With the successfull *Libyan* had joyn'd;
 Revolving these Traditions, that of old
 To him his Ancestours before had told,
 Thus pleads; When *Teucrine Pergamus* with long
 Protracted War was shaken, and among
 The *Grecian* Souldiers, unengag'd in Blood,
 The God of War before the Rampires stood,
Calchas (for this, full oft at the Request
 Of ^(a) *Dannus*, kept within his faithfull Breast,
 Amidst their Feasts did *Diomed* exprefs)
Calchas assur'd the doubtfull *Greeks*, unless
 The fatal ^(b) Image of the Warlike Maid,
 Kept in the *Arcenal*, they thence effai'd
 To gain, the *Spartan* Arms should ne're prevail
 O're *Troy*, nor should they, with their Honour, sail
 Back to *Anyole*. For it was by Fate
 Ordain'd, that none those Walls should penetrate,
 That did possess that Image, and then Our
^(c) *Tyides*, joyn'd with *Ithacus*, the Tow'r
^(d) Entred by Stratagem, and having slain
 The Guard, just at the Entrance of the Fane,
 Thence the Celestial Image strait convai'd,
 And *Troy* unto our Fates was open lai'd.
 But, when, on the *Oenotrian* Coast, he built
 A City, troubled at his former Guilt,
 T' appease the *Phrygian* Goddess with His Pray'rs,
 And *Llian* Gods, Devoutly He prepares.
 Then, on a lofty Tow'r, a Temple strait
 (To *Trojan Pallas*, a most hatefull Seat)

B b b 2

Was

(a) *Dannus*, King of *Apulia*, Father-in-Law to *Diomed*.

(b) The *Palladium* was the Image of *Pallas*.

(c) *Diomed*.

(d) The *Greeks*, admouish'd by *Calchas*, that they should never take *Troy*, nor return Home; while the *Palladium* (which was the Image of *Pallas*, made of Wood) continued there. *Diomed*, and *Pylus* by Mines, or Vaults, pulled by Night into the Tower, where it lay, and stole it thence. This was generally received, unless we should rather believe, that to be the true *Palladium*, which was found enclosed in a Wall by *Fimbria* (in the War against *Antiochus*) who (as *Appian* testifies) made a more sad Destruction in *Troy*, than the *Greeks* under *Agamemnon*. Of the *Palladium*, see *Vergil*, lib. 2. *Æneid*.

Was rais'd. When, midst his Sleep, the threatening Maid,
Discovering her great Deity, thus said;
This Fabrick, *Diomed*, which here you raise,
Unworthy's of the Honour of such Praise.
To Us *Garganus*, nor the *Daunian* Land

Are due: Him rather seek, whose Pious Hand
Now the first Walls of better *Troy* doth rear
In the *Laurentine* Fields. Go thither, there
That captiv'd Relique of their Fathers lay.
Troubled at this advice, He hasts away
To *Saturn's* Kingdom, where *Anchises* ⁽¹⁾ Son,
A Conquerer; then, ⁽²⁾ *Lavinian* *Troy* begun,

(1) *Aeneas*,
(2) *Lavinium* built by *Aeneas*, and
so called from his Wife *Lavinia*.

(3) It was a Custom antiently, after
a War ended, or a Country subdued,
to hang the Arms in their Temples,
or, before they were built, in Groves,
where they raised their Altars.

⁽³⁾ And's *Dardan* Arms, in a *Laurentine* Grove,
Had fix'd. But, as the *Daunian* Fleet did move
Near *Tiber's* mouth, and *Diomedes* there
On Shore had pitch'd his shining Tents, with Fear
The *Trojans* trembled, till, in his Right-hand
A Pledge of Peace extending to the Land,
(An hoary Olive-bough) *Tydeus* Son,
Amidst the *Trojans* Murmurs, thus begun;

Thy mindeful Rage (*Aeneas*) and thy Fear
Now confidently lay aside; whate're
At *Troy*, at *Simois*, or *Xanthus* Flood,
Or near the *Scæan* Port, with so much Blood,
And Sweat, by Us was done, was not (Alas!)
Our Crime: the Gods, and Fate it brought to pass.
Now think on what remains; why do not We,
With better Auspices of Time, agree
To live? Let's joyn our peaceful Hands. This shall
Be Witness of our League: and shew'd withall

(4) After the *Gauls* had sacked *Rome*,
and besieged the *Capitol*, *Camillus*
came upon them, from *Ardea* (whi-
ther he had been banished) with a
small Army (in the very Interim, when
they were weighing the Gold, which
was to ransom those in the *Capitol*) and
made so great a slaughter of them, that
there remained not so much as a Mes-
senger to carry the Tidings of their
destruction into *Gallia*. See *Liv. lib. 5*.

Trojan Minerva from the Poop. By Her
Fell the Bold ⁽⁵⁾ *Gauls*, that *Rome* invaded, nor
Of that Great People did there One remain,
That to his Native Land return'd again.

Dismaï'd

Dismaï'd at this, the *General* his Bands (mands
(Much joy'd, that they should March away) Com-
To pull their Ensigns up, and to remove
Into those Fertile Plains, where in a Grove
Wealthy ⁽⁶⁾ *Feronia's* Worshipp'd, and o're all
The Grounds *Capena's* Sacred Waters fall.
From Birth of Antient *Faunus* (as 'tis said)
Through a long Tract of time, together lay'd,
Great Wealth, by frequent Gifts encreas'd, and there,
Alone, preserv'd by a religious Fear,
The Gold untouch'd for many Ages lay:
Their barb'rous Hearts, and greedy Minds, the Prey
Pollutes, and arms them to condemn the Gods.
From thence it pleas'd him through remoter Rodes
To turn, where Fields, Plough'd by the *Brutian* Swain,
Extended are to the *Trinacrian* Main.

While, Discontented, thus the *Libyans* go
To th' *Rhegian* Coast, Brave *Fulvius* (the Fo
Remov'd from's Country) at the Walls appears
Of *Capua*, and to the Besieged bears
Th' unwelcom News. Their Miseries were than
Extreamly high, when *Fulvius* thus began
To all of Name in Arms: Take this Disgrace
Away by Valour. Shall this Treach'rous Place,
(To Us another *Carthage*) after all
Her violated Leagues, and *Hannibal*
Sent to our very Gates, Her proud Demand
Of an alternate, equal *Consul*, stand?
And from her lofty Turrets, now dismaï'd,
Still look for *Libyan* Cohorts to her Aid?

Needs to his Words he adds, and, straight, he calls
For Towers of Oak, b' h the highest Walls
He could surmount, and, instantly, commands
To joyn huge Beams with Cords, and Iron Bands,

By

(6) The Religion of this place, where
Juno Feronia was Worshipp'd, sprung
from a Miracle, for the Grove by acci-
dent being fir'd, the Inhabitants would
have removed her Image, when it light-
ed the Grove recovered its former Ver-
dure. There was afterwards a Tem-
ple, whither fish Slaves as were en-
franchis'd, repaired, and, their Heads
being shaved, received a *Cypris*, the token
of their Liberty, hence the was called
The Goddess of Liberty. This Tem-
ple, enriched by Devotion, was spoiled
by *Hannibal*. See *Liv. lib. 26*.

(k) This Work was by the Romans called *Vinea*, and covered over with Timber. Hurdles, raw Hides, &c. the Souldiers went under it secretly to undermine Walls.

By which the tallest Posts of Gates He brake,
And all Delays of Bars would quickly shake.
Here, fenc'd with Starlike Piles on ev'ry Side,
A Mount is rais'd, and there they are employ'd
To raise the (k) *Vinea*, arm'd above, and all
Soon done, which he could Necessary call,
He gives the Sign to scale the Walls, and fills
The Town with Terror of impending ills;
When suddenly an happy Omen shin'd
On His Attempts: an Hinde (which rare We finde
Of such a Colour) that the Swans, or Snow,
Surpass'd in Whiteness; which, when with his Plow
Capps the Circuit of those Walls design'd,
A Countrey-Present, taken with its Kinde
Familiarity (when Young) he fed,
And a kinde Sense of Man had in it bred.
All Wildness lost, She us'd to take her Stand
To feed at Table; by her Master's Hand
When stroak'd, much pleas'd, oft the *Campanian* Dames
Smooth'd her with Combs, and in the Neighbouring
Renew'd her Whiteness: thus the Hind became (streams
The Deity o'th' Place, and had for Name
Diana's Servant; and, as to a God,
With holy Ensigns they the Altars load.
Lusty, and strong in Life (though Aged) She
A thousand Years, with great Felicity,
Had past, and Houses built by *Trojans* there
Equal'd in Age; but now her Death was near:
For chac'd by cruel Wolves, that suddenly
Into the Town, (a dolefull Prodigie
In War) by Night had enter'd; as the Day
Began to break, out at the Gates, away
She ran, and, frighted, fled into the Plain,
Near to the Walls; where, by the Souldiers ta'ne,
(Who

(Who joyfully contended in the Chase)
To Thee, *Latonian* Goddess, on the Place
The *General* off'ring her. (for unto Thee
He knew that Sacrifice must pleasing be)
Pray'd His Design might, by thine Aid, be crown'd:
And strait, relying on the Goddess, round
The City mov'd his Troops, and where into
An Orb the Walls were bent, obliquely, drew
A strongly-guarded Trench, and kept them there
Inclos'd with Arms, like Beasts in Toils. While Fear
Increas'd in others, with a stately Plume
Out at the Ports doth Warlike *Taurea* come,
Chafing His foaming Steed (to Him, for brave
Exploits, *Mauritian* Shafts the *General* gave
But lately, and an *Aulolian* Band)
He spurring on his Steed, which scorn'd to stand,
Hearing the trembling Cornets, when so near
He came, that He perciev'd the Fo might hear
His Neighbouring Call, said *Claudius*, (who i'th' Art
Of War excell'd, and Honour, with Desert,
In many a Fight had gain'd) if yet upon
His Valour He rely, may He alone
Enter the Field, and fight with Me. What stay'd
The *Romane*, when 'twas heard what He had said,
Was, that it was Ordin'd before, on Pain
Of Death, that none should dare to entertain
A single Fight, without the *General's* Leave.
But soon as *Fulvius* His Permission gave,
Into the open Plain, with Joy, he flies,
And strait thick Clouds of Dust, like Billows, rise.
But scorning all Assistance of the Thong,
Or Loop, to make His Weapon fly more strong,
Taurea, with his bare Strength, His Spear advanc'd,
And it with Headlong Rage, and Fury, lanc'd
Into

Into the Air : while, of another Minde,
 The brave *Romulan*, seeking where to finde
 A certain Place to give a Wound, now shoo k,
 Then couch'd His Spear, and many a threatening Stroke
 Pretends ; till fix'd in's Shield his Jav'lin stood :
 But was depriv'd of the desired Blood.
 Then instantly he drew his Sword, when strait
Tanrea, to fly the Menaces of Fate,
 With his steel'd Heel drives on his nimble Steed.
 While, at his Back, the *Romane* with a Speed,
 Great as his Rage, pursu'd, and very near
 Giving the Reins, approach'd him ; and, as Fear
 The Conquer'd, so the Conquerour Desire
 Of his deserved Blood, Honour, and Ire
 Into the Gates invite ; and, while they there
 Scarce Credit what they see, that He should dare,
 Alone, to break into their Walls, and haste
 So boldly through th' amazed Town, he past
 Through th' adverse Port, and to his Friends retir'd.
 With that th' Mindes of all the rest were fir'd
 With the like Heat, and Industry t' invade
 The Walls ; and where he had a Passage made,
 To enter, Flames, and Swords strait shine, then Showers
 Of Stones, and Darts, assault the highest Tow'rs :
 None could the Rest in Courage to engage
 Excell, all Hands were equall'd by their Rage.
Dilæan Shafts fly through the Air, and fall
 With Wounds i'th' midst o'th' Town. The *General*
 Is pleas'd to finde, that they had left no Room
 For his Encouragement ; they all assume
 So eagerly their Task. Whom when he spy'd
 So well resolv'd, and Fortune made a Guide
 To all ; up to the Gate he, Furious, came,
 And fought with Danger to encrease his Fame.

Three

Three Brothers (Twins) who each a chosen Band
 Had of an Hundred men, at their Command,
 Guarded that Pass, and there their Station held :
 Of these in Beauty *Nunitor* excell'd,
Laurens in Ranning, and *Laburnus* Tall
 Above the other : but their Weapons all
 Were different ; One Renowned for his Bow ;
 For 's Spear the other, wont in Fight to throw
 His poison'd Lance, and not to trust his Sword :
 But Lamps, with Flames, and Sulphur mix'd, the Third
 Compos'd. So (famous in a former Age)
 That horrid Monster of a Triple Rage,
Gerion, fought on the *Atlantick* Shore, (bore ;
 Whose three Right-Hands three sever'l Weapons
 One cruel Flames ; Behinde him t' other drew
 His Bow ; the third his trusty Jav'lin threw :
 And dealt three sever'l Waies, at once, a Wound.
 When these, thus varying Fight, the *Consul* found
 With different Arms, the Slaughter, that appear'd
 At th' Entrance of the Gate, and Posts besmear'd
 With Blood of such, as thither did advance,
 With an enraged Force his twisted Lance
 He throws. Importing Death, th' *Italian* Yew
 Cuts through the Air, and, where (as then he drew
 His Bow, and from above his Arrows ply'd)
 Stout *Nunitor* was Naked, pierc'd his Side.

But, not Content to fight, besieged there,
 In War Unskilfull, though still apt to dare,
 With headlong Heat, rash *Virius* open threw
 The Gate, and broke into the Field, and to
 The Conquerours Rage his miserable Men
 Expos'd : these *Scipio* fiercely charg'd. But then,
 As he the offer'd Troop, insatiate, kills,
Calenus, born upon *Tifata's* Hills,

C c c

Bred

Bred up to bold Attempts, His Courage great,
 As was His Body, often wont to beat
 Lyons, to fight bare-Headed, to Contend
 With Steers, and down the winding Horns to bend
 Of fiercest Bulls, by Force, unto the Ground,
 And for his vigorous Fate before Renown'd:
 He, while bold *Virius* from the Town expell'd
 Some rash Assailants, whether, that He held
 His Breast-Plate useleſs, or to shun Delay,
 Into the Field had, Naked, made His Way,
 And, nimbler now, the panting Fugitives
 O'tretakes, and ſev'ral Ways, Victorious, drives:
 And now, already, *Veliernus* through
 The Belly he had thrust; and *Marius*, who
 With equal Sport was wont to exerciſe
 Equeſtral Fights with *Scipio*, by him dyes,
 Struck backward to the Ground by an huge Stone,
 Torn from the Earth. Expiring, with a Groan
 H' implores his Friend; and, Gaping, underneath
 The Rock was crush'd. But, Sorrow for his Death
 Doubling his Strength, while all his Face o'reflows
 With Tears, his ſinging Cornel *Scipio* throws,
 Haſting to his Expiring Friend, to ſhow
 The wiſh'd-for Comfort of a dying Fo.
 The Shaft, as if a Bird the liquid Air
 Divided had, paſt through his Breſt, and there
 Diſſolv'd his mighty Frame: ſwift, as its Way
 A nimble Galley makes upon the Sea,
 Which flies more nimbly, then the Winds, as oft
 As, to their Breasts reduc'd, the Oars aloft
 The curling Surges ſtrike, and with the Strength
 Of one joynt Stroke runs farther, then her Length.

But *Voleſus Aſcanius* (who had caſt
 His Arms away, that he might lighter haſte

Unto

Unto the Walls, as through the Plain he fled
 Purſues. Strait ſever'd by his Sword, his Head
 Drops at the Owner's Feet: but, by the Force
 Of running forward, in its ſpeedy Courſe,
 The following Trunk, at length, beyond it falls.

No longer, now, to keep their open Walls,
 Did the Beſieg'd hope. When ſtrait about
 They Face, and ſhut their own Companions out,
 That beg to be receiv'd. Their Hinges then
 They turn, and ſtrive, too late; their Bars agen,
 And Bolts to fix. At this th' *Italians* preſt
 More fiercely on, and the Beſieg'd inſeſt.
 And, had not Earth been taken from their Sight,
 Wrap'd in the *Sygyian* Boſom of the Night,
 The Souldiers their Aſſault ſo furious made,
 The broken Gates had then been open laid.

But yet the Darkneſs brought not equal Reſt
 To all. Theſe Fearleſs Slumbers (ſuch, as bleſt
 With Victory, Men know) enjoy; but there
 With dolefull Cries of Women, ev'ry where,
 With dire Complaints, and trembling Parents Groans,
Capua affrighted, her ſad Fate bemoans,
 And prays a Period of her Woes to ſee.
 The Head, and Authour of her Treachery
 (The *Senate*) murmurs. *Virius*, all Cares
 Of Life, now, laid aſide, aloud declares
 No Hopes of Aid from *Hannibal*. Said He;
 I hop'd to rule o're *Rome*, and did agree,
 If Gods the *Libyan* Arms, and better Fate
 Aſſiſted had, to *Capua* to tranſlate
Trojan Quirinus Empire. It was I,
 That ſent that Force to ſhake their Walls, and high
Tarpeian Towers. I had the Courage there
 To aſk an equal *Conſul*, that might bear

C c c 2

The

The *Fates*, in Our Name. It hitherto
 Sufficeeth: We have liv'd; and, while We now
 Have Night enough, whoever in his Minde
 Affecteth it, at *Acheron* may finde
 Eternal Liberty: let *Hins* repair
 Unto my Table, and My Cates, and there
 Drenching himself in *Bacchus* Fruits (his Minde
 Subdu'd) he soon a Remedy may finde
 For all his Woes; the Sting of Death may charm,
 And, with that pleasant Poison, Fate disarm.

This said; a Multitude attend him Home.
 Amidst his Palace, in a spacious Room,
 A mighty Pyle of Wood did still remain,
 The common Receptacle of the Slain.
 But, yet the People Grief, and Fear, distract;
 While now, too late, on *Decius* they reflect
 Their Thoughts, and his brave Valour, punish'd by
 A cruel Banishment. Then from the Sky
 Divineth *Faith* looks down, and vexeth their
 Fallacious Hearts, and strait through ev'ry Ear
 A secret Voice is spread: *Break no Accord,
 Or Oath (Ye Mortals!) with the cruel Sword;
 But keep Your Faith inviolate: for This
 Then Thrones, that shine with Purple, better is.
 For who with Fallacies delights to break
 A League, or shall the slender Hopes forsake
 Of his afflicted Friend; his House, his Wife,
 Perpetual Trouble shall attend: his Life
 Shall ne're want Tears; but both by Night, and Day,
 Despis'd, and violated Faith, by Sea,
 And Land pursuing, shall him still torment.*

Then, in a Cloud disguis'd, *Erimus* went
 To all Assemblies, touch'd their Tables, and
 Sits down, and feeds, and then, with her own Hand,
 Bowls

Bowls, froathing up with *Saggy* Gorge, prefers,
 And largely Plaguck, and Death, administers.
 But *Virius* (while yet Ruin She pretends,
 Diving into his Soul) the Pyle ascends;
 And sticks in her Embrace, commanding strait
 To Kindle it, and so to joyn their Fate.

The Night her Limits touch'd, and now, again;
 The furious Conquerour came on again.
 When the *Campanian* Youth upon the Walls
Milo, who thither his Companions calls,
 Beheld: Affrighted, strait, they open threw
 The Gates, and such, as wanted Courage, to
 Avoid their Punishment by Death, with low
 And trembling Knees, now entertain the Fo.
 The Town her Houses, by the *Tyrian* Guest
 Polluted, op'ning, her blinde Rage confest.
 Women, and Children, in Confusion, run,
 With the sad *Senate* (that their Woes begun)
 And vulgar Crew by none lamented; whiles
 The Army all stood leaning on their Piles,
 To view those Men, who nor Prosperity,
 Nor Misery could bear: sometimes to see (they wear
 Them sweep the Ground with Beards, which Trimm'd
 Down to their Breasts; with Dust their Whiter Hair
 To stain, and, poorly Weeping, to entreat
 Most shamefully, and yielding Air to beat
 With their effeminate Howlings. But, while these
 Unmanly Acts the wondring Souldier sees,
 And, still Incens'd, expects the Signal to
 O'rethrow the Walls, behold! Religion through
 Each Breast, with silent Sense of Pity, goes,
 And their fierce Mindes doth by her Pow'r compose.
 A gentler God doth sensibly inspire
 Their Hearts, to lay aside all Thoughts of Fire,
 And

And their destructive Torches : not to burn,
And into Dust, at once, the Temples turn.
He likewise then suggests (to all unseen)
That that proud Town's Foundation had been
By *Caps* laid of old : He tells them there
Fair Houses, fit for Habitation, were
Extended far into delicious Fields.
Thus, by Degrees, their former Fury yields
To milder Thoughts, and, quickly mollifi'd
In ev'ry furious Breast, all Anger dy'd,
The *Trojan* Houses willing safe to keep,
Jove, likewise, thither sent the God of Sheep,
Pan, who still seems as he were Hanging, and
Scarce on the Earth imprints, where's he stand,
One horned Foot ; his Right-Hand wanton plays

(/) In the Festivals of *Pan*, which were called *Lupercalia*, the *Præf* cut the hide of the Goat, that was sacrificed, into thongs wherewith, running naked about the Streets, they struck such Women, whom they met, and desired to be with Child, upon the Belles : out of opinion, that this caused them to be fruitful. *Rosin. Asiag. Rom. lib. 3.*

(/) With a *Tegean* Hide, and in cross Ways,
Wagging his Tail, desired Stroaks bestows.
A Pine surrounds his Hair, and Shady Brows :
On his red Front arise two little Horns ;
His Ears upright ; a squallid Beard adorns
His Chin, a Pastral Staff he alwaies bears,
And a slick Do-Skin on his Left Side wears :
No ragged Rock so Steep, and High doth rise,
On which, his Body poiz'd, like one that flies,
He will not dare, through pathless Waies, to tread :
Sometimes, he laughing, backward turns his Head,
To see the Sportings of his bushy Tail
Upon his Back ; then lifts his Hand to veil
His Forehead from the Sun's too fervent Rays,
And Pastures with his shadow'd Sight survaies.

He, when he had the God's Commands fulfill'd,
Their raging Hearts appeas'd, and Fury still'd,
To the *Arcadian* Groves away He speeds,
And his lov'd *Menalus*, where on Thrill Reeds

He

He sweetly plays, and with his Rural Song
Leads, from the Sacred Hill, his Flocks along.

But, *Fulvius* commanding that the Fire
Should from the Gates be kept, and leave entire
The Walls, th' *Ausonian* Legions, to shew
The noble Temper of their Minds, withdrew
Their Flames, and Swords ; but from the Temples, and
The Houses, that enrich'd with Gold did stand,
A wealthy Prey they took, with that, which fed
Their Riot, and by which they perished,
Effeminate Garments, that their Men array'd,
And Tables rich, from forein Lands convey'd ;
With Goblets, that provok'd to Luxury,
Set with *Eoan* Gems : nor could they see
An end of Silver, and the carved Weight
(Expressly made for Feasts) of golden Plate.
Then came the Captives, in a num'rous Train,
With all their Coin, sufficient to maintain
A long-protracted War : with Servants, that,
In Multitudes, did at their Banquets Wait.

But, when from Plunder of the Town, agen,
The *General*, by the Trumpet's sound, His Men
Had call'd to a Noble Cherisher of Great
Attempts) to *Milo*, from his lofty Seat,
He thus began : (m) *Lanuvian* Youth, whom *We*
From *Juno Sospita* receive, from Me
This Martial Honour, for thy Victory,
Accept, and 'bout thy Tower'd Temple try
This (n) Mural Crown. This done, he straightway sent
For all the Nobles, that first Punishment
Had merited, and, for their treach'rous Deeds,
Beneath his juster Axes Guilty bleeds.
But, that fierce Valour, *Taurca* (for to hide,
Ev'n in a Fo, that Honour had been try'd,

(m) *Danogorinus* hath in this Judiciously corrected the corrupt Copy of our Author, wherein *Lanuvium* is put for *Lanuvium*, where *Juno Sospita* (so called from *sospi*, signifying to Preserve) had her Temple : for which the *Lanuvians* were received into the Protection of the *Romans*, and the City freed, on agreement that the Grove, and Temple might be equally free to the *Romans*, who often sacrificed there, as may be observed in *Livy*.

(n) This Crown, or Wreath, was of Gold (though not so honourable, as some of other inferior matter, such as *Pliny*) and given by the *General* to him, who first made his way over the Walls into any Town taken by assault. *Andes Gikini, lib. 5.*

Wee

Were base) with a loud Voice exclaims; Shalt Thou
 Thus Unreveng'd by Me, deprive Me now,
 (A Soul more Great, then Thine) of this My Sword?
 Or by the *Lithour* (when thou giv'st the Word)
 Shall this most Valiant Head dislever'd fall
 At such base Feet? On Us this never shall
 Be by the Gods allow'd. Then with a Look
 Threatning, and full of Rage, he sudden strook
 His Warlike Sword quite through his Breast, and dy'd.
 To whom the *Romane General* reply'd;
 Go, and the Ruin of thy Countrey thus
 Accompany in Death. What Minds in Us
 Remain, what is Our Valour, what We are
 (Each Man of Us) shall be discern'd in War.
 If thou dost think it Shamefull to abide
 Just Punishment, thou mightst have fighting dy'd;
 Thy Countrey suff'ring, at the very time,
 With Streams of Blood for her unhappy Crime.

But, mixing Joys with Sorrows, the dire Hand
 Of Fortune, then in the *Iberian* Land
 Two Noble *Scipios* had destroy'd, that there
 Great Griefs, and Honours to their Countrey were.
 By Chance a Youth, of that Illustrious Name,
 Into the ^(*) *Dicarchean* City came,
 After Extremities of War: and there
 Resided. Fame, reporting to his Ear
 His Friend's sad Destiny, and Tears, (though He
 Ne're us'd to stoop under Adversity)
 Beating his Breast, he tears his Garments: nor
 Could Sense of Honour, or a Souldier,
 Nor the Perswasions of his Friends prevail;
 But still his angry Piety doth rail
 On the unequal Gods; hates all Relief;
 And usual Comforts of encreasing Grief.

And

And now some days were spent in sad Complaint,
 And still his Father's Ghost seems conversant
 Before his Eyes, and therefore he intends
 To raise the Souls, and *Manes* of his Friends,
 And by Discourse with them, at length, the Rage,
 And Smart of his great Sorrows to assuage.
 So, by a Neighb'ring Lake invited, where
 The *Acherusian* Liqueur doth Declare
 The horrid Entrance to *Avernus*, strait
 His Thoughts are fir'd to know ensuing Fate.
 And therefore to *Autonoe* (who then,
 Under *Apollo's* Name, the sacred Den,
 And *Tripods* kept) He goes, and open lays
 The Counsels of his troubled Breast, and prays
 To see his Father's Face. Without delay,
 The Prophetess commands him strait to slay,
 To th' Shades below, the usual Sacrifice,
 Two Coal-black Lambs, as Day began to rise;
 And, while they yet were Breathing, as they dy'd,
 The flowing Blood within the Earth to Hide,
 Then shall the *Stygian* Empire send to Thee
 Her People. What thou more desir'st (quoth She)
 To know, a greater Prophetess shall Sing.
 For I to Thee true *Oracles* will bring
 From the *Elysian* Fields, and Thou shalt see,
 Amidst old *Sibyl's* Rites performed by Me,
 That fam'd *Phabean* Breast's Prophetic Shade.
 Go then, and, when the dewy Night hath made
 Her course beyond her middle Line, then bring
 Th' aforesaid Victims to the *Stygian* King,
 Chast, to *Avernus* Entrance. Likewise joyn
 To them choice Honey, and the purest Wine.
 He, quickned by Her Counsel, and no less
 With the great Name o' th' promis'd Prophetess,
 D d d The

(*) *Pursell*.

The Sacrifices for his dark Design
 Prepares, and, when to the appointed Line
 The Night arriv'd, and what was finished
 Equal'd the following Darkness, from his Bed
 He rose, and to the troubled Entrance went
 Of the *Tartarean* Port; where, Diligent
 To keep her Word, the Prophetess had then
 All things fulfill'd, and fate i'th *Stygian* Den.
 Then that Way, where at first the broken Ground,
 A Cave, that ne're by Sun was seen, is found,
 And sadly groaning, from its hollow Mouth,
 Belcheth *Cocytus* bitter Streams, the Youth
 Into't She leads; commands him, in the Ground
 With's Sword to dig an Hole; and, Trotting round,
 Muttering a secret Charm, She bids, that all
 The Beasts for Sacrifice, in order, fall.
 To *Pluto* first a Bull; to *Hecate*,
 With a ^(p) chaste Nook, an Heifer; then to Thee,
Allecto, and *Megera* (ever sad)
 The chosen Bodies of two Sheep, that had
 But two years liv'd: on these they Milk infus'd,
 Honey, and Wine. The Youth stood still amus'd,
 While the old Prophetess exclaim'd, She well
 Perceiv'd each Face, that did with *Pluto* dwell.
 I see, said She, all Hell approaching, and
 Now the third Empire in my View doth stand.
 Behold what various Shapes, and whatsoe're
 Was born of Man, and dy'd together, there
 From deepest *Chaos* come. The *Cyclops* see!
Scylla, and those, that with such Cruelty
 Their *Thracian* Horses fed with Flesh of Men!
 Attend, and mark; and, without Fear, agen
 Put up thy Sword. Those Souls, that in such Haste
 March on before, the Offer'd Blood to Taste,

Let

(p) That had never born Yolk.

Let pass, till the chaste *Sibyl's* Shade appear.
 In the mean time, Behold! how Speedy there
 Comes that Unburied Ghost to speak to Thee,
 And hath (as when Alive) the Liberty
 To use its Voice, till on the Fun'ral Wood
 Its Body burn, if it hath touch'd no Blood.
 This noble *Scipio* saw, and, troubled at
 The sudden Apparition, said; O what
 Sad Chance Thee from thy sinking Country, when
 Our horrid Wars require such Gallant Men,
 Renowned Captain, snatch'd? for none could Thee
 (*Appius*) in Valour, or in Policy
 Excel. Ten times the glorious Lamp of Day
 Hath rose, since I return'd from *Capua*,
 And saw Thee, then, Bathing thy Wounds, and sad
 Onely, that they continued still so Bad,
 Thou could'st not go unto the Walls, and quite
 Depriv'd Thee of the Honour of that Fight.
 To which the Ghost reply'd: Th' ensuing Day
 The pleasant Horses of the Sun away
 From Me (then fainting) turn'd, and banish'd Me
 To the dark Waters for Eternity.
 But while vain Vulgar Rites the tedious Care
 Of Friends pursues, my Body they forbare
 To burn; that far about, at length, they may
 It to my Father's Sepulcher convey.
 But by thy glorious Deeds (which emulate
 Those of our Father *Mars*) I Thee entreat,
 Let Drugs, that keep the Bodies of the Dead
 Entire in other Lands, be Banished
 From Me, that so my Wandering ^(q) Shade may soon
 Go freely to the Gates of *Acheron*.

Most noble Branch of ancient *Claudian* Line,
 None of my Cares shall be prefer'd to Thine,

D d d 2

The

(q) The ancient Opinion was;
 that such as continued Unburied, wan-
 dred upon the Banks of *Acheron*, and
 were not suffered to go over, till an
 hundred yeares were expired.

The Youth replies, although they are not small,
That now Afflict Me: for I know, through all
The Nations of the World, a various Sense
Of Tombs, and Ashes, keeps a difference,
And varies much the Fun'rals of the Dead.
In the Iberian Country (as 'tis said)
An ancient Custom 'tis, that Vulturs tire
On their Dead Bodies. When their Kings Expire,
Thy Hyrcanian People think it best to expose
To Dogs their Members. The Egyptians close
(*) In Stone perfum'd their Bodies, after Fate,
And hardly from their Tables separate
The Bloodless Ghosts. In Pontus they Ordain,
The Heads of Men to empty of the Brain,
And so Embalm'd, for many Ages, keep.
What should We say of those, that Buried deep
Dig naked Garamantians up in Sand:
Or of the Naxosians, that command,
Their Dead to bury in the cruel Seas
Upon the Libyan Coast: The Celta please
Their empty Skuls with Gold about to ring,
And such for Cups unto their Tables bring.
But the Cætopians did by chance Ordain,
That such, as in their Country's Wars were Slain,
Should be together Burn'd. Oppos'd to these,
Time onely doth inter the Carcases
Of Scythian People; who, on Stakes of Wood
Impal'd, hang melting with corrupted Blood.
As thus he talk'd, a *Autonoe* (the Shade
O' th' *Sibyl* rising) Set a Period, said,
To your Discourse. Behold that Priests; who
So much of Future things, when living, knew,
That ev'n the Gods, that they knew more, deny'd.
And now 'tis time your Men should go aside,

That

(*) Among the Egyptians were three sorts of preserving their Dead. The poor People only took out the Guts, and dried the Body with Salt for the space of seventy days. The more Wealthy never cut open the Body, but injected into the Belly a Clyster of the Juice, that distills from Cedar, which had the Virtue, after seventy days, to draw out with it all the Entrails, through the Side. The Carnous parts in the mean time were consumed by *Niter*, and the Skin and Bones onely remained. But those of the best quality, first, with a crooked Iron, drew out the Brain through the Nostrils, then took out the Guts, and filling both Cavities with *Amyris*, *Cassia*, and other Perfumes (*Frankincense* excepted) they again sewed up the Body, and buried it seventy days in *Niter*: when all moisture consumed (and therefore by the Poet Metaphorically term'd, *Stone perfum'd*), it was taken up, and in a wooden Case (fasten'd to its proportion) placed against the Wall, in some room of the house, where, even in their Banquets, they had it in their view, not to check their Mirth, but to invite them to enjoy themselves, while alive. *Herodot. lib. 2. Entree.*

That You, and I, the Beasts may burn. This said,
With Myrtles fill'd, the old (^(*) *Cymean* Maid,
After the Sacrificed Blood her Mouth
(*) *Sibyl.*
Had touch'd, and talk'd, viewing well the Youth
(Whole Face was Beautiful) began: When I
Etherial Light, not idly, did enjoy,
My voice was heard in the *Cymean* Den
To answer People; and Thee (*Scipio*) then,
In future Ages, and in *Rome's* Affairs
Concern'd, I sung. But yet thy Father's Cares
Scarce merited my Words: for they nor made
A due Enquiry after what I said,
Nor yet observ'd it. But now mark; since Thou
Desir'st to know the Fates of *Rome*, which now
On Thine depend (for I thy Diligence
To take the Oracles of Life from hence
Perceive) and here thy Father's *Manes* see:
On th' arm'd Iberian Thou, with Victory,
Thy Father shalt Revenge: to *Mars* before
Due years entrusted; and thy Sword the *Moor*
Shall of his Joys deprive. Thou shalt enjoyce,
When Thee, as Omen to the War, the Voice
Of *Rome* shall choose: when, in th' Iberian Land,
Carthage Thou shalt subdue. Then to command
More eminent Thou shalt be rais'd, nor *Jove*
From Thee his Care, and Kindness shall remove,
Till the whole War He into *Lilya* drive,
And there to Thee ev'n *Hannibal* shall give
To be Subdu'd. But, oh Ingrateful *Rome*!
Which after all these Honours Thee of Home,
And (*) Country shall deprive. As this She spake,
She turn'd her Steps towards the *Stygian* Lake.
Whate're ill Chance of Life attends Me, I
(The Youth replies) will my Endeavours try:

Yet

(*) After *Scipio* had subdued *Hannibal*, and broken the whole Force of *Carthage*, and, with his Brother, overthrown *Antiochus*, he was afterward accused by a Faction, of defrauding the People of the wealthy Spoils of *Antiochus*: whereupon He, in a voluntary Exile, retired to *Linterum*, where he dyed, commanding this Intercession to be set on his Tomb. *Ingrateful Country, thou hast not so much, as *Rome**

Yet may my Breast be free from Guilt! but now
 I pray thee (since the only Cause, that Thou
 Didst live, was Humane Labours here to Aid)
 Awhile thy Steps restrain (renowned Maid)
 And unto Me the silent Shades report,
 With all the Terrors of the *Sygyian* Court.
 She soon assents to that, which he requir'd,
 But Thou a Kingdom, not to be desir'd,
 (Said She) dost open: (*) for the Darkness there
 People, that once Innumerable were,
 Inhabite, and through endless Shadows fly,
 And yet make up but One great Family.
 I' th' midst a dark, and airy Space, of large
 Extent, there is, which common Death doth charge
 With all, that from the Teeming World's first Birth
 The fiery Air produc'd, the Seas, or Earth.
 Thither all things descend, what hath, or shall
 Perish, that gloomy Field devoureth all.
 Ten Gates this Kingdom compass, whereof One
 Receives the Warlike Sons of *Mars* alone:
 Another those, that Famous Laws have made,
 And the Foundations, first, of Cities lay'd.
 The Third's for *Ceres* harmless Tribe, that go,
 By Fraud unpoison'd, to the Shades below.
 Next Those, that pleasant Arts did first invent,
 And Way of Living, full of all Content,
 And (which not Father *Phœbus* would Disdain)
 Verses compos'd, their proper Gate maintain.
 The next the Shipwrack Port, (for so that Gate
 Is Nam'd) is kept for such, as meet their Fate
 In Winds, and cruel Storms. Another wide,
 And near this stands, for such as Guilty dy'd,
 And there confess their Sins: Their sev'ral Pains
 Ev'n at the Entrance *Rhadamanth* Ordains,

(*) *Hell* described.

And

And empty Death inflicts. The Seventh to Bands
 Of Women, that flock thither, open stands:
 Where her pale Groves the Chast *Proserpina*
 Maintains. And, near to this, another Way,
 And Gate there is, well-known by Infants Cries,
 To them assign'd, and all those Companies,
 That in the Port of Life extinguish'd are:
 And Virgin Troops, whose Nuptial Tapers were
 Turn'd into Fun'ral Flames. But then, remote
 From this, there is another Gate, of Note,
 Which, Night dissolving, shines like rising Day,
 And, through the Shadow of a secret Way,
 Leads to th' *Elysian* Fields: Here, nor to Hell
 Subjected, nor in Heav'n the Pious dwell.
 But quite beyond all Seas, upon the Brink
 O' th' Sacred Fountain, thither throng to Drink
 Forgetfulness of Minde, in *Lethe's* Streams.
 The Last, with Gold refulgent, feels the Beams
 Of Light, and Shines, as if the Moon were there.
 This way the Blessed Souls to Heav'n repair,
 And, when a thousand *Lustræ* Time hath past,
 Forgetting *Dis*, into their Bodies haste:
 Death, his black Jaws wide opening, to and fro,
 Through all these Ways, and Ports, doth wandring go.
 Then a slow Gulph, without a Body, far
 Extended, and dark muddy Lakes there are,
 Where (*) *Pblegethon* with swelling Waters burns
 The Banks, on ev'ry side, and, Roaring, turns
 The flaming Quarries up, with Storms of Fire.
 Then, in another Quarter, with as Dire
 A Rage, (**) *Cocytus* rolls black Waves of Blood,
 And runs, a Torrent, with a foaming Flood.
 But *Syx*, which *Jove* himself, and all the rest
 Of the Immortal Gods, do still Attest,

(*) The Rivers of *Hell*.

Dreadful

Dreadful with Pitch, and Sulphur, smoking Mud
 Drives through his Chancel. But (then There a Flood
 More dismal, frothing with Corruption, and
 Thick Poison, Belching up the gelid Sand,
 With horrid Murmurs) *Acheron*, through all
 The Pools, with a black Stream, doth slowly fall.
 This Venom'd Three-mouth *Cerberus* desires,
 This for her Drink *Tisiphone* requires:
 This dire *Megara* craves; nor yet can they,
 With all their Drink, their raging Thirst allay.
 But the last River breaketh out before
 The Entrance, and inexorable Door
 Of *Pluto's* Palace, from a Fount of Tears.
 There a fourth Tribe, in several Paths, appears
 Of Monsters, still to Watch, and Terrific
 The trembling Ghosts with their confused Cry.
 Devouring Grief, and Leanness, that on ill
 Diseases waits; with Sadness, feeding still
 On Tears, and Paleness without Blood; with Cares,
 Base Treachery, old Age, that nothing bares
 Without Complaint; Envy, with both her Hands
 Crushing her Throat; and Poverty, that stands
 Deform'd, and Prone to any thing that's Bad;
 With wandring Error, and Dissension, glad
 To mingle Seas with Heav'n; Then *Briareus*,
 That with his hundred Hands the Gates doth use
 Of Hell to open; Cruel *Sphinx*, with Blood
 Her Virgin-mouth besmear'd; the furious Brood
 Of two-formed *Centaurs*; with fierce *Scylla* there,
 And the Rebellious Giants Ghosts, appear:
 Here the three-headed Dog, when he hath broke
 His Chains, and off a thousand Fetters shook,
 And up and down, through Hell, doth Wandring go,
 Neither *Aleto*, nor *Megara*, though

With

With Fury swell'd, come near; while 'bout his Loins
 His Vip'rous Tail, he fiercely Barking, twines.
 On the Right Hand, a Yew, that like a Wood
 Its Branches spreads, and, by *Cocytus* Flood
 Water'd, more Leavy grown, there stands: here dire,
 And fatal Birds, Vultures, that rav'ning tire
 On Carcases; and num'rous Owls reside: (dy'd,
 Schreech-Owls, with Specks of Blood their Pinions
 And greedy Harpyes build their Nests, and thick
 Among the Leaves on all the Branches stick,
 And make the Tree with dolefull Cries to nod.
 Among these dreadfull Shapes, th' Infernal God
 Sits on a Throne, examining the Crimes
 Of Kings, and what they did in former Times.
 Enchain'd they stand, and fore the Judge repent
 Too late, while all the Forms of Punishment,
 And Furies, round about them fly: and now
 How glad would they their Scepters disavow!
 Those Souls, which, when on Earth, unworthy, and
 Unequal things endur'd, with harsh Command
 Insult, and what they living, did not dare
 To utter, now Complain of, freely, there.
 Then (1) One in cruel Chains is bound upon
 A Rock, (2) another rowls a restless Stone;
 While, with her Snaky Whip, *Megara* still
 Pursues him, lab'ring up the lofty Hill.
 Such bloody Tyrant's Punishments shall be:
 But now the Time's arriv'd, that We to Thee
 Must shew thy Mother's Face, whose Shade in Place
 The first appears, and hither comes apace.
 (3) *Pomponia*, pregnant by *Jove's* Stealth, drew nigh.
 For, when the *Libyan* War, in *Italy*,
 Fair *Venus* knew, endeavouring to prevent
 All *Juno's* Plots, a silent Flame She sent
 E e e

Into

(1) *Prometheus*.(2) *Sisyphus*.

(3) This Opinion (saith *Valerius Maximus*) arose from his Custom of going to the *Capitol*, and spending some hours in the *Chapel of Jupiter*, before he enterprized any thing public, or private. Whence a Report went current; that, before his Mother was with Child, a Serpent frequented her Chamber, and, as soon as any man appeared, vanished. This they fancied to be the God, who, in that Shape, begot *Scipio*, whom some Authors affirm to have been the first *Cæsar* (that is, cut out of his Mother's Womb) though *Polybius* writes the contrary.

Into her Father's Breast: which had not She
 Foreknows, the conquer'd *Romane* Altars We
 By *Tyrian* Virgins kindled now had seen.
 But, when the off-red Blood had tasted been,
 (As the old Prophets advis'd) and both
 Each other's Faces knew, thus first the Youth
 Began: My dearest Mother, who to Me,
 Like some great Deity, appear'st; that Thee
 I might have seen, how willingly would I
 Have dy'd! Oh! what was our sad Destiny,
 When that first Day, that gave Me vital Breath,
 Thee, without Honour, snatch'd away in Death.
 As thus He spoke, his Mother thus again
 Replies: O Son, my Death was free from Pain:
 For when the Burthen of my Womb was lay'd,
 By *Jove's* Command, Me *Mercury* convey'd
 To the *Elysian* Fields, and gave Me there
 An equal Place, where *Leda* now, and where
Alcmena by his Sacred Bounty dwell.
 But, since We now have time (my Son) to tell
 Whence thou didst spring (that thou no Wars maist
 Nor doubt to Heav'n by Deeds thy self to rear: (fear,
 Know this; when I, by Chance, in mid'ft of Day,
 Retired to repose, and Sleeping lay,
 A sudden close Embrace my Members bound,
 Not such, as I before my Husband's found,
 Nor easy unto Me, and then I clear
 (Although my heavy Eys in Slumber were
 Involv'd) great *Jove* beheld (You may believe
 This Truth) nor could his borrow'd Shape deceive
 Me then, though, turn'd into a scaly Snake,
 He, coiling, did a thousand Circles make.
 But, soon as Thou wert born, that I should dy
 It was Decreed, and then how much did I

Lament,

Lament, that I to Thee could not declare
 These things, before my Soul resolv'd to Air.
 At this, t' embrace her Neck he thrice Eas'd
 In vain, and lost as oft the fleeting Shade.
 This done, two Ghosts of Men, that well agreed,
 His Father's, and his Uncle's, strait succeed.
 While, through the Shadows pressing on, he there
 Vain Kisses sought, and strove those Ghosts, that were
 Like flying Smoak, and Clouds, to apprehend:
 Oh Thou! on whom our Empire did depend
 (My dearest Sire) what God, an Enemy
 To the *Ausonian* Land, did us of Thee
 Deprive (said he) Oh Wo to Me! for why,
 Was there the least of Time, that, Cruel I
 Should absent be from Thee? thy Death I might
 Have chang'd, by this my Brest, oppos'd in Fight.
 What Groans th' *Italian* People, ev'ry where,
 Give at your Funerals! The *Senate* rear,
 In *Mars's* Field, to each of you a Tomb.
 Amidst his Speech, the hasty Ghosts assume
 The Word: and first his Father's *Mans* barr'd
 His farther Language thus; A fair Reward
 Is Virtue to her self; yet it descends
 Sweet to the Shades below, when 'mong our Friends
 The Glory of our Lives survives: nor our
 Due Praises dark Oblivion can devour.
 But say, how great a War doth Thee molest?
 (Our dear Renown!) how oft doth Fear my Brest
 Invade, when I but think how fiercely Thou
 Go'st on, when Dangers meet thee! but I now
 Conjure thee, by the Cause of our sad Fate,
 (Most valiant Youth) thy Rage to moderate,
 And thy Desire to Fight; sufficient be
 Th' Examples of our Family for Thee.

E c c 2

For

(c) These *Scipios*, who commanded in *Spain*, dividing their Forces were there, with their Armies, both destroyed, by *Indibilis Matunus*, and *Hastredus*, Generals for the *Carthaginians*. See *Liv. lib. 25*.

For the eighth Summer then had reap'd the dry,
And rusing Sheaves of Corn, when conquering I
(c) Had all suppress'd, and the *Tartesiack* Land
The Yoke accepted from my Brother's Hand.
Her then reviving Walls, and Houses, we
To poor *Saguntinus* gave. They *Betis*, free
From Foes, then Drunk: oft *Hasdrubal* to Us
His Back had turn'd. But, oh their barbarous,
And still corrupted Faith! When Victour I
Advanc'd 'gainst *Hasdrubal*, with Misery
Almost Destroy'd (a sudden Change) Behold!
The *Spanish* Troops, which with his *Libyan* Gold
(A Mercenary People) *Hasdrubal*
Had made, breaking their Ranks, their Ensigns all
Forsook: then straitway Us, deserted by
Our Auxiliary Bands, the Enemy
With a thick Ring (more numerous in Men)
Encompass'd round; nor did we Poorly then,
Or Un-reveng'd, the last of all our Days
On Earth conclude, but ended it with Praise.

To this his Brother thus began to joyn
His own Mishaps, and said; In the Decline
Of our Affairs, a lofty Castle I
For a Retreat desir'd, and thereto try
Our last Attempt: a thousand Torches they
With Lamps, and smoking Fire-brands, ev'ry way
Into it threw. For what concerns my Fall,
I of the Gods make no Complaint at all:
For they my Body (c) burn'd, and to a Grave
Of large Extent, my Arms fix'd on it, gave.
But I am griev'd, left, since We both are slain,
The *Libyans* should o'erun oppress'd *Spain*.
To which the Youth, his Face with Tears o'respread,
Replies. Ye Gods! as She hath merited,

May

(c) The *Carthaginians*, after they had destroyed the two *Scipios*, secure, and negligent, *Lucius Martius*, collecting the scattered *Romans*, fell upon them in the night, slew 37000. of them, took 80. thousand prisoners, and recovered what was so lately lost. See *Liv. lib. 26*.

May *Carthage* all just Punishment endure.
For these foul Deeds! But He, who under your
Command was try'd, brave *Martius*, hath restrain'd
The fierce *Pyrenean* Troops, and entertain'd
Our weary Friends, and with known Arms the War
Maintains: and, it is fam'd, the (d) Conquerour
In Battel lately was o'rethrown, and all
Due *Piacles* exacted for your Fall.
Much joy'd at this, the *Gen'ral* went again
To those sweet Places, where the Blefs'd remain.
The Youth, adoring them, with eager Eys
Pursues them: and now *Paulus* Ghost supplies
Their Room, scarce to be known, as then he stood,
'Mong many Ghosts. But, having drunk the Blood,
He thus began: Thou Light of *Italy*,
Whose *Martial* Deeds, then one Man's greater, I
Have seen. Who now hath instigated Thee
These Kingdoms, where once All must dwell, to see?
To whom again sad *Scipio* thus replies;
Great *General*, how long, with weeping Eys,
Did *Rome* thy Fate lament? how near with Thee,
Falling to *Stygian* Darknells, did we see
Oenotrian Palaces! The *Tyrian* Fo
Did on Thee dead a Sepulcher bestow,
And in thy Honour sought for Praise. With Tears
While *Paulus* thus his Hostile Burial hears,
Before their Eys *Flaminius*, *Gracchus*, and,
With a sad Countenance, *Servilius* stand,
At *Cannæ* slain. A great Desire he had
To speak to them, and farther Language add:
But stronger Inclinations to know
More ancient Ghosts made him desist, and now
(e) *Brutus*, that merited immortal Fame
By's cruel Ax; *Camillus* then, that came

(d) *Hasdrubal*.

(e) *Brutus*, the first *Consul*, whose Sons, conspiring with other young Noble Men to restore the *Tarquins*, were by him put to Death. See *Liv. lib. 2*.

Near

(f) *Marcus Curius*, refusing a great sum of money offered him by the *Sannites*, in *Pyrrius* his name, replied, I had rather Command over the Wealthy, than be Rich. He first triumphed over the *Sannites*, and forced *Pyrrius* out of *Italy*.

(g) *Appius Claudius Cæcus*, who would never listen to any terms of Peace with *Pyrrius*; but still persuaded him, not to rely upon his force, and friends in *Italy*, but to return home, and then by *Embassy* treat of Peace with the *Romans*.

(h) *Horatius Cocles*, who, with two others, defending the *Gate*, at the Bridge over *Tyber*, stopped *Pyrrhus's* men, who then pursued the *Romans*, till the Bridge behind him was broken down so, that the Enemy could pass no farther: which done, He leapt armed into the River, and returned safe into the City.

Near to the Gods in Praise, and, hating Gold,
 (1) *Curius* he sees, (their Names the *Sibyl* told,
 And shew'd their Faces, as they came) That's He,
 That, though of Sight depriv'd, the Treacherie
 (2) Of Peace, and *Pyrrhus* from the Gates repell'd :
 And that, the Bridge behind him broken, held
 (3) His Station valiantly, and did exclude
 Returning Scepters, when the King pursu'd
 To *Tyber's* Banks. If you desire to see
 The Man, that in the former War (said She)
 The League with *Libya* made, *Lutatius* there
 Behold, with *Ætreal Arms*, a Conquerer.
 But, if *Amilcar's* cruel Shade you'd know,
 Seg ! That is it, that stands far off ; his Brow
 (Not smooth'd by Death) as yet his rabid Ire
 Retains : to talk with him if you desire,
 Tasting the Blood, with your permission, He
 May speak ; which granted, and when Greedily
 The thirsty Shade had drunk ; first *Scipio* thus
 With angry Looks upbraids him : Such with Us
 (Thou Sire of Fraud) are then thy Leagues : with
 Captiv'd, on the *Sicanian Coast*, did We (Thee,
 This Contract make : Against all Leagues, thy Son
Ansonia, with War, doth over-run,
 And comes upon Us, breaking through the Bars
 O' th' *Alpes*. All *Italy* with barb'rous Wars
 Is now inflam'd, and back, obstructed by
 Sad Slaughters, to their Springs our Rivers fly.
 To this the Shade reply'd : So soon, as He
 Was ten Years old, the *Latine War*, by Me
 Commanded, He espous'd. Nor must He now
 Deceive those Gods, attested to the Vow
 Made to his Father. But, if now with Fire
 He *Italy* destroy, and still aspire

To

To overthrow that State, deriv'd from *Troy*.
 O Piety ! O holy Faith ! O Boy,
 Indeed mine Own ! and would to Heav'n He might
 Repair that Honour, We have lost in Fight !
 Seeming to swell, with Speed (as this he said)
 He vanish'd, and retir'd a greater Shade.

Next these, the Prophetess those Ghosts disclos'd,
 That, Arm'd, to conquer'd Nations dispos'd
 Their Laws : with those, that first the *Romanes* taught
 (1) Those Sacred Laws, from *Pallas City* brought.

Scipio, well-pleas'd, with an insatiate Ey
 Views all their Faces, and would willingly
 Have talk'd with all, had not the Prophetess
 Inform'd him, that their Troops were numberless.
 What Myriads in all the World dost Thou
 Believe descend to Hell, since here you now
 All these behold : A boundless Torrent there
 Of Shades continually run down, and are
 In *Charon's* spacious Vessel wafted ore ;
 And that base Boat's sufficient, were they more.

Many pass by, the Virgin to his View
 Presents a Youth. This is that (2) Wand'rer, who
 His Ensigns, where He march'd, did Conqu'ring bare,
 By whom the *Badrui*, and the *Dace* were
 Subdu'd ; who *Ganges* drunk on conquer'd Ground ;
 With a *Pellean Bridge* *Niphate* bound,
 Whole (1) Walls now stand where sacred *Nile* doth
 To him *Æneades* : Thou certain Son (run.
 Of *Libya's* horned *Hammon* ! Oh, how far
 Doth thy indubitable Fame, in War,
 All *Generals* excel ! The like Desire
 (Renowned Shade) hath set my Brest on Fire,
 To know which Way thou took'st thy self to raise
 To that proud Honour, and great Height of Praise.

To

(1) The *Romans*, having changed the Government of *Cæsal*, to that of the *Decemviri*, sent three *Embassadors*, viz. *Sp. Fulvianus*, *Sir. Sulpicius*, and *Ans. Manlius*, to *Athen*, to take an Extract of their *Laws*, which they performed, and those *Laws*, digested (with such of their own, as the *Romans* esteemed wholesome) into twelve *Tables*, ten of Brass, and two of Stone, were ever after their *Rules of Justice*.

(2) *Alexander the Great*.

(1) *Alexandria* in *Egypt*.

To whom the Ghost : A dull Sedulity,
In War, is base. Thou by Activity,
And Daring, may'st accomplish greatest Wars.
Slow Valour never yet unto the Stars
Her self hath rais'd. Do Thou precipitate
The time of thy great Deeds. Black Death doth wait
Upon the Active Man. Thus having said,
He vanish'd. Strait succeeded *Croesus* Shade,
Rich, when alive; now, level'd with the Poor.
But when, arising from th' *Elysian* Shore,
The *Manes* of a Beautious Youth he spy'd,
Whose Tresses, with a Purple Fillet ty'd,
Flow'd on his radiant Neck: Divinest Maid,
Tell me (said He) who is that glorious Shade,
Whose sacred Fore-head with a Light's indu'd,
To him peculiar, and a Multitude
Of Souls, admiring, follow, and, about
Him thronging, seem to give a joyful Shout :
Oh, what a Face! did I not see him here
I th' *Sygyian* Shade, I easily should swear
He were a God. Nor art deceiv'd (quoth She)
He hath deserv'd to seem a Deity:
Nor in so great a Breast was there a small
Divinity. For He in Verses all
The Seas, and Earth, with Heav'n, and Hell compris'd,
And in his Song the *Muses* equaliz'd,
(m) In Honour *Phæbus* : when he could notice,
All this unto the World, in order, he
Divulg'd, and rais'd your *Troy* unto the Skies.
Scipio, the sacred Shade with joyful Eys
Beholding, said; Would but the Fates allow,
That through the Universe this Prophet now
Mighting the *Romane* Deeds; how much more great
Would the same Things, with his Certificate,

(m) The most eminent of all *Poets*, who, of very mean Birth, was constrained to shift for his Livelihood by teaching a scholè, till by a Disciple in his Eye, while yet a Young-man, he was made Blind, wandering through several Cities of *Greece*. He sometimes subtilty by repeating *Verfes*, critically compos'd, to the People; and at length entertained by several Persons, that admir'd his Learning, he compos'd these Immortal Works of his *Iliads*, and *Odysseys*. He dyed in *Iun*, (in his Voyage to *Athen*) where the *Inhabitants* built him a Tomb. Vide *Hirade*. de *Homero*

Pass

Pass to succeeding Times? Thrice happy You,
(n) *Æacides*, to whom it happ'n'd, to
The World by such a Tongue to be express'd:
For by his Verfetly Valour still encreas'd,
But what's that Troop, that such Applauses give,
Seeking the Ghosts of *Heroes*, and receive
The Greater Shades? With that *Achilles* He,
And mighty *Hector*, is amaz'd to see.
And then the Valiant *Ajax* stately Pace
Admires, and *Nestor's* venerable Face.
But he was pleas'd, when he beheld the Two
Renown'd (o) *Atrides*, and *Ulysses*, who,
In Prudence, equal'd great *Achilles* Deeds.
To these *Ledaean* *Castor's* Shade succeeds,
About to live; for then Alternate Light
Pollux in Heav'n maintain'd. But, to his Sight
Presented, strait *Lavinia's* Shade withdrew
His Face: for then the Maid advis'd him to
Consider Womens Shades, lest rising Day
Should summon Her (protracting Time) away.
This *Venus* happy (p) Daughter is (said She)
That *Trojans* long-deriv'd Posterity,
Joyn'd to the *Latins*. Would you see the Bold
Quirinus Bride? *Herfília* there behold,
Once by Her Sheepherd Husband ravish'd, when
(q) Their Neighbours scorn'd such rough, unpleasant
Yet She, well-pleas'd, his homely Cottage saw, (Men,
And lay with him on Pallets made of Straw,
And angry Sires, from vengeful Arms, withdrew.
But now (r) *Carmenta's* Godlike Gesture view;
She was *Evander's* Mother, and Divin'd
Your present Labours. If you have a minde
To see the Face of (s) *Tanaquil*: that's She,
Whose Chaster minde prevail'd in *Augury*,
F f f

(n) *Achilles*.(o) *Agamemnon*, and *Menelaus*.(p) Being Wife to *Antas*, Son to *Peneus* and *Anchises*.(q) When *Romulus* had built his City, and the Inhabitants so increased, that it was now time to form a civil Society: He sent Embassadors to his Neighbours to demand of them *Wives*, which they then wanted. But his Embassy every where rejected. He, pretending the Celebration of *Games* to *Neptun*, the *Sabaz* coming with their Wives and Children, invited as well by Curiosity to see the *Games*, as Devotion, while they were intent on the Celebration of the *Festival*, the *Romans*, seeing all the *Virgins* that came with them, forced the rest out of the City. The *Sabaz* returning armed to revenge this Violence, these *Virgins*, now their *Wives*, became *Mediators* between their *Husbands*, and *Parents*, and made the *Romans* and *Sabaz* one People.(r) *Carmenta* was a *Trophetess*, in whose honour the *Roman Matrons* (as to a Goddess) celebrated an Annual Feast called *Carmentalis*.(s) *Tanaquil*, who animated her Husband *Terquinius Priscus* (a Stranger at *Rome*) to repair thither, to order himself after the Death of *Numerius Amulius* to be their King, and as they came to the Gates, sitting with his Wife in their Cart, an Eagle gently took off his Cap, and, hovering awhile over his head, put it on again: by which *Omens* encouraged, *Tanaquil* persuaded him to enter the City, and not long after *Amulius* dying, he was elected King.

And

And to her Husband did his Throne foreflew,
 And in the Bird the Gods propitious knew.
 There see, of *Romane* Chastity the Grace,
Lucretia, glorious in her Death, her Face,
 And Eys fix'd on the Ground still bears. Thou (*Rome*)
 Must not, alas! nor doth it Thee become
 To with the long Fruition of so great
 A Praise. Near Her, *Virginia* see; who, yet
 The Wound retaining, in her bleeding Breast,
 (Sad Monument, that Chastity exprest
 Defended by the Sword!) (¹) her Father's hand
 Applauds, in that dire stroke. Next her doth stand
 The famous *Clelia*, who to fly thy Yoak
 (*Porfenna*) her Weak Sex contemn'd, and broke
 The *Lidyan* War, and *Tyber*: such, as She
 (A Virgin) *Rome* once With'd her Men to be,
 This sudden Apparition much Dismaid
 Yong *Scipio*, who, more enquiring, said;
 What may those guilty *Manes* be, and why
 Are they Tormented? She gave this reply.
 That (²) *Tullia*, who with her Chariot tore,
 And broke her Father's Members, and stood o're
 His trembling Face with her contracted Reins,
 That She may ne'er be free from lasting Pains,
 Swims in hot *Phlegethon*, that, rapid, springs
 From smoking Furnaces, and upward flings
 Burn'd Rocks, made harder by the River's Heat,
 And fill with flaming Flints her Face doth beat.
 But She, whose Lungs a Bird's sharp Bill destroys,
 (Hark! with his beating Wings how great a Noise,
 Returning to his Food, the (³) Bird of *Jove*
 Now makes!) Oh horrid Wickedness! for Love
 Of Gold, the *Capitol*, that Treach'rous Maid
 (⁴) (*Tarpeia*) to the *Sabine* Troops betray'd.

Then

(¹) *Virginia*, the Daughter of *Virginius*, who being visited by *Appius Claudius*, her Father to provoke the people against him, bringing her into a publick Assembly, shew'd her, and, shewing the Knife all bloody to the people, declared, he rather chose, that his Daughter should so dy, then not be free from the violence of *Appius*. See *Liv. lib. 1.*

(²) *Tullia*, the Wife of *Tarquinius Superbus*, who drove her Chariot o-ver the body of her Father *Tarquinus*, whom she had murdered, to raise her Husband to his Throne.

(³) An Eagle.
 (⁴) *Tarpeia*, the Daughter of *Tarpeius* Keeper of the *Capitol*; who contracted with the *Sabines* to betray to them the *Capitol*, on Condition, the might have all that they wore on their left Arms (meaning their Bracelets) the *Sabines* entering, as she opened the Gates, threw upon her so many shields from their left Arms, that she was press'd to death with the weight of them.

Then dost not see? (for lighter Crimes our Laws
 Scarce touch) / dire *Orcus* still with hungry Jaws
 Doth bark? Of old the monstrous *Guardian* He
 Of the *Iberian* heard, and eagerly
 Assaulteth with his Teeth, and fiercely Trails
 The Entrails out with his polluted Nails.
 Yet is the Punishment inferiour to
 The Sin, that (¹) *Vesta* voluntary threw
 Her Virgin *Zone* away, and sacred Rites
 Of *Vesta* stain'd. But now these sev'ral Sights,
 Which you have seen, sufficient are, I strait
 To Thee (concluding) will enumerate
 Some Souls, that now Oblivion drink (they are
 But few) and so again to Night repair.
 That (²) *Marius* (for the Time's not long when he
 Shall go into *Etherial* Light) shall be
 Your *Consul*, and shall long Command procure
 From humble Birth. Nor shall *Sylla* endure
 Long to drink drowsy *Lethe*, or Obey.
 Fate, which no God can Change, and Life away
 Him call. He first shall Seize, as by Assault,
 The Empire, but the glory of his Fault
 (³) Shall be, that he shall it restore alone,
 And in so great a Name there shall be none,
 That shall desire to second *Sylla*. He,
 Whose Hair erect on's rugged Front, you see
 Is *Pompey*, a most glorious Head on Earth,
 And by the World belov'd. But He, that Birth
 O'th' Gods, who lifts his Starry Head so high,
 As *Cæsar*, of *Iulus* Progeny,
 When these break from their dark Abodes, by Sea,
 And Land, how great, how mighty things will they
 Attempt? Alas, how oft will they Contend
 In Fight through all the World? nor in the End,
 F f f 2 Shalt

(¹) *Græm.*

(²) Those *Vestal Nuns* were chosen into that Order at sixteen years of age, and were to continue so thirty years, after which they might marry (though few did) but if, while Devotes, any chanced to violate their Vow, they were buried alive.

(³) The *Sibyl*, having shew'd him the Souls of such as had lived on Earth, now following the opinion of *Plato* (in *Phædo*) that Souls created must have some place of abode before they entered Bodies, shew'd him the Souls, which after they had drunk of *Lethe* (that is Folly, and Forgetfulness of their Original) were to live on Earth. Among other, *Marius*, who of a mean Person came to be General in the War against the *Cimbri*, over whom he triumphed, and, after strange variety of Fortune, dy'd in his seventh *Consulship*.

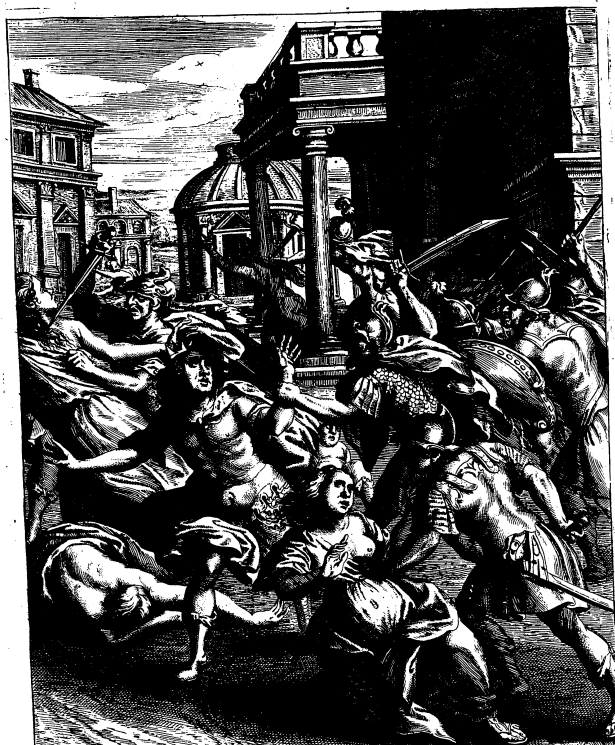
(⁴) *Sylla*, who, after he had cruelly afflicted the Common-wealth, and assumed to himself absolute Authority o-ver the Lives, and Estates of the *Romans*, voluntary laid down his *Dictatorship*, and retired to *Patrol*, where he lived privately, and restored them to their Liberty.

Shalt thou (the Conqueror) less Gaily Apparell'd
 Then He, ere whom thou gainst the Victory
 Then *Scipio*. Weeping, said: It grieves me much,
 That the sad Order of Affairs is such
 For *Italy*. But if, when Life is done,
 There be no Pardon, and ev'n Death must run
 The hazard of Desert, say, in what part
 Of *Phlegethon*, his Sins still burning smart
 Shall *Hannibal* endure? Or, tell me, where
 Shall a fit ravenous Fowl for ever tare
 His Limbs, which for her Food shall still encrease?
 Oh! fear not that, exclaims the Prophetess,
 A Life inviolate he shall not lead,
 Nor in his Country shall his Bones, when Dead,
 Be lay'd to rest. For when he shall in Fight
 Be Vanquish'd, and all his Forces quite
 Dispers'd, he shall endure to be O'rethrown,
 And beg in glorious Safety: *Macedon*,
 For War, shall give him Hopes again to rise
 In Arms; and then (condemn'd for Treacheries)
 His constant Wife, and Son forsaken, He
 Shall *Carthage* quit, and through the *Ocean* flee
 In a small Ship. *Cilician Taurus* then
 Hee'l visit. But (alas!) how foolish Men
 Will rather choose hard Servitude to bare,
 The Hot, and Cold Excesses of the Air,
 With Hunger, Flight, and Seas; then once to Dy.
 He, after these great Wars, in *Italy*,
 A Servant to th' *Assyrian* King shall be,
 And thence, depriv'd of his Desire to see
Ausonia embroil'd, with doubtful Sails
 Shall put to Sea, until, with lazy Gales,
 Brought to the *Pryfiack* Coast, grown weak with Age,
 He in another Service shall engage,

And,

And, through that Kingdom's Aid, a Shelter finde:
 Till, that their Enemy may be resign'd
 The *Romanes* urging, secret Poison there
 In Haste he drinks, and from continual Fear
 Absolve the doubtful World. Thus having said,
 To hollow Shades of *Erebus* the Maid
 Again withdraws; and *Scipio* strait ascends
 Unto the Port, and his rejoicing Friends.

The End of the Thirteenth Book.



*Plagratum luxu, & nyscentem turpia duris
Sunt obruncant Janenam.*

*Honoratissimo Dno Domo Ioanni -
Cornubus. Tabula Summa cum*



*Nec iam Oldus Ensis addunt
Femineam Gadem, atq; insontium rapti Sororum
Corpora proferunt Ferro.
Berkley, Baroni de Stratton in Comitatu
Observantia D. D. D.*



SILIUS ITALICUS

OF

The Second Punick VVar.

The Fourteenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Sicilia describ'd: the wanton King
Is slain. The Libyans, and the Romanes bring,
Into that Land, their Arms. What Victories
Marcellus gain'd. Both sides have their supplies
From the divided Land. By Land, and Sea,
To Syracusa's Walls the Romanes lay
Close Siege. What Arts by Archimedes were
Found out, for their repulse. New dids appear
From Libya by Sea. A Naval Fight,
Wherein some Libyan Ships are put to flight,
Some Captive made, some sunk. Both Armies are
Infected by a Plague: which ceas'd, the War
The Romanes strait renew. To one Assault
Rich Syracusa yields: the Souldier's Fault,
Who Archimedes, as He Figures drew,
Studios, upon the Sand, not knowing, flue,
The General deplores. What praises the
Deserv'd, whose Mercy crown'd his Victory.*



EE Pow'rs of Helicon, now turn
your Lays

To Sicily, and the Ortygian Seas:
Sometimes to Daunian King-
doms your Reforts

To make; sometimes to the Si-
canian Ports,

Or

Or Macedonian Palaces to see,
And the *Achaick* Land, your Task must be :
Or wandering, where *Sardian* Floods enfold
Your Steps; or, where in Cottages, of old,
The *Tyrians* reign'd, to go; and farthest Day
To visit; and where Earth's vast Globe by Sea
Is Limited: all this the *Scenes* of War,
That, in their sev'ral Quarters, Acted are
By *Mars*, require. This therefore We must do,
And, where the War, and Trumpets call, pursue.

Of large extent, a Port of Italy,

(a) *Trinacria* was, till once Assaulted by
Notus, and raging Waves, against it heav'd
By the *Cœrulean Trident*, it receiv'd
The *Ocean* in: for, by an hidden way,
The Earth's torn Entrails the impacted Sea
Asunder threw, and, breaking through the Land
With a full Tide, at once the People, and
The Cities, by the Tempest's secret Force
Bore quite away. Since, keeping that Divorce,
By an impetuous Flood, th' unruly Main
Permits not the Disjoyn'd to meet again.

But yet the space, that the two Lands divides,
As Fame reports (so narrow are the Tides,
That run between) Barking of Dogs, and Lays
Of early Birds, to either Side conveys.
So rich the Soil, that it the Garners fills
Of Husband-men: with Olives shades the Hills,
Titles creats to *Bacchus*, and swift Steeds,
That will endure the found of Trumpets, breeds.
Cecropian Tapers *Hybla*, ev'ry where
Renown'd, from her sweet *Nectar*, kindles: there
Pæonian Streams with secret Sulphur spring;
There, by the *Muses* grac'd, fam'd Poets Sing

Worthy

(a) *Sicilia* was anciently called *Trinacria* from the three *symmetriae*, *Pachynus*, *Pelorus*, and *Lilybaeum*. It was an old *Opinion*, that it was once joyned to *Italy* by that Neck of Land, where *Rhegium* (now *Rocca*) stands; but to be torn from it by the violence of the Sea.

Worthy *Apollo*, who their Days diffuse
Through Sacred Groves: whose *Syracusan* (b) *Muse*
Makes *Helicon* rebound. The People are
In Language prompt; but, when employ'd in War,
Their Ports are Crown'd with Trophies, from the Seas.
After the Reign of dire (c) *Antiphatet*,
And *Cyclops* Rule, *Sicanian* Plow began
First to turn up the untill'd Ground, and then
From high *Pyrene* thither People came;
Who on the vacant Land impos'd the Name
Of an *Iberian* River. After these,
There soon arriv'd stout Bands of *Ligures*,
By (d) *Siculus* Commanded, who by War
Possess'd the Land, that still his Name doth bare.
Nor was it Loss of Fame, or held a Shame
For *Siculus* to change *Sicania*'s Name.
Next Neighbouring *Minos*, making his Demands
Of *Dædalus*, his *Eteocretian* Bands
Led to the hapless War: and, after He
A Judg of Hell, through cruel Treachery,
And Plots of the *Cocalides*, was made,
Weary of making War, his (e) People lay'd
Their Arms aside, and dwelt in *Sicily*.
Trojan Aëstes, then, his Progeny
Had mix'd with *Trojan Helymus*, who there
(Some Bands of Youth soon following) first did rear
Those Walls, that since from Them retain the Name.
Neither are *Zancle*'s Walls obscure in Fame,
Which *Saturn*, laying down his Sickle there,
(f) Renown'd. But in th' *Ennean* Land none are
More fam'd, then those were Founded by the Name,
That thither from (g) *Sisyphean Isthmus* came,
And, in the (h) *Ephyrean* Offspring, all
Doth much Excel. Here doth *Alpheus* fall

G g g

Into

(b) *Theocritus*, born in *Syracusa*, whom *Virgil* imitated in his *Buc.*

(c) *Antiphatet* was King of the *Leffrigians*, who were *Anthropophagi*. *Men-Entris*.

(d) The *Ligurians*, vexed by their Neighbours the *Bruttii*, and other People of *Calabria*, under the Conduct of *Siculus*, pass'd over into *Sicilia* (then called *Sicania*, from the *Sponiards* that had planted themselves, and call'd it so from a River, or rather from their Leader *Siculus*) and, feeling there, changed the former Name to that which now it bears. See *Dionys. Halic. lib. 4.*

(e) *Minos* (feigned by the Poets to be one of the Judges of Hell) put King *Dædalus* into *Sicily*, the King *Cocalus* treated with him, and promised to perform all he desired, invited him to his Palace, and fix'd him in a Bath (as *Diomedes Siculus* affirms) though the Poet follows the Report, that he was murdered by the Daughters of *Cocalus*. After his Death his People, wanting their King, and their Ship, all burn'd by the *Sicilians*, laid down their Arms, became *Sicilians*, and built a City, in Memory of their King, call'd *Adran*.

(f) The Land about that City being very fertile, the Poets feigned *Saturn* to have dropt his Sickle there.

(g) *Sisypheus* was King of *Corinth*; whence *Archelaus* came with a Colony, and built *Syracusa*.

(h) *Corinthian*.

Into his *Arethusa's* fishy Springs;
And of a Sacred Crown the Figure brings.

(1) *Volcan.*

But in *Trinacrian* Caves the ⁽¹⁾ *Lemnian* God
Delights, and there hath settled his Abode.
For feeding, under ground, in Forges vast,
Lipare from her hollow Head doth cast
A sulph'rous Smoak. But her continual Fires
Etna, inflam'd, from trembling Rocks expires;
While, with included Groans, the raging Sea
She imitates, and restless, Night, and Day,
Through secret Ruptures murm'ring Thunders. So
From *Phlegeston* the flaming Billows flow,
And from the melting Caverns rolls (among
Those pitchy Tempests) half-burnt Rocks along.
But though, within, it boileth with so dire
A Storm of Flames, and still-encreasing Fire:
Yet White upon the Top, 'tis strange to tell,
How near those very Flames the Snow doth dwell;
How th' burning Rocks are with Eternal Cold
Congeal'd, and horrid; and how they behold
Perpetual Winter on the Mountain's Head,
And Snow with glowing Ashes overspread.
What should I say of the *Æolian* Land?

(k) *Argus.*

(l) An High Promontory.

(*) Strong west-winds.

(m) The Arms of the *Colchial*
Scorpion.

(n) Another Promontory of *Sicily.*

That Dwelling of the Winds, and Bars ordain'd
'Gainst Storms? Here, wash'd by the *Ionian* Main,
Turn'd to that Land where ^(k) *Pelops* once did Reign,
^(l) *Pachynus* Cliffs appear: There opposite
To *Libya*, and the raging ^(*) *Cæuri's* Spite,
The noble *Lilybeum* hath in view
The bending ^(m) *Chele*. A third Frontier to
The Shore extended, and to *Italy*
Oppos'd, upon the other Side, the high
⁽ⁿ⁾ *Pelorus* riseth, with an Hill of Sand.
Here long in Peace did *Hieron* command

His

His People, with a milde, and easy Sway,
And ne're the Hearts of those, that did Obey,
With cruel Fears perplex'd! nor could He be
Induc'd to violate that Faith, which he
Had at the Altars sworn. For many Years
His Social League, with the *Asonian* Peers,
Entire he kept. But, when the Fates dissolv'd
His aged Life, the Fatal Crown devolv'd
To's eldest Nephew, and unto that Court
(Of late so Good) unruly Minds resort.
⁽¹⁾ Not sixteen Years of Age the King had known,
When he Eclip'd the Glory of his Throne;
Unable to sustain his Kingdom's Weight,
Too Confident of his too sickle State.
In a short time all Crime's protected by
The Force of Arms; there all Impiety
Familiarly was known: the very Name
Of Justice banish'd, and a modest Shame
Was in the King held Vile. His Mother's high
Descent from *Pyrrhus*, the great Family
Of ancient *Æacus*, and *Thetis* Son,
(In Verse Eternal) spurr'd this Fury on
To that so great a Precipice. And strait
His Breast's invaded by a sudden Heat,
To favour the Designs of *Libya*,
And, this his Sin admitting no Delay,
He makes new Leagues, by which it was agreed,
That the *Sidonian* Army should recede
From *Sicily*, if they the Conquest gain'd.
But yet his Punishment for this remain'd
Still fix'd, and dire *Eirmyrs* him a Tomb
E'en in that Land deny'd, where he no room
Would yield to his Ally. For some, whom Ire,
And daily Fears, invited to conspire,
G g 2

(Resolv'd

(1) This young King, given over to *Lewany*, which soon after drew him into *Tyranny*, fell into such a Dislike with his People, that they rebelled against him, at a time when they were divided among themselves: some resolving on Defection from the *Romans*, others to adhere to them. But his Death gave the *Romans* the Advantage, of which *Marcus* made Use, to the subduing of all *Sicily*, in taking *Syracuse*.

(2) Such was the Rage, and Fury of the People, that, after they had slain the King, they fought out all of the Royal Family, and murdered them (as the Poet says) his two Sisters; and a Daughter of *Hiero* (his Grandfather) with her Daughters. *Liv.* 24.

(Revolv'd his Youth no longer to abide,
Inflam'd with cruel Lusts, and bloody Pride,
And adding to his Tyranny abhor'd,
And vilest Acts) him flew. And then the Sword
No measure knew. To this the Slaughter they
Of Women add, and seizing, as a Prey,
His guiltless (2) Sisters, kill them. Thus rag'd new-
Recover'd Liberty in Arms, and threw
The Yoke away. Some *Punic* Camps require;
Some the *Italian*, and known Friends desire:
Nor was there wanting some, that, full of Rage,
Refus'd in League with either to engage.

Such were *Trinacria*'s Broils, such was the State
Of *Sicily*, by the young Tyrant's Fate;
When high in Honour (for, as 'twice before,
Then, a third Time, He *Latian Fuses* bore)

(3) At the very time that *Marcellus* came into the Harbour of *Zancle* (which was capable of six hundred Ships, such of the *Syracusans*, as desired Peace with the *Romans*, sent their Embassadors to *Appian* (the *Prætor*) but before he had dispatched to the Consul *Marcellus*, Tidings came, that the *Carthaginian* Fleet arrived near *Pachynum*, which encouraged their Party within the City to break off the Treaty.

(4) *Syracusa*, so called from the River.

(4) *Marcellus* with his Fleet arriv'd upon
Zanclean Coasts: and, when all things were known,
The Murder of the King; th' ambiguous Minde
O' th' People; and what Places Arms had join'd
With *Carthage*, what their Strength; who firmly stood
In Amity with *Rome*; what vain, and proud
Conceits then (5) *Arethusa* entertain'd,
Who at the Gates his Entrance did withstand;
Close to the War he falls, and, with an high
Incens'd Breast, lets the whole Fury fly
Of's Arms, through all the Neighbouring places. So
Himself, from *Rhodope*, doth *Boreas* throw,
And with Tenth Waves against the Earth doth raise
The Main, and, following th' ejected Seas,
Raves with his roaring Wings. By the first War
Leontine Territories wasted are;
A Land, where once the cruel *Læstrigon*
Did reign. The *General* went, Furious, on;

To

To whom it seem'd all one, if slowly He
Subdu'd the *Grecian* Forces, as to be
O'come. Through all the Plain they, Frighted, fly
So, as you'd think they were a Company
Of Women, that his Men at first withstood,
And *Ceres* Fields made Fertile with their Blood.
In ev'ry Place they're slain: nor, as they run,
Would furious *Mars* permit them Death to shun.
Such, as hop'd Flight some Safety might afford,
The *General* prevented with his Sword:
And, urging on his Troops, that seem'd too slow,
With his Shield's Point, exclaims: Go, quickly Now
With your keen Swords that coward People down;
That in their Wraftling Exercise, alone,
Are Skill'd; whose lazy Youth with Joy affect
The slender Praise, to be with Olive deckt;
When they those easy Conflicts, in a Shade,
Have undergon, and a poor Conquest made.
This must your onely Honour be, if You
The Enemy, as soon as Seen, subdue.
This from the *General* heard, the Army, strait,
More furiously fall on, and press on Fate:
Now the sole Contest 'mong themselves remain'd,
Who should the Foremost be; what valiant Hand
The rest Excel in noblest Spoils. Not more
Enrag'd, the Billows of *Euripus* roar,
Broken gainst *Caphareus*: *Propontis* so
The bellowing Sea, with Violence, doth throw
From its strait Mouth: nor near the farthest Sun,
With greater Tumult, doth the *Ocean* run,
And strike th' *Herculean* Pillars. Yet in Heat
Of Blood, and Fury of a Fight so great,
Was the milde Grace of Noble Valour fam'd.
A *Tyrrhene* Souldier, *Aplyus* Nam'd,

At

At *Thrasimenus* Lake once Captive made,
 The milde Commands, and easy Bondage, had
 Of *Berra* undergone, and Home agen,
 With his kinde Master's leave, return'd: and then,
 Resuming Arms, his former Misery
 Reveng'd in the *Sicilian* War: while He
 Was mingled, in the midst of all the Fight,
 And did by Chance on's Master *Berra* light,
 (Who, to the League from *Carthage* sent, did there,
 Ent'ring the *Social* War, an Helmet wear
 Of Brass, that, shutting close, secur'd his Face)
 The Youth He with his Sword invades, and as,
 Fainting with feeble Steps, he left his Stand,
 And Backward went, o'rethrew him on the Sand.
 Hearing the Conqu'rou's Voice, poor *Berra*, strait
 His fearful, lingring Soul from instant Fate
 Recov'ring, from his Chin the Fastning tares
 Of his then treach'rous Helmet; and to Pray'rs
 Had farther Language added: but, amaz'd
 At that so sudden Sight, *Aplys* gaz'd
 On his known Face, and, as his Sword he staid
 With's Hand, with Groans, and Tears obortive said,
 Oh! beg not Life, I pray, or Doubtful so
 Entreat: 'tis just, that I defend my Fo.
 He the best Souldier is, who first, and last
 In War, defends his Faith. Me, first, Thou hast
 Rescu'd from Death, and, not preserved by
 Thy Fo, didst him preserve. I'de not Deny
 My Self (who have endur'd so much of Ill)
 To be Unworthy, and deserving still
 To fall into things Worfe, should this my Hand
 Not make thy Way where Fire, and Sword withstand.
 And kindly raising him, as this he said,
 With Life the Benefits of Life repay'd.

His

His first Attempts in *Sicily* thus blest
 With Quiet; Troops *Marcellus* forward prest,
 And his Victorious Eagles turning to
 The *Ephyrean* Walls, he straitway drew
 About the *Syracusan* Town's Line:
 Yet did his love of Fighting now decline.
 With grave Advice he strives to take away
 Their blind Resolves, and Fury to allay.
 But (left perhaps they might refuse, or fear
 To credit Offers, that so Gentle were)
 The Siege with strictest Guards still forward went,
 And He, with cautious Arms, then more intent,
 Watch'd, fearless, in the Front, with secret Care
 Designing Dangers, not expected there.
 So in the *Po*, or in *Cayster's* Streams,
 Swims the White Swan, and, while her Body seems
 Unmov'd, with the prone River forward goes,
 And with her Feet through silent Surges rows.

But, while the Town, Besieg'd, still doubtful stands,
 What to resolve; their Arms, and Social Bands,
 Th' excited People, and the Cities sent
 To enforce the Camp. Thither *Messana* went,
 That lies upon the Sea, from *Latian* Ground
 Too far disjoyn'd, by *Oscan* Tribes renown'd:
 Then *Catinè*, too near *Typhæus* Flame,
 And for two pious Brothers known to Fame;
 And *Camerina*, not by Fates to be
 Once mov'd: then *Hybla*, that presumes with Thee
 (*Hymettus*) Hives of *Nectar* to compare.
Selinis, that so many Palms doth bear;
 And *Myle*, once a Port secure, but now
 The Shore alone a Refuge doth allow,
 And dangerous to such as scape the Sea.
 Then lofty *Eryx* and *Centuripe*,

From

(*) *Catinè*, lying just at the foot of *Ustica*, was thence fired. When two Brothers (*Amphimachus*, and *Asclepius*) took their aged Father, and Mother, and carried them, through the Flames, into Safety. Their Statues were after honour'd with an *Epigram*, (more lasting, than the Brass, or Marble) by the Excellent *Claudian*, too long to insert here.

(†) Forbidden to be stirred by the *Sillyline* Oracles.

From her high Mountain, with *Entella*, came,
Entella plentiful in Wine, a Name
 To *Troy's Acestes* dear. Then *Tapfos*, and
Ara, that high on Icy Hills doth stand.
 With these an *Agathyrian* Band was there,
 And *Tyndaris*, that glories in her Pair
 Of *Leda's* (*) Sons, and *Agræus*, that breeds,
 And brings her num'rous Troops of Warlike Steeds,
 That all the Air inflame with Neighing loud,
 And roll unto the Walls a dusty Cloud.
 Their Leader *Groffbus* was, whose carved Shield
 The Monument of antient Torture held;
 A fierce Bull's Image; which, while Bodies, burn'd
 By Flames put underneath, to bellowings turn'd
 Sad Groans, and you'd believe some Oxen goar'd,
 And driven from their Stalls, then truly roar'd.
 But, this reveng'd, (**) th' Inventer of so Dire
 An Art; did, bellowing, in his Bull expire.
 Thither came *Hela*, thither *Gela* came,
Gela, that from the River takes her Name:
 And the (**) *Palici*, where the Perjur'd are
 Tortur'd by present Punishment: and there
Trojan Acesta was, and (**) *Acys*, who
 Through *Ætna's* Vales into the Sea doth flow,
 His dear *Nymph* washing with a pleasant Stream,
 Once in thy Flame a Rival, *Polybeme*:
 But, while He fled thy Barb'rous Rage, into
 Small Streams dissolv'd, at once, he scap'd his Fo,
 And his victorious Waters mix'd among
 His *Galathea's* Waves. With These, along
 Came Those, that murmur'd *Alabæ*; and those,
 That *Hyspa* drink, and the perspicuous Flows
 Of clear *Achates*: *Vagedrusa* too,
 And *Hypates*, whose Chanel runs so low:

Pantagya

(*) *Caster*, and *Pallax*.

(*) *Perillus*, who invented for *Phalaris* (the Tyrant of the *Agriguntines*) a Bull of Brass, into which when the Condemned were put, and Fire plac'd underneath, their Cries imitated the bellowing of a Bull. Of this Torture *Perillus*, the Inventour, made the first Experiment, condemned to it by the Tyrant.

(*) Near *Palica* (now called *Palicania*) was a Temple (dedicated to the Gods *Palici*) in which were certain Springs, called *Copi*, not very large, but extraordinary Deep, the Water of a fiery Colour, perpetually boiling up, but never encreasing, or diminishing. The Religion of the Place was, that, when any eminent Controversie happened, that could not be decided, but by the Oaths of the Parties, they were brought by the *Priests* to the *Copi*, into which they cast Tablets, on which they writ what they asserted by Oath. The Tablets of such, as swore Truth, swam: the other sunk: and, before the perjur'd got out of the Temple, they were miraculously punished by Blindness, Lameness, or some other Judgment of Heaven upon them. See *Didorus Siculus*, lib. 11.

Pantagya likewise, easy to be past,
 Through his small Current; and, which runs so fast,
 The Yellow-Stream'd *Simethus*. *Therme* then,
 Of old enrich'd with *Muses*, Arm'd her Men,
 Where (y) *Hymera* descends into the Seas:
 For it divides it self two several Ways,
 And runs to *East*, and *West*, with equal Force.
 Two-Crown'd *Xebrodes* keepeth this Divorce;
 Then which, no Hill with a *Sicanian* Shade
 Doth rise more Rich: this lofty *Enna* made
 A sacred Fortrefs to the Groves of Gods.
 Here a dark Path to *Sygyian* Abodes
 A Cave, that opens wide the gaping Ground,
 Detects, through which a strange new Lover found
 A Way to unknown Coasts. *Pluto* this way,
 Inflam'd with Lust, durst venture up to Day,
 And, leaving doleful *Acheron*, above,
 On the forbidden Earth, his Chariot drove.
 Then, having Ravish'd the (z) *Ennaean* Maid;
 In haste, retiring, his black Steeds, affraid
 To view the Face of Heav'n, and flying Day,
 Drove back to *Syxx*, and hid in Shades his Prey.
Petrea Romane Leaders then desir'd:
 And *Romane* Leagues *Callipolis* requir'd;
 And *Eugion*, arch'd with Stone: and there they see
Hadrannum, and *Hergentum*, *Melitè*,
 Proud of her stately Webs, and wealthy Store
 Of Wool: *Adelaitè*, with a Fishy Shore:
 And *Cephalædia*, near the stormy Main;
 Whole boist'rous Coast, in the Cœrulean Plain,
 Feeds the vast Whales: the *Tauromenians* too,
 Where Ships by dire *Charybdis*, in their view,
 In quick-devouring Gulphs are swallow'd down,
 And from the Bottom strait again are thrown

H h h

Up

(y) *Hymera*, rising out of the Mountain *Xebrodes* (now called *Madonia*) runs North, and South, the Branches differing in their Nature. That, which runs North-ward, and falls into the *Adriatic* Sea, is Salty; and the other, which falls into the *Tyrrhenian*, is Fresh Water.

(z) *Proserpina*. Of which see the excellent *Claudian*.

Up to the Stars. These *Latine* Arms approv'd,
And under the *Laurentine* Ensigns mov'd.

(a) *Libya*.

The rest of the *Sicilian* People there,
With ^(a) *Elysian* Vows, in Arms appear.
A thousand were the *Agathyrman* Bands;
As many *Strongylos*, that South-ward stands:

(b) *Dione*.

A thousand sent *Fascellina*, the Seat
Of the *Thoantean* ^(b) Goddess: Thrice as great
A Number gave *Panormos*; some, that kill'd
Wilde Beasts in Chafe; and some in Fishing skill'd;
And some, that could the Birds from Heav'n allure.

Herbesos then, nor *Nauchum* secure
Of Danger fate: nor, with her Shady Plains,
Morgentia from this treach'rous War abstains.

Joyn'd with *Neemaan* Forces, thither came
Amastrea; thither *Thise* small in Name;
Netum with these, and *Micise* combin'd;
With these *Acetum*, and *Sidonia* joyn'd;
And *Depane*; and, vex'd with roaring Waves,

(c) This Defection of the Slaves in *Sicily* came to that height, that (with an Army of more than twenty Thousand) having wasted many Towns, and Cities in that Country, and among others *Trichala* (or *Tricale*) eminent for its Strength; they made one *Salvius* (to whom they gave the Name of *Tropha*) their King, and under his Conduct defeated *Lucius Lucullus*. *Tropha* dying, one *Alemon* succeeded, and prevailed against *Lucullus* in his Successor, C. *Servilius*, and continued thus in Arms four years, till C. *Asinius*, who was Consul with C. *Marius*, subdued, and totally suppressed them. See *Diod.* lib. 36.

(d) The Bird called the King-Fisher.

Helorus; and ^(c) *Triochala*, by Slaves
Soon after Wasted; *Arabeia* fierce;
Ietas high; and *Tabas*, to converse
With Arms most ready; and *Cosyra* small,
And *Mute*, which not *Megara* at all.
Exceeds in Bigness, came, with joyn't consent,
To *Libya's* Aid; with *Caulon* eminent
For her calm Sea; when She the ^(d) *Halcyon* hears
Singing, and the scarce-moving Water bears
The swimming Nests on Surges strangely still'd.

But the fam'd City (*Syracusa*) fill'd
Her spacious Walls with various Arms, and Men,
Collected from all parts. The People, then
Facile, and ready Tumults to desire,
Their Leaders with this boasting Language Fire;
That

That their four Tow'rs, and Walls, no Fo, as yet,
Had entred; That their Fathers saw how great
A Cloud, so inaccessible a Town,
Through situation of her Port, had thrown
Upon the ^(e) *Salaminian*, Victories,
And *Eastern* Trophies; when, before their Eyes,
Three hundred Ships, and *Athens*, in whose Aid
The Ruins of the *Persian* King were made
To serve, in one great Wrack, while they sustain
No Loss at all, were swallow'd in the Main.
Two ^(f) Brothers (born in *Carthage*, and ally'd
To *Carthaginians*, by the Mother's side,
Whose Father, a *Sicilian*, banished
From *Syracuse*, had them in *Libya* bred;
In whom *Sicanian* Levity conspir'd,
With *Zyrian* Fraud, the giddy People fir'd.
Which when *Marcellus* saw, and that no Cure
The Wounds of their Sedition would endure,
(The War still growing, from the Fo, more high)
He streight attests the Gods of *Sicily*,
Thy Fountains, *Arestusa*, and the Lakes,
And Rivers; That unwillingly he takes
The War in hand, and that those Arms (which He
Ne'er of himself assum'd) the Enemy
Forc'd him to bear. With that, the Wall he storms,
And Thunders on the City with his Arms.
An equal Fury them together all
Draws on: on either side they Fight, and Fall.
^(g) With many Coverings seeming to invade
The Stars in height, and by a ^(h) *Gracian* made
Ten Stories high, which Shades of many a Grove
Consum'd, a Tow'r there was, from whence they strove
To roll down mighty Stones, and Engines, which
With Fire were Arm'd, and pow'r down scalding Pitch.
H h h 2 Here

(e) The *Athenians*, after the vain Expedition of *Xerxes*, became so powerful, that they fired all *Grotes* from the *Persian* Yoke, and, after, invaded *Sicily*: where, after several Conflicts in a Naval Fight before *Syracuse*, under the Conduct of *Nisus*, they were overthrown, and their whole Force repulsed, and beaten out of *Sicily*. See *Diodor.* lib. 13.

(f) *Hippocrates*, and *Epirodes*, whose Grand-father was banished from *Syracuse*, and fled to *Carthage*, where they were born, their Mother being a *Carthaginian*. See *Livy*, lib. 24.

(g) Of this, and other Engines, made by *Archimedes*, in opposition to *Marcellus*, see *Plutarch* in the Life of *Marcellus*.

(h) *Archimedes*.

Here *Timber*, at a distance having thrown
 A burning Lamp, the Fatal Weapon on
 The side had fix'd: The Fire, assisted by
 The Force of Wind, quite through the Tow'r doth fly,
 And through the lofty *Machine's* sev'ral Floors,
 Encreasing, climbs, and trembling Beams devours
 With rapid Flames, which (Smoak, like Billows, thick
 To Heav'n ascending) soon Victorious, lick
 The shining Top. All places, fill'd with Smoak,
 And Clouds of Darkness as, with a fierce Stroak
 Of Thunder dash'd, none escaping it, they all,
 In one vast ruin, into Ashes fall.

Like Fortune on the other Side, by Sea,
 The Ships attended. For, when nearer they
 Unto the City, and the Houles, drew,
 Where the Port brings the calmed Waters to
 The Walls, a Mischief Unexpected there
 Fills (by a new Device) their Hearts with Fear.
 A Beam (exactly Smooth, and ev'ry where
 Like a Ship's Mast, the Knots shav'd off) did bear
 Strong Grapples, firmly fix'd, and seizing all
 That Fought, from the high Rampart of the Wall,
 Caught them aloft with Hooks of Ir'n, and to
 The midst of all the City, backward, threw.
 Nor did this Force thus to the Men alone,
 But, when the Steel, impuls'd, was downward thrown
 Upon a Ship, and the impetuous Stroak
 Fix'd the tenacious Teeth within the Oak,
 Aloft the Vessel's tost, and suddenly
 The Chains, with Art, let loose (most Sad to see)
 With such a Force into the Sea agen
 Is thrown, that it there sinks with all the Men.
 Beside these Stratagems, the Wall, by Art
 Made hollow, narrow Loop-holes did impart;

Through

Through which, upon the Fo they might, secure,
 Discharge their Weapons, from the Counter-Mure:
 And this so cunningly Contriv'd, the Fo,
 Through the same Way, no Shafts again could throw.

Thus ^(b) *Græcian* Policy, and Art excell'd
 Their Arms, and both by Sea, and Land, repell'd
Marcellus, with his mighty Threatnings, and
 Before the Walls a dreadful War doth stand.
 The Man (th' *Isthmiack* Swains Immortal Fame)
 In Wit, with ease, all other overcame,
 That then the World produc'd. Not rich; but One,
 To whom the Heavens, and all the Earth was known.
 He, by the Sun's obscured Rays, at Birth
 Of Day, could tell what Storms would fall: if Earth
 Were Fix'd, or did Instable hang: why, bound
 By certain Leagues, this Globe's encompas'd round
 By *Tethis* Waves: the Labours of the Sea,
 And Moon, what Laws the *Ocean's* Tides obey.
 Nor is it vain to think, that He the Sand
 Of the vast World could Count; who, by the Hand
 Of a weak Woman, could, with so much Skill,

^(c) Draw Ships, and heaps of Stones against an Hill.

While thus, with Stratagems, He wearied all
 The *Tœuri*, and the *Romane* General;
 An hundred Sail of *Tyrian* Ships their Way
 Made towards their Relief, and plow'd the Sea.
 Erected now with sudden Hopes, their Fleet
 Lanch'd from the Port, the *Syracusians* meet,
 And joyn with them: nor, on the other Side,
 Was the *Ausonian* backward to provide
 His Navy; but, with drowned Oars, apace
 Cuts through the *Ocean*, whose beaten Face
 With frequent Stroaks grows White, and, where they
 The Billows, a broad Path of Foam they leave.

Both,

(b) *Archimedes*.

(c) *Archimedes*, to shew an Experiment of his Art to King *Hieron*, caused a very great Ship to be sunk with its ordinary Burden; and, sitting on the Shore with a small Engine, which himself onely moved, drew it out of the Water upon the Land. See *Plinarch*, *lib.*

Both, equally, insult upon the Main ;
 And Neptune's Empire with new Storms again
 Trembles, through which their Shouts, and Clamours
 And Echoes, full as loud, from Rocks rebound. (found,
 And now, drawn out for Fight, the Warriours stood,
 And compals with their Wings the spacious Flood,
 And with their Naval Toils the Wat'ry Plain
 Include. Both Navies, in like Form amain,
 Came on, and with their Moon-like Circles crowd
 The foaming Waves. Now, no Delay's allow'd ;
 The dreadful Murmurs of the cruel Brals,
 Sounding the Charge, through all the Ocean pass :
 Which rousing ^(k) Triton, frighted him ; their Yell,
 And Noise, contending with his crooked Shell.
 Scarce they the Sea rememb'ed, with so prone
 A Fury to the Battel they go on,
 And, standing on the Gallie's Margents, throw
 Uncertain Darts, still nodding to and fro :
 The Sea between them is with Weapons strew'd ;
 While the tall Vessel rising, as they row'd
 With lab'ring Strokes, the foaming Billows cleaves
 With the black Keel, and so their Aim deceives.
 But some in Fight were torn, and with the stroke
 Of the Assaulting Ship their Oars were broke ;
 Some swiftly through the Bulk of others strike
 With their sharpe Prows, and in the Breach alike
 Are stop'd, and stop. But then, amidst them all,
 A Gally (terrible to Sight, and Tall
 Above the rest, then which none had before
 More large been Lanch'd from the Sidonian Shore)
 Strikes with four hundred Oars, at once, the Main,
 And, Proud of her large Sails, that could retain
 Strong Boreas, and gather ev'ry Blast
 With her wide Yards, but very slowly pass,

(k) Feigned to be Neptune's Trumpet.

If

If onely driv'n with Oars, She put to Sea.
 The Latine Ships, more ready to obey
 The Pilot's hand, and charg'd with fighting Men,
 Made Way with more Celerity. Which when
 Himilco, through the calmed Ocean, spy'd,
 Advancing, and commanded on his Side
 To give the Charge, obliquely with their Prows,
 All the Sea-Gods invoking to his Vows,
 (As was his Custom) strait an Arrow to
 Th' extended Nerve he fits, and gainst a Fo
 Directs it with his Ey, and when, again
 His Arms releas'd, he shew'd the flying Kain
 Its Passage through the Air, his steddly Look
 Pursuing, brought it to a Wound ; and strook,
 Nailing it to the Helm, the Pilot's Hand ;
 Which, now, no more was able to command,
 So maim'd, the yielding Stern, where he was plac'd :
 And, while unto his Aid the Sea-Men haste,
 As if the Ship were taken, midst them all,
 With the like Fate, and Nerve, a Shaft doth fall
 Again, which Taurus, as he undertook
 The vacant Helm, quite through the Body strook.

But now, at length, a Cuman Ship broke in,
 Which Corbulo commanded, and had been
 With cheerful Youths at Stabie fill'd, of late.
 The ^(l) Guardian Goddels (neighb'ring Venus) late
 On the high Poop. This charging very near,
 The Object of all Shafts, amidst them there
 Sinking, the yielding Waters doth divide ;
 And their Mouths foaming Nereus (as they cry'd
 For Aid) fills with his Brine, and, as they strove
 In vain, the Sea them sucking in, above
 The Waves their Hands appear. But here, behold !
 With an huge Leap, quite cros the Billows, bold

(l) It was antiently their Custom,
 to have their Twister Drives at the
 Poop of their Ships.

With

With Rage, leap'd *Corbulo* upon the Decks
 (For now the Gallies, which strong Bands connex
 Of Ir'n, a Tow'r of Oak brought up) and there,
 Like a dire Comet, shaking, in the Air,
 On the high Top, a flaming Pine, the Fires
 With Brimstone fed, with which the Winde conspires,
 Throws 'mong the *Libyan* Flags. The *Lemnian* God
 Soon enters, and their Hatches, all abroad
 Diffus'd, strait fills: the Rowers, full of Fear,
 Forfake their Benches; yet, although they were
 So hard Beset, the Noise of that so great,
 And fatal Mischief, did not Penetrate
 To those below, till running fiercely down,
 By unctuous Lamps, and Torches thither thrown,
 Victorious Flames whizz through the Hold. Yet where
 From *Dardan* Fire, and Smoak, as yet, they were
 Untouch'd, and Free, the dire *Himilco* held
 His Gallie's Fate, and them with Stones repell'd.
 And here poor *Cidnus*, while a flaming Brand
 I'th' Air He brandish'd, from *Lichæus* Hand
 Into the *Ocean*, by a Mural Stone,
 From the Decks, slippery with Blood, was thrown.
 Then, with a filthy Stink, a Lamp the Air
 Pollutes, and Hisseth on the Waves: and there
 A missile Weapon *Sabrata* lets fly,
 From the adored Poop: the Deity
 O'th' *Libyan* Ship was *Hammon*, who survey'd
 With his Horn'd Brow the Sea. Now, Father, Aid,
 And graunt (Thou *Garamantick* God) that We
 May 'gainst the *Romans* sling sure Darts (said He.)
 Then from the trembling Throng, as this he spoke,
 A Cornel came, that through the Visage broke
 Of *Neptune's* Neighbour, *Telon*: nev'rtheless
 He, in the Gate of Death, doth forward press

On

On those, who Flying, in a Crowd, retir'd
 Into a part o'th' Ship 'as yet not fir'd.
 But, when th' inevitable Fire had past,
 Like Lightning, through whate'r was next, at last,
 The whole Ship to victorious Flames was made
 A Prey: but first *Himilco*, by the Aid
 Of a Sea-Rope (where *Vulcan* had not yet
 Rais'd to extreamest height his *Stygian* Heat)
 A little scorch'd, slips down into the Sea,
 And, by the Oars of Friends, is born away.
 Next, wretched *Batbo*, did thy Fate deprive
 A Ship of a good Pilot, who couldst strive
 With roughest Seas, and Weather by thy skill
 The highest Storms; He could prevent what chill
Boreas next day, or *Auster* did intend:
 Nor, *Gnosura*, couldst thou, though thou bend
 Thy Course obscurely, his still-watchful Eye
 Deceive. When he perceiv'd their Misery
 No Measure had; Thou, *Hammon*, who dost see
 This our unequal Fate, receive (said He)
 My Blood. With that, into his Breast he drives
 His Sword, and in's Right-Hand the Blood receives,
 Which largely, 'twixt his Sacred Horns, he pours.
Daphnis, 'mong these, unhappy Fate devours,
 (An antient Name) who chose to leave the Woods,
 And chang'd his Farms for the perfidious Floods.
 But how much more, under a Shepherd's Name,
 Did the first of that Race excel in Fame?
 To *Daphnis* the ^(m) *Sicelides* inclin'd,
 And a *Castalian* Pipe to him the kind
Apollo gave; commanding, when he lay'd
 Himself along upon the Grass, and play'd,
 To *Daphnis* the joy'd Flocks, through Medows, and
 Through Fields, should haste, and Rivers Silent stand.

l i i

When

(m) The *Muses* of Sicily.

When on his seven-fold Reeds he play'd, the Woods
He charm'd, the *Syrens*, in their briny Floods,
Forgot to Sing, and *Scylla's* Dogs no more
Would bark, a quiet Face *Charybdis* bore,
And 'mong the Rocks, the *Cyclops*, overjoy'd,
Would hear his Lays. But here, by War destroy'd,
Fell the whole Progeny, and that great Name,
So Amiable for his sacred Flame.

On smoking Planks fierce *Ornytos* away
Then swum, and lingred out a Death by Sea.
So *Ajax*, when her Thunder *Pallas* threw,
Did rising Waves with burning Arms subdue.
Marmarick Scyron, wounded by a Stem's
Sharp Point quite through the Belly, part of's Limbs
Swim under Water, part above, and so
Through all the *Ocean*, on the Fatal Prow,
Is born away. The Ships the Fight pursue
Close, on both sides, and with a bloody Dew
From lab'ring Oars the Faces dash of those
That fought. With such fierce strokes *Marcellus* goes,
That his stout Gally overcame the Wind,
Which, as *Libeus* seizing fast behinde,
With eager Hands, endeavour'd to have stop'd
With a sharp Ax his Members off were lop'd,
And, sticking to their Hold, were born away
By the swift Vessel. In this bloody Fray
Æolides Podetus did engage,

In a *Sicanian* Ship, although his Age
Not yet arriv'd to Man. He, whether by
Sinister Gods drawn thither, or his high
Hot spirit, and desire of War, not yet
Full ripe for Honour, painted Arms did fit
To his white Shoulders, proud so, with his tall
Chimara, to disturb the Sea. Now all

Rutulian

Rutulian Ships, now all the *Libyan*, He
Better in Oars, and Darts Triumphantly
Outtrip'd, and *Nessus* had already drown'd
In cruel Waves; *Nessus* with Turrets crown'd:
Alas! vain Glory! that did then so ill
Perswade a Boy to Fight, which wanted skill.
While for *Marcellus* Crest, which then he wore
On's dreadful Caske, and Spoils, he doth implore
The Gods, as he, too rashly, did advance,
A deadly Wound by a returned Lance
He took. Oh how much prais'd, whither he threw
The ^(a) *Discus*, shining near the Stars; or drew
His Bow, and to the Clouds his Arrows sent:
Or run with winged Feet, and as he went
Scarce touch'd the Ground: or o're the measur'd Plains
By leaping past, taught by continual pains:
Enough of praise (fond Youth) didst thou acquire,
In such safe Conflicts, why didst thou aspire
To greater Deeds? When he was beaten down
And sunk, through num'rous Darts against him thrown,
Under the Waves, his shipwreck'd Corps, the while,
Deprived of his *Syracusan* Pile,
Cyclopean Rocks bemoan, with *Cyane*,
Anapus, *Arethusa*, and the Sea.

But *Tiberinus*, in another place,
Where then the *Libyan* Admiral did pass,
Drives on his Ship, and freight they *Io* cry'd,
And cast their Grapples in on either side:
The Ships stand bound unto the Combat; nor
With Shafts, and Darts, at distance thrown, the War,
Do they pursue; but Fight it near at hand,
And with the Sword, as in a Fight at Land.
Where the first slaughter open'd, and did shew
A passage, the *Italian* Ships broke through;

l i i 2

While

(a) *Discus* was a round *Quadratus* or Lead, Stone, or the like; which was used for Exercise, much like the *Streg* among our Country People.

While the vast Chains, and Iron Bands his Friends
Mela advis'd to break, and joinctends
 Such, as had Boarded him, to bear away
 Farther, from their then equal Arms, to Sea.

Yong *Polypheme* in an *Eiméan* Cave
 Was bred, and thence affected skill to have
 The Name of antient Fierceness, nurtur'd by
 A Sho-Wolf, when a Childe; his Stature high,
 And terrible of Bulk; a cruel Minde;
 Rage ever in his Face; his Heart inclin'd
 To Blood, as all the *Cyclops*: He, at length,
 The Chains got loose, with all his Bodie's Strength,
 Had driven on the Ship, and, in the Sea
 Drowning his Oars, had born her quite away,
 Had not *Laronius*, with a sudden Blow
 Of's Lance, as he his Body rais'd to row,
 Nail'd him to's Seat. Scarce he, in Death, forsook
 What he begun: for, as its wonted Stroke
 His Hand, then languishing, did still pursue
 Upon the surface of the Sea, he drew
 The lazy Oar; struck with the adverse Prow,
 On one side, to the other, from the Fo
 The *Libyans* throng'd; when with their sudden Weight
 Oppress'd, Waves leaping in, on that side, strait
 The Vessel under Water sinks, and there
 Targets, and Crests, and useles Darts, that were
 Pointed with Steel, with *Guardian* Gods, upon
 The Ocean float. All Weapons lost: here One
 Fights with a broken Plank, and so agen,
 By Shipwrack, Arms himself for Fight; and then
 Another, whom blinde Rage too rashly heats,
 Spoils of her Oars the Ship, teras up the Seats
 Oth' Seamen, and with no Distinction throws.
 Neither from breaking Sterns, nor yet from Prows,

To

To deal intended Wounds, do they abstain,
 And snatch up Weapons swimming on the Main.
 The Waves at gaping Wounds break in, which strait
 Their fleeting Souls with Sighs regurgitate,
 Into the Sea. Some in a strict Embrace
 Are drown'd, and, where no Weapons else have Place,
 Kill, in their Death, their Foes. The Rage of those,
 That from the Bottom rise, more Cruel grows,
 And they resolve, for Swords, the briny Flood
 To use, while Whirl-pits, cover'd o're with Blood,
 The turning Corps devour. Loud Clamours here
 Are heard: sad Deaths, and Flight, and Groanings there,
 With cracks of breaking Oars, and Stems, that beat
 The Air with dreadful Ecchoes, as they meet.
 Thus chaf'd, and overspread with War, the Sea
 Grew hot; when, in a little Bark, away
Himiko stealing, weary of the Fight,
 Towards the Coast of *Libya*, takes his Flight.

At length, both *Greeks*, and *Libyans* quit the Sea,
 And now the captiv'd Ships are born away,
 In a long Train, together link'd, to Land,
 While some amidst the Deep still burning stand.
 The *Lemnian* God shines o're the glittering Seas,
 Which brandish up, and down his trembling Rays.
 There known at Sea burns (*) *Cyané*, and here
 The winged *Siren* burns, *Europa* there,
 Who, in a white Bull's Shape, by *Jove* was born,
 And cross'd the Ocean, holding by his Horn.
 And *Nereis*, who, with Hair dishevel'd, rides
 A crooked Fish, and through the Ocean guides
 The wat'ry Reins: there *Phyton* wand'ring o're
 The Waves, and *Hammon* burns; with That, which
Elixæ's Image, and, on either Side, (bore
 With twice three Oars, did o're the Billows ride.

But

(*) Names of Ships.

But chain'd *Anapus* to his Native Shore
 Is drag'd, with nimble *Pegasus*, that bore
 His *Gorgon* Wings up to the Stars; and that
 Tall Ship, where Carved *Lybia's* Image fate,
 And *Triton* Captivate, and *Ætna* high
 With Rocks (where buried, deep in Flames, doth ly
 Panting *Enceladus*) is drag'd away,
 With their *Cadmean Sidon*. Nor had they
 To break into their trembling Walls delay'd,
 Nor from the Temples of the Gods had stay'd
 Their Conqu'ring Engins then, if suddenly
 Rais'd by the Envy of the Gods, and by
 Their Toils at Sea, a dire Contagion, and
 Devouring Sicknes, had not fet a stand
 To all their Joys. For *Sol* with flaming Hair,
 And influence of Fiery Stars, the Air
 And *Gane*, that open lyes, and swells
 With Fenny Waters, round, with noisom smells
 Of dire *Coctus* fills, and so pollutes
Autumn, then Flourishing with store of Fruits,
 And it inflames with Lightning: the thick Air
 With Clouds of Darknes smoaks. Earth, ev'ry where,
 Parch'd, with a vitiated Face appears,
 Affords no Food, nor any Shadows bears
 For fainting Man, and in the Pitchy Air,
 Black Vapours move. Dogs are the first, that bear
 The fury of this Plague; next, as they Flie,
 Birds fall with flagging Pinions from the Skie;
 Then Beasts within the Forests dy; at last
 It creeps into the Camp, and there doth walt
 Th' infected Troops: their tongues dry'd up, cold sweat
 Creeps through their Entrails, or'e their Limbs: the
 Appointed for their sustenance, their dry, (Meat
 And parched Jaws refuse to swallow: by

Sharp

Sharp Coughs their Lungs are torn, and Thirsty, from
 Their panting Throats, a fiery Breath doth come.
 Their Eys, scarce able to endure the Light,
 Sink from their crooked Noses, while they spit
 Corruption mix'd with Blood; a shrivel'd Skin
 Covers their Bones, the Flesh consum'd within.
 Oh Greif! in their known Arms renowned, by
 A lazy Death, the valiant Souldiers Dy:
 Their stately Trophies, gain'd in many a War,
 Are thrown into the Fire, no Med'cines are
 Of Pow'r, but all too weak for the Disease.
 Heap'd up, the Atthes of the Dead Encrease
 To a vast Hill, though Bodies ev'ry where
 Forsaken, and Unburied ly, through Fear
 To touch infected Limbs. Thus sadly fed,
 The *Acherusian* Plague doth farther spread,
 And shakes with no less Grief *Trinacrian* Walls,
 And on the *Libyan* Camp as fiercely falls.
 Now, equal in their Ruin, ev'ry Place
 The common Wrath of Heav'n, and the same Face
 Of Death frequents: and yet no Force of all
 These Ills could vanquish (while their *General*
 Was safe) the *Romanes*: He, alone, secure,
 Doth balance all the Woes, which they endure.
 Soon, therefore, as the burning ^(p) Dog allay'd
 His deadly Heat, and the Contagion stay'd
 The greedy Hand of Death, (as when the Seas,
 The *South-Winds* ceasing, their rude Waves appease.)
 The Fisher drives his Bark into the Main.
 So his Youth, wafted by the Plague, again
 At length *Marcellus* Arms, and ev'ry Band,
 Purg'd with due Sacrifice, now Cheerful stand
 About their Ensigns, and o'rejoy'd appear,
 That they then liv'd the Trumper's Sound to hear.
 Against

(p) The Dog-Star.

Against the Fo they March, well-pleas'd, that they
 (If Fates determine so) in Battel may
 Dy by the Sword; it grieves them for their Friends,
 Who, like to Beasts, by such Inglorious Ends,
 Their un-commended Souls expired in
 Their Fatal Beds. Then to their Tombs agen,
 And worthles Fun'ral Piles, they turn their Eys,
 And rather wifh, then fee by Maladies
 To be o'recome, to have no Graves at all.

The first, whose lofty Ensigns to the Wall
 Advanc'd, the *Gen'ral* was. Their Faces in
 Their Helmets hide that Leanness, which had bin
 Contracted by their lying still: and so
 That Palenefs, which might animate the Fo,
 Is from their Sight conceal'd. Then on they fall,
 And in thick Bodies scale the batter'd Wall.
 So many Houfes, and strong Tow'rs by War,
 Before unenter'd, by the Soldier,

(9) See *Plutarch*.

(9) At one Assault, are now surpriz'd. The Sun,
 Where'er his Chariot through the World doth run,
 Could not behold a Town, that might compare

(*) No City in the world was held
 to be more Wealthy, having, till that
 time, never suffered under the Fury of
 a Forrein Enemy, but enriched by many
 Victories.

(*) With *Syracusa* then: so many were
 The Temples of the Gods, within the Wall
 So numerous their Havens, and withall
 Their Market-places, and their Theatres,
 On lofty Columns rais'd, and mighty Bars
 Contending with the Sea. Then add to these
 Innumerable stately Palaces,
 That, in long Rows, most spacious, appear
 Like Countries; with the Groves, which Sacred were
 To Sports of Youth, which Limits large enclose
 With ample Galleries: then captiv'd Prows,
 And Stems of Ships adorn the Temples, mix'd
 With num'rous Arms, that to the Gods were fix'd;

Which

Which or the *Marathonian* Fo had loft,
 Or else were brought from Conquer'd *Libya's Coast*.
 And there *Agathoclean* Trophies shin'd;
 There *Hieron's* great Riches: there they finde
 Antiquity by Artifts Sacred made.
 Not any Place, in any Age, ('tis said)
 More glorious was in Pictures: there they take
 All Works of Brags, that *(7) Ephyrè* could make;
 Garments with Yellow Gold contending, where
 The Images in Texture breath: and, there,
 What *Babylon* could boast engrav'd, or *Tyre*,
 Proud in embroider'd Purple, could admire;
 What in *Attalick Arras* Needles wrought,
 And varied with Art, or could be bought
 From *Pharian* Looms, with Silver Goblets, rich
 With Gems, and Images of Gods, the which
 The Deity, first giv'n by Art, retain:
 Beside the Spoils o'th' *Erythraean* Main
 Was made their Prey, with Fleeces, which from Trees
 The *Serian* Women card. This Wealth, and these
 Rich Houfes, when the *Romane General*
 Had taken, standing High, upon the Wall,
 The City (Trembling with their Shouts) he views,
 And, when he found it left to his Refuse,
 Whether the Fabricks, there, of Kings should be
 Left standing, or the following Day should see
 No Walls at all, he sadly Groans: and then,
 (11) Griev'd, that so much was left to cruel Men,
 He speedily recalls the Souldiers Ire;
 Commanding, that the Houfes stand entire,
 And that the Antient Gods their Temples there
 Inhabit still. The Conquer'd thus to spare
 Was better worth then Spoil, and Victory stood
 Content, and clap'd her Wings unstain'd with Blood.

(7) *Cerinth*.

(11) *Marcellus* wept, both in de-
 lictation of the Fury of the Souldiers,
 and in Commemoration of the Death
 of *Archimedes*, who, notwithstanding
 the great Tumults, at the Entrance of
 the *Romans* into the City, was fo in-
 tent in drawing some *Mathematical*
 Lines on the Sands, that, not mind-
 ing a Souldier, who asked him, *quo*
ludis, (for *Marcellus* commanded
Archimedes should be saved) he was
 slain by him.

K k k

Tears,

(u) *Archimedes.*

Tears, for Thee, likewise, from the *General*
 (Thou fard^(u) Defender of thy Country) fall,
 Whom, drawing Lines, and Figures in the Sand,
 (While in so great a Ruin thou dost stand
 Untouched, and *Idea* dost pursue)
 By Chance an Ign'rant Common Souldier slew.

(*) *Marcellus.*

But now again their minds the People give
 To Mirth, in which the Conquer'd seem to strive
 Ev'n with the Conquerours. (*) He, emulous
 O'th' nature of the Gods, preserving, thus,
 The City, built it: which still stands to be
 A glorious Trophy to Posterity,
 And shall continue, that the Manners, so
 Of antient *Generals* the World may know:
 Happy the People, if, as Antiently
 In War, our Towns could now preserved be
 From Spoils in Peace! for if his Care, by whom

(y) The Poet here flatters *Domitius*.

(y) We now, enjoy our Peace had not o'come
 That boundless Rage of Plundering all: the Hand
 Of Rapine had quite bar'd both Sea, and Land.

The End of the Fourteenth Book.



SILIUS ITALICUS

OF
The Second Punick VVar.

The Fifteenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Scipio (his Father, and his Uncle, slain)
Made Consul, undertakes the War of Spain;
Though but (*) five Lustra old: The vain Delights
Of Youth, to which fond Pleasure him invites,
He flies, and Virtue follows. Then by Sea
To Spain he hasts: and, in one happy Day,
An Omen to his future Conquests makes
New Carthage, which he, sudden, Storms, and takes.
His Chastity: that to her Princely Spouse
A Captiv'd Beauteous Maid, untouch'd, allows.
The Macedonian King incursions makes
Upon the Græcian Coasts. Old Fabius takes
Tarentum. The Numidian Troops surprize
Marcellus by an Ambush, where he dies.
His Obsequies by Hannibal perform'd.
The Libyan Camp, in Spain, by Scipio storm'd.
Young Haldtrubal over Pyrene flies:
Persuades the Gauls with him, in Arms, to rise,
And Italy invades, where he again
Is by the Romans overthrow'n, and slain
By Nero, who his Head upon a Spear
In Triumph, to the Romane Camp doth bear.

(*) Twenty five years.



U T a new Care Rome's Senate
now perplext

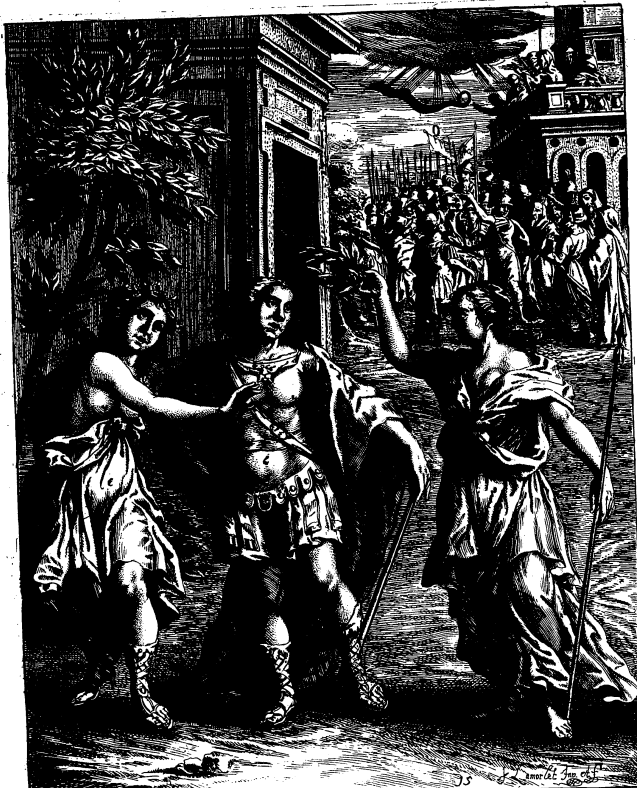
(The Nations trembling at their
Loss) who next
Should Rule, and undertake the
War of Spain.

By a proud Fo both (·) Scipioes
were slain

K k k 2

(Two

(*) After the two Scipioes were
overthrown in Spain, (though Mar-
tius had recovered very much) yet
was the Terror of the Libæa Arm
(joyned with the Infidelity of the
Natives) so great, that all Men at
Rome, wav'd the undertaking of that
War.



Cum Subito assistunt dextra Leuq
Hanc Virtus, Illinc Virtutis Unica Voluptas

Honoratissimo Viro *Edouardo Nicholas*
Magna Britannie
Re: Negibus Secretario.
Tabula Summa

Occupat inde prior Pronissus Fæta Voluptas
Cum Virtus, quæ nam Invenit Florentibus, Inquit
Pollicis in Fraudis Annis?

Equis Aurato Serenissimis Carolo J. &
M. e Sanctioribus Consiliis.
Obsequantia D. D. D.

(Two Warlike, Valiant Brothers) hence a Fear,
 Left the *Tartessiac* People should adhere
 To *Tyrian* Laws, and dread the War, at Hand.
 The State thus shaken, sad the *Senate* stand:
 Looking about for Remedies, and pray
 Th' Immortal Gods to give them One, that may,
 With Courage, in the shatter'd Camp succeed,
 As *General*. The Noble Youth, indeed,
 Eager his Father's, and his Uncle's Shade
 To vindicate, sad Troops of Friends disswade,
 And, adding by their Sorrows to their Fears,
 Sadly recount the Number of his Years:
 Should he into that Fatal Country go,
 Amidst the Ashes of his Friends; that Fo
 He there must Fight, who had the Counsels foil'd,
 And Arms of two great *Generals*, and boild
 With Pride of his Success. Nor was it for
 His tender Arms to Manage such a War;
 Or that Command, at such Unskilful Years,
 To undertake. The Youth these Cares, and Fears,
 (Alone, retiring to the farthest Part
 Of all his House) revolved in his Heart,
 Under a *Laurel* Shade. When suddenly,
 Here *Virtue*, *Pleasure* there, (her Enemy)
 Descending through the Air, on either hand,
 Exceeding Humane Stature, by him stand.
 The One breath'd *Persian* Odours from her Head;
 Her Amber-Hair upon her Shoulders spread;
 Shining with Yellow Gold, a *Tyrian* Vest
 She wore; the Beauty of her Front express'd
 The Bodkin's Art; and from her Wanton Ey
 The frequent Flames, with dubious Motion, fly:
 A different Habit did the Other wear;
 Her Forehead rough, and never chang'd by Hair

Compos'd

Compos'd; a studdy Look; her Gesture nigh
 To Man's, and such her Face; with Modesty
 Cheerful; upon her lofty Shoulders shin'd
 A Snow-white Robe. Then *Pleasure* first (inclin'd
 To promise Much) thus seizeth him. What Rage,
 What Fury's this (brave Youth) thy Flow'r of Age
 Thus to Consume in Fighting? Art thou so
 Unmindful of dire *Canna*, and the *Po*?
 Or *Trojan*, then *Styx* more grievous far?
 To what end do you Thus the Fates, by War,
 Provoke? Th' *Atlantick* Kingdoms you prepare
 To try, and *Tyrian* Houses. But forbear
 (Let me advise) to strive with Dangers so,
 Or thy Self rashly, as before, to throw
 Into those Storms of Arms; unless you shun
 Those Rites, sad *Virtue*, here, will bid you run
 Into the midst of Armies, and through Fire.
 'Tis She, that (Prodigal) thy noble Sire,
 Thy Uncle (*Paulus*) and the *Decii*, down
 Into the Lakes of *Erebus* hath thrown;
 While Titles to their Ashes She proclaims,
 And gilds their Tombs with Memorable Names.
 Yet are their Souls Insensible what She
 Performs. But, Youth, if Thou wilt go with Me,
 In a smooth Path thy Days (allow'd by Fate)
 Shall pass. No Trumpet's Sound shall violate
 Thy troubled Sleeps: nor *Northern* Frosts, nor Heat
 Of burning *Cancer* shalt thou Feel. Nor eat
 On Tables, oft compos'd of bloody Grails.
 Dire Thirst, Dust, swallow'd under Casks, shall pass
 By Thee, and Labours, undergone with Fear.
 But bright thy Days, and all thy Minutes clear
 Shall run. Thou may'st grow Old with dainty Fare.
 What mighty things by God provided are,

For

For Man's more cheerful Life? what Joys hath He,
With a full Hand, bestow'd? and Him to be
Th' Example of a Quiet Life we finde,
Living at Ease, with an untroubled Minde.
I'me She, that *Venus*, near to ^(b) *Simois* Stream,
Joyn'd to *Anchises*, whence the Authour came
Of your Great Race. Ev'n I am She, for whom
Jove sometimes hath been willing to become
A Bird, sometimes a Bull; and this Advice
Observe. Life swift from Mortals runs; nor twice
Can any Man be born: away Time flies;
And Hell's swift Torrent, swallowing all, denies,
That You, if any thing hath pleas'd you here,
It to the Shades below, from hence, shall bear.
And who is He, that grieves not, at the last
(Too late alas!) that all my Hours are past?

When She was silent, and an End had made
Of Speaking. In what Darknes (*Virtue* said)
What Cheats of Life, this Youth, in's prime of Age,
Dost thou endeavour (flattering) to Engage?
Unto whom Reason, by the will of Heav'n,
And a great Mind's celestial Seeds are giv'n.
As much as Gods above do Men exceed,
So They all other Creatures. For, indeed,
Such Nature to the Earth, as lesser Gods,
Hath giv'n: and hath Condemn'd to Hell's Abodes,
By fix'd Decree, degen'rate Souls. But All,
That keep their Heav'nly Seed's Original
Entire, shall enter Heav'n. What should I tell
Of great *Aleides*, who did all rebel?
Or *Bacchus*; whose Triumphal Chariot, through
The Cities, fierce *Caucasian* Tigers drew;
After the *Seres*, and the *Indians* He
Had Conquer'd, and brought Home, with Victory,

His

His Ensigns from the East? What should I say
Of those fam'd ^(c) Twins, to whom the Sea-men pray
In Danger? or of your *Quirinus*? See
How God to Heav'n hath rais'd Man's Face, which be
Erect hath made! While Birds, and Beasts, with all
Of baser Kinde, upon their Bellies fall.
Thrice Happy and (if they the Gifts Embrace
O'th' Gods) to Hon our born is Humane Race.
Do but consider this; (I'll not repeat
Too many things) by Valour, now, how Great
Is *Rome* become? once, much Inferiour to
^(d) Threatning *Fidene*, and Content to grow
In a poor Sanctuary. Then behold,
What wealthy Cities Luxury, of Old,
Hath overthrown! For not so much the Ire
Of all the Gods, nor Swords, nor Foes conspire,
To Ruin; as when Pleasure seizeth on
The Minde alone. Thy sure Companion
Is Drunkenness, with Riot: and on Thee
Still, with black Wings, waits Infamy. With Me
Is Honour, Praise, and, with a cheerful Ey,
Glory, with fair Renown, and Victory.
Unstain'd, as are her Snow-white Wings. His Head
With Lawrel compass'd, Me doth Triumph lead
Up to the very Stars. My House is Chast,
And on a lofty Hill my Dwelling's plac'd.
The Way, that up the stony Cliff doth go,
At first is rough (I'm not Accustom'd to
Deceive) and they must Labour, that intend
To enter there. Nor doth that Wealth ascend
With them, which faithless Chance hath giv'n, and can
Force back again. Strait the whole Race of Man,
(Standing above) beneath Thee, thou shalt see,
And all things contrary to that, which She

Doth,

(b) A River near Troy.

(c) Castor, and Pollux.

(d) The *Fidene* were a Colony of the *Volturni*, seated on the other side of the *Tiber*, near the old *Territorio* of the City of *Rome*. In the time of *Tullius*, King of the *Volturni*, they (having been before subdued by the *Romans*) revolted to the *Volturni*, and slew four *Roman* Embassadors. Then joined with the *Falisci*, and *Volturni*, threatened the Ruin of the *Romans*: who, notwithstanding, under the Conduct of *Manlius* *Emilius*, defeated them, and *Tullius* was slain by *Corneius Cossus*, who, by that Victory, gained the next *Opimus* Spoils after *Romulus*.

Doth, flat'ring, promise, must be undergone.
 You sleepless Nights, under the Stars, (upon
 The hard Ground lying) must Endure. You must
 Hunger, and Cold subdue: so strictly Just,
 That, whatsoever things you take in Hand,
 Think that the Gods as Witnesses shall stand
 Of all your Deeds. Then, when your Country's, or
 The Dangers of the State require, for War
 Be you first ready, Hostile Ramparts scale
 The first: let neither Gold, nor Swords prevail
 Upon your Minde. Robes stain'd with *Tyrian Dye*,
 And sweet Perfumes (in Men unhanfome) fly;
 He bring to pass, that He, who now the Land
 Infects with cruel War, shall by thy Hand
 Be vanquish'd, and, the *Libyans* quite Destroy'd,
 Thy Lawrel in ^(c) *Jove's* Bosom shall be lay'd.

(c) By an Antient Custom, after the happy finishing of a dangerous War, and Confirmation of Peace, the Lawrel of the General was deposited in the Capitol, in the Lap of Jupiter Capitolinus.

This sung by *Virtue*, from her Sacred Breast:
 The Youth, whose Looks approv'd what She exprest,
 With these Examples joy'd, She turns: but yet
Pleasure holds not her Tongue, but, in a Heat,
 Exclaims. I weigh You not at all, 'twill come,
 My Time (I'm sure) will come, when easy *Rome*,
 With all her Might, my Empire will obey,
 And unto Me alone will Honour pay.
 Thus having said, shaking her wanton Head,
 Into dark Clouds, from them, away she fled.

But the Youth, full of Precepts, and inflam'd
 With Love of *Virtue*, so appearing, aim'd
 At Mighty things, within his Heart: and then
 Ascends the *Roftra*, and, while other Men
 So hot a Service shun'd, desires to bear
 The heavy Charge of that ambiguous War.
 The Minds of all intent upon him were:
 Some thinke his Father's Eys, some thinke they there
 Behold

Behold again his Uncle's furious Look:
 But yet (though, with deep Silence, Terror strook
 Their Hearts) sad with great Dangers: with their Fears
 That War's great Weight they ponder; then his Year,
 Their anxious Favour numbers. But, while they
 These things, with their confused Murmurs, weigh;
 From a cross Quarter of the Heav'n, behold!
 A Serpent, shining Bright with Spots of Gold,
 Seems 'mong the Clouds to pass, and, through the Air
 Rays from the flaming Tract diffusing, where
 The Clime to Heav'n-supporting *Atlas* tends,
 The Pole resounding with the Noise, descends.

^(f) *Jove* to the *Augury* adding twice, or thrice,
 A shining Bolt, the scatter'd Thunder flies
 Through all the shaken World. Then they command,
 That, instantly, he take his Arms in hand;
 And, humbly prostrate on their Knees, full low
 Salute the Omen, and now bid him go
 Whither (as it appear'd) the Gods did lead,
 And the Path, shew'd him by his Father, tread.

(f) As the *Romans* never enterprised any thing of Moment without consulting their *Augurs*, so (the *scyllata Auguria*) the *Augures*, that happened of themselves (Good, or Bad) were more observed by them. And therefore (though not mentioned in *History*) the *Poet* makes the Gods concerned to give *Scipio* an Omen both of *Thunder*, and the *Appearance* of a Snake, before mentioned, as the Shape, wherein *Jupiter* begot him.

And, now, with Emulation, such as are
 Joyn'd in Affairs, and Ministers of War,
 Together flock, and Earnest are to share
 The hardest Labours: the same Arms to bear
 With him, is Honour held. Then strait to Sea
 Goes a new Fleet: on him *Ausonia*
 Attends, and is transported into *Spain*.
 As when dire Wars on the Cœrulean Plain
 Fierce *Corus* makes, with hollow Floods, he heaves
 The lofty ^(g) *Isthmos* up, and with rude Waves
 Forcing, at length, through groaning Rocks, his Way,
 Mingleth th' *Ionian* with *Ægean* Sea.

(g) There are many *Isthmi*, but here, by way of Excellence, that of *Pe-loponnesus* (as the most eminent of Europe, separating the *Ægean*, and *Ionian Seas*) is intended.

Stately, in Arms, shines *Scipio*, and, within
 The foremost Ship, to *Nepertune* doth begin.

L 11

Thou,

Thou, God of Seas ! through whose deep Empire We
Are ready now to pass ; if just it be,
Which I intend, grant that this Navy may
Go forward (Father !) and vouchsafe, (We pray)
Our Labours to Assist ! an Holy War
It is, which now, I through the Ocean bear.
This said, strait gentle, and propitious Gales
Breath out, and forward drive the swelling Sails.
And now the Fleet, where *Tyrrhene* Billows roar,
Had Nimbly pass'd from the *Ausonian* Shore,
And by the Coast of the *Ligurians* ply'd
With speedy Prows. When, far at Sea, they spy'd
Earth (the high *Alpes*) the Stars invading : then

(b) *Masilia*, now *Marseille* (in *Provence*) first built by a Colony of *Greeks*, from *Phocidia*, (a small *Regnum* near the *Crissean-Bay*) Commended by *Tully* (whom our *Poor* follow) for their strict Observation of their Ancient Civility of *Manners*, kept Entire, notwithstanding they were encompassed by *Barbarous* Nations, till they fell under the Government of the *Romans*.

(1) *Emporia*, a City of *Hispania* *Tarracensis* (*Castile*).

(k) Vines.

(b) *Masilia's* Walls, built by the *Græcian*,
With Nations proud begirt, and whom, with Rites,
That Cruel are, her barbarous Neighbour frights.
But Hospitable, She, among those bold
And Warlike Nations, still retains the old
Rites, Manners, Habit, of *Phocæan* Greeks.
Hence *Scipio*, by the Ocean's winding *Greeks*,
Coast's on : at length, a lofty Hill appears,
Where, on her Woody Top, *Pyrene* bears
Thick Forests, in the Clouds, and then he sees
The *Emporie*, that, by ancient Pedigrees,
A *Græcian* People are : Then *Tarracho*,
Where the (k) *Nysæan* Fruits in plenty grow.
Then in a Port his Fleet, secure, he lays,
And quits the Toils, and Terror of the Seas.

Now welcome Night, did Sleep, like Death, bestow
On Men, when, standing before *Scipio*,
His Father's Ghost appear'd, and thus begun.
Dear Son, thy Father's safety once : dear Son
(Thy Father's Glory, after Death ; by Thee
The Land, that to these Wars gave Birth, shall be
Subdu'd ; if they desire to Fight with Thee,

And

And all the Troops for Battel Muster'd are :
Who is it, that the Triple Force can bare
Of Furious Men ? All dubious Acts by you
Must be forborn : but Better things pursue
With Diligence. There is a City Wall'd,
And built of old by *Tæncer*, *Carthage* call'd,
By *Tyrians* now possess'd ; and, as there is
Of *Libya* one, so of *Iberia* this
Is the *Metropolis* : in Wealth excell'd
By none, or Port, or Situation held
As Rich, as any, in her fertile Fields,
And, with as active Vigour, Weapons yields.

(1) This, while the *Generals* are turn'd away,
Invade ; no Fight so much of Fame, or Prey,
Can give. These Counsels by his Father were
Declar'd, and still he seem'd to advise more near ;
When strait the vanish'd Shade, and Sleep forlook
The Youth, who, rising, humbly doth invoke
His Father's *Manes*, and the Pow'rs, that be
In *Stygian* Groves, by Name. Be You (said He)
Our Captains in this War, and lead us to
The City you have mention'd. I for you
Will seek Revenge, and, when *Iberia*
I have subdu'd, due Sacrifice I'll pay
To You, in *Sarrane* Purple richly clad,
And Sacred Games unto your Tombs will add.
Then hasting on, with a swift March, his Bands
He leads away, and over-runs the Lands.
So from *Pisæan* Stables, once got loose,
A Metled Courser, as a Conqu'ring, goes
Before his Fellows, and (as if by Winde
Begot) runs through the Air, and leaves behinde
The rest so far, that not the quickest Sight
Is able to o'retake him in his Flight :

L 11 2

Now

(1) The absence of the *Carthaginian Generals* (employed in reducing other Parts of *Spain*, having placed here a strong Garrison, and, in it, (as by Nature almost insuperable) much of their Wealth, with the Hostages of the *Spaniards* gave *Scipio*, both Time, and Courage to attempt it. The latter so much prevailing, that he spent only a Day of the journey. The Governour *Arras* (some call him *Mago*) yielding at the second Attack. It was first built by *Tæncer*, and much decayed in the time of *Hannibal* (*Hannibal's* Father) whose Successour *Hafdrabad* so well repaired it : that he was by some held to be the Founder, and called it *New Carthage*.

Now th' seventh Day, by bright *Hyperion's* Flame,
 Arose, when sensibly they nearer came
 To the Town's Towers; whose Tops encreas'd, as they
 Approach'd, and ^(m) *Laelius*, at his Time, by Sea
 Arriving (as before the *General*
 Appointed had) his Navy to the Wall
 Draws up, and with his numerous Ships, behinde,
 The Town invests. *Carthage*, by Nature's kinde
 Assistance, hath high Walls, which by the Sea
 Encompass'd are, and, tow'rds the rising Day,
 A little Isle, its narrow Mouth doth close.
 But, where it looks to *Phabus* fall, it throws
 Up standing Pools, into a muddy Plain,
 Which coming Tides encrease, and Ebbs again
 Abate. But, where it Fronts the *Northern* Bear,
 Standing upon a lofty Hill, it there,
 Steep, to the Neighbouring *Ocean* descends,
 And with Eternal Floods her Wall defends.
 But the bold Soldiers, as if, marching in
 A Plain, they Conqu'ring Ensigns brought, begin
 To climb the Hill. *Arrius* Commanded there
 In Chief, and, had against them, through a Fear
 Of some Distress, himself with Aids supply'd,
 And all the Hill, and Castle fortifi'd.
 A Fo the nature of the Place doth prove,
 And with small Force, of those that fought above,
 Th' Assailants tott'ring, through the places High,
 And Steep, are tumbled down, and maimed Dy.
 But, when the turning Tide retir'd again,
 And, with a rapid Fall into the Main,
 The Billows fled; where tall Ships, lately, Plough'd
 The Waves, safe Passage *Nereus* there allow'd
 A Foot. And this Way noble *Scipio*,
 Consulting with his Thoughts, resolv'd to go,

Draws

(m) *Laelius*, who then Command-
 ed *Scipio's* Fleet, was appointed, with
 the Tide, to approach the City on
 that Side; but, his *Scaling-Ladders*
 not well reaching the extraordinary
 height of the Walls, he was constrained,
 with some Lo6, to retire. See *Livy*
lib. 16.

Draws through the Sea his Men, and suddenly
 Up to the Walls doth through the Waters fly.
 And, when with Speed, behinde, they hasten on,
 Where *Arrius*, trusting to the Sea, the Town
 Had left without a Guard; strait (sad to tell)
 His Neck in Chains, the *Libyan* Prostrate fell,
 And bade the People all, disarm'd, to yield.
 This City *Titan*, when he rose, beheld
 Circled with Camps; and captiv'd saw the same,
⁽ⁿ⁾ Before in *Western* Seas he hid his Flame.

Th' ensuing Morn from Earth had chas'd away
 Night's Shades, when first they Altars raise: then Slay
 Unto the God of Seas, for Sacrifice,
 A Bull; and so to *Jove*. Then equalize
 Rewards to all Deserts: and, gain'd with Blood,
 Valour her Crown receives. Here, shining, stood
 One with rich Trappings on his Breast; and there
 Another, on his Warlike Neck, did wear
 A golden Snake: this with a Mural Crown
 Was honour'd. But then, *Laelius* (in renown
 Both of his Family, and Valour, all
 Excelling) is created *Admiral*.
 Besides a Gift of thirty Oxen, and
 The *Libyan's* Arms that did, in Chief, command.
 Then Spears to some, and *Martial* Ensigns are
 To others giv'n (as they deserv'd) and share
 Of Spoils. And when the Praise of Gods, and Men,
 Was perfected, their Captive Riches then
 Survey'd, and Prey lay'd up; this Gold was for
 The *Senate*, and those Talents for the War.
 This Kingdom they for Donatives Design;
 That for the Temples of the Pow'r's Divine
 Is Chiefly kept: whatever else remains
 Rewards the Souldiers Valour, and their Pains.

Then

(n) They began the Assault in the
 Morning; and, about Noon, when the
 Tide was gone, *Scipio* Commanded
 longer *Ladders* to be brought (while
 the Enemy, fearing little on that Side,
 was wholly intent on the *Land*), and
 entering the City there, had it, before
Senecifer, in his possession.

(a) Among the *Captives* a *Virgin* of incomparable Beauty, was brought to *Ulysses*: who, finding her betrothed, to *Laertes* (a Prince of the Country) not only restored her Inviolable into his Hands; but gave with her a very large sum of Money (presented to him by her Parents in token of their Gratitude) as a Dowry from Him. See *Ulysses*, *ibid*.

(p) *Agamemnon*.

(q) The small City *Lyrnessus*, taken by *Achilles*, in the Expedition against *Troy*, *Hippodamia* (or *Brijea*) the King's Daughter became *Achilles* Prize; but *Agamemnon*, who was *Chlorostephanus*, enamoured of her, took her from him.

(r) *Philip*, King of *Macedon*, entering League with the *Carthaginians*, fell upon the *Alies* of the *Romans*, and waited all the *Grecian* Coast; till at length, recalled by *Breils* at Home, and the ill Success of the *Carthaginians*, he was constrained to accept a dishonourable Peace from the *Romans*.

(f) *Achilles*, from whom he descended.

Then the *Iberian King*, whose ^(a) Sponfal Flame
Was fix'd deep in his Bones, as summon'd, came;
To whom, much joy'd, his Spouse, a Virgin Fair,
And Pure, he chearful gave. Then, free from Care,
Their Tables spread upon the Neighbouring Shore,
And feasting High, with solemn Sports, before
The rest, thus *Lelius*. Brave General,
Go on, ador'd, for thy Chast Minde, through all
The World! To Thee the Glory, and the Praise,
And (celebrated in Immortal Lays)
The Valour of great *Heroes* shall give Way.
That ^(p) Captain, who a thousand Ships by Sea
From the *Mycene* drew, and *Argive Arms*
Joyn'd with *Theſſalian*, through a Woman's Charms,
Infring'd his ^(q) Social League, and they beheld
All Tents, within the *Phrygian Army*, fill'd
With Captive Beds. A Bar'rous Maid by Thee
Alone, more spotless, in Virginity
Is kept, then *Troy's Cassandra*. Thus the Day,
In Talk, they spent, till Night in dark Aray
Rais'd her black Steeds, inviting all to Rest.
In the mean Time, *Ematlian* Broils infest
Th' *Ætolian Land*, invaded suddenly
By ^(r) *Macedonian Ships*: an Enemy,
With whom the *Acarnanian* quickly joyn'd.
For then King *Philip*, in a League combin'd
With *Libya*, against the *Romane Name*
Those new Commotions had rais'd. The Fame
Of his Descent, his Antient Crowns, and Throne
From the *Æacides*, and ^(f) *Thetis* Son,
(His Grand-Sire) puff'd him up. Now, He with Fear
Of's Arms, by Night, fill'd *Oricon*: and where,
On the *Illyrick Coast*, *Taulentians* dwell,
In small, and nameless Walls, upon them fell.

With

With furious War. Thence passing on by Sea,
Tesprotian Borders, and *Phœnicia*
Alarm'd: with vain Attempts, he *Epire* view'd,
Then on the Coast of *Anatolium* shew'd
His Ensigns: then th' *Ambracian Bay*, and Shores
Of *Pella* scour'd with rapid War, his Oars
Beating *Leucate's* chafing Waves, he freight
At *Ægium* saw *Apollo's* sacred Seat.
Nor left he *Ithaca* (*Laertes* Throne)
Untrid: nor *Samos*; nor those Rocks whereon
White-foaming Floods the *Cephalenian* Sea.
And *Xeriton* with Rocky Fields: then He
To *Pelops* Countrey went, glad to behold
Achaian Walls, and *Calydon* of old
Affected by *Diana*. After these
To the *Caretes*, and *Oeniades*,
With promise, to the *Greeks*, gainst *Italy*,
To use his Arms, he went: then *Ephyre*,
Patrie, and Princely *Pleuron* he survey'd:
Two-crown'd *Parnassus*, and (by *Phœbus* made
To speak) Prophetick Rocks; and, though agen,
Often by War call'd homeward: sometimes when
^(t) *Sarmatian Orestes* did infest
His Kingdoms, or fierce *Dolopes* oppress
His Countrey, yet unwilling to forbear
His vain Designs, the shadow of a War
He carried up, and down, the *Grecian Coast*;
Till all his hopes, plac'd in the *Lilyans*, lost
By Sea, and Land, a Suppliant, he sign'd
A League, with the ^(u) *Dardanians*, nor declin'd
From them, in his own Kingdom, to receive
^(x) The Law: But then *Tarentum's* Fortune gave
To *Italy* encrease both of Renown,
And Riches. For, at length, that treach'rous Town,
Was

(t) In his absence both *Sarmatians*, and *Thesalians* (*Dolopes*) invaded his Country.

(u) *Romans*.

(x) The Governour of *Tarentum* was a *Brutian* (a Nation formerly observed to be of an Irreligious Faith) who, enamoured of a *Tarentine* Woman (whose Brother was a Soldier under *Fabius*) was induced by her to betray the City to *Fabius*. See *Plutarch*, in the *Life of Fabius*.

Was by old *Fabius* conquer'd, and of all
 His Titles, of a Wary *General*,
 The last became. For then his Industry
 Gain'd that safe Honour, that the City He
 Had taken without Blood. And, when 'twas known,
 That a *Sidonian* Captain, in the Town,
 Burn'd with a Woman's Love: and that, through Ease,
 A silent Treason thence might Valour please:
 To his lov'd Sister, strait, her Brother (who
 Then bore *Rutulian* Arms) is forc'd to go,
 Instructed to subdue the Woman's Minde
 With ample Promises, if She inclin'd
 The *Libyan* to betray the Gates. And, thus
 The *Libyan* overcome, old *Fabius*
 His Wish enjoy'd, and, through th' unguarded Walls
 By Night, into the Town the Army falls.

But who, that heard *Marcellus* then was slain
 In Fight, would think, that *Sol* should joyn again
 His flaming Steeds, so turn'd away from *Rome*:
 That noble Person, that brave Breast, in whom
 The God of War inhabited, who nev'r,
 In its most horrid Shape, did Danger fear,
 In Combat fell: in his renowned Fall,
 (Alas!) how great a Blow to *Hannibal*!
 In him thy Terror *Carthage* prostrate lay,
 Who had perhaps from *Scipio* born away
 (Had but the Gods been pleas'd awhile to spare
 His Life) the Name of finishing the War.
 Which seated, then, within the *Damian* Land,
 Between both Camps, a little Hill did stand.
Crispinus with *Marcellus* bore like Share
 In Cares, and Honours, and the Common War
 Pursu'd: to whom *Marcellus* thus began.

I have a Minde to view those Woods, and on

The

The Hill to lodge our Men; left fit it be
 Possess'd, in Ambush, by the Enemy.
 I would *Crispinus* (if you please) that you
 Would share in this Design; for seldom two
 In Counsel fail. When this they had Decreed,
 Each Man contends to mount his eager Steed.
Marcellus, when he saw his Son, among
 The rest, put on his Arms, and in the Throng
 Joyful, and Brisk: Thou dost appear more Great
 (Said He) then Me, by thy admired Heat.
 May this thy early Labour Happy be!
 Such, as, at *Syracusa* once, I Thee
 Beheld, before thine Age would Thee allow
 As fit for War, engaging with a Brow,
 Like mine. Oh! hither come (my Glory) stand
 Close to thy Father's side, and by my Hand
 Learn a new Way of Fighting. Then he lay'd
 His Arms about his Neck, and briefly pray'd.
 Grant, from the *Libyan* *General* (Oh! thou King
 Of Gods) that on these Shoulders I may bring
 Opimous Spoils to Thee! As here he ends;
 From the clear Sky a bloody Dew descends,
 And *Jove* the Fatal Drops had sprinkled on
 His (then successless) Arms. Scarce had he done
 His Speech, when through the Straits, advancing up
 The Fatal Mountain, strait a nimble Troop
 Of *Nomades* upon them fly, and pour
 Their Darts, as thick, as an *Ethereal* Show'r:
 While, from their secret Ambush, they supply'd
 The Fight, with armed Troops. On ev'ry side,
 When Valour found her self thus close beset;
 And nothing, now, remaining, as a Debt
 Unto the Gods: He onely fought to go,
 With a great Name, unto the Shades below.

M m m

Then

Then, at a distance, his contorted Spear
 With all his Force he throws: now fights, more near
 At Hand, with his Sword; and had escap'd, perchance,
 That cruel Storm of Danger, if a Lance
 Had not transfix'd the Body of his Son.
 But then (alas!) the Father's Hands begun
 To shake, and weak through Sorrow, loosely bare
 His hapless Arms, untill an obvious Spear
 Pierc'd through his naked Breast, by which sad Wound
 He falls, his Face imprinting on the Ground.
 When *Hannibal* perceiv'd (amidst the Fight)
 The Fatal Lance within his Bosom light,
 Aloud he cries: now *Carthage*, cease to fear
 The *Romane* Laws; the Name of Terror here
 Lies prostrate, and the ⁽¹⁾ Column of their State.
 But that brave Hand (so like mine own of late)
 Shall not obscurely to the Shades be sent.
 True Valour's void of Envy. Strait they went
 About to build his Pyle, which to the Skies
 By mighty Oaks, brought from the Woods, doth rise.
 You might believe the *Libyan* General
 Had dy'd! then Incense, Cates, his Shield, withall,
 And Fafces (his last Pomp) are brought, and while,
 With his own Hand, the Taper to the Pyle
 The Prince applies; Eternal Praise (said He)
 We have acquir'd. For of *Marcellus* We
 Have *Italy* depriv'd. Perhaps they may
 At length, now, lay down Arms. Go then, and pay
 To that great Soul, and to his Dust, all Dues
 Of Funeral. I never will refuse
 Thee this (O *Rome*) that thou the Sepulcher
 Of one, whose Valour made him Great, in War,
 With Titles may adorn: and lasting Fame,
 Among *Romulan* Nephews, crown his Name.

Such

(1) Though, in the time of *Marcellus*, there were in *Rome* many Eminent Captains, yet none did exceed him, in Conduct, Strength, or Courage. For which, his Fortune made him particularly Renowned, having fought many single Combats, and in all been a Conquerour. *Plutarch* observes, that he was called *Marcellus* (*quasi Martialis*) as a most excellent Warrior. *Hannibal* so much honoured him for his Valour, that he burned his Body (after the *Romane* Manner) and sent his Ashes to *Rome*.

Such is your other Consul's Fate, whose Steed
 Him, breathless, to your Camp convey'd, with Speed.

Such, then, Affairs did in *Ausonia* stand.
 But not the same, in the *Iberian* Land,
 Was the Event of Arms. The quick Surprise,
 And Conquest of *New-Carthage*, terrifies
 The Nations round about. The *Generals* there,
 Unless they joyn with *Social* Aids, despair
 Of Safety: since Young *Scipio* had fought
 (As if He Thunder in his Arms had brought
 From *Italy*) with so great *Auspices*,
 That he a fenced Town (whose Height their Eys
 Could hardly reach, as on an Hill it stood)
 Had taken in one Day, and fill'd with Blood.
 While, ev'n their Warlike *Hannibal*, before
 He overthrew *Saguntus*, that for Store
 Of People, and for Wealth might not appear
 As Equal unto that, had spent a Year.

To his great Brother's Deeds aspiring still,
 The next was ⁽²⁾ *Hasdrubal*; who on a Hill
 Encamp'd, encompass'd with a rocky Wood.
 Here, his chief Strength, fierce *Cantabrians* stood;
 Mix'd with rebellious *Africans*: and there,
 Then the swift *Moor* more swift, *Asturians* were.
 And with as much of Majesty did he
Iberia rule, as then in *Italy*
 His Brother *Hannibal* with Terror liv'd.

It chanc'd, a *Tyrian* Solemn Day reviv'd
 Their ancient Honour, and the Time, wherein
 The Walls of *Carthage* they did first begin,
 And a new City of small Houses rais'd.
 His Nations Rise the General much pleas'd
 Thus to commemorate, his Ensigns all
 Adorn'd with Laurel, kept the Festival;

M m 2

And

(2) *Hasdrubal*, Brother to *Hannibal*, was by him left sole Governour of *Spain*, (when he began his March towards *Italy*) with two thousand Horse, twelve thousand Foot, and fifty Ships.

And th' Gods appeas'd. Loose from his Shoulders
His Brother's Gift (a Mantle) which, among (hung
Some other Presents, as a Complement
Of their strict League, *Trinacria's* Prince had sent,
A stately Robe, among *Æolian* Kings.
An Eagle, through the Clouds, with golden Wings,
Snatch'd up (in Texture hovering) to the Sky
A Boy. A spacious Cave there was hard by,
Which, in the Purple, there, the Needle made,
The *Cyclops* House: here *Polypheme* was lay'd
Along, and swallow'd Bodies, dropping Gore,
Between his Deadly Jaws. About him store
Of broken Bones; which, chewing, forth he threw.
Then for his Drink, his Hand extended to
Læertes^(a) Son, he calls: and, belching up
Crude Blood, with Wine commix'd it in the Cup.
Conspicuous in this Robe, at Altars made
Of Grass, the Peace o' th' Gods the *Tyrian* pray'd.
When riding in, amidst them all, behold
A Scout, that Hostile Arms approach'd them, told.
The Worship of the Gods unfinished,
With troubled Minds, they from the Altars fled.
All Sacred Rites broke off, all Night they lay
Encamp'd. But, when the dewy Morn the Day
First rais'd, a furious Fight began, and there
Stout *Sabura* first felt the thrilling Spear
Of *Scipio*. Both Armies seem'd to be
Mov'd with the Omen. The first Victim We
Ith' Field (Ye sacred Shades!) to you have slain,
(Exclaims the *Romane General*) Now again
Into the Fight, and Slaughter (Soldiers) go,
As with best Captains you were wont to do.
This said; they all fall on: by *Lena's* Hand
Falls *Myconus*; *Latinus, Ciria*: and

(a) Ulysses.

Stout

Stout *Maro Thydrus* kills: and *Catilina*
Incestuous *Necaeus* doth disjoyn
From his own Sister's Bed. Then *Cartulo*
(A *Libyack* Prince) is sent to Shades below,
By fierce *Nasidius*. Thee (likewise) Thee
Laelius (thou great Renown of *Italy*)
Things, scarce to be believ'd, performing there,
Amidst the *Carthaginians*, full of Fear,
Pyrene's Land beheld. Nature bestow'd
On him all Happy things, which were allow'd
By all the Gods. When he was heard to plead
At th' Bar, not *Nestor* could in Speech exceed:
Or when the Fathers, and the Court did stand
In Doubt, and his Opinion did demand,
He led the *Senat's* Hearts, as with a Charm.
But, when the Noise of Trumpets did Alarm
His Ears, within the Field, with such an Heat,
He rush'd into the Fight, and Armies, that
You'd think, he had been born for War alone;
And nothing, without Praise, by him was done.
From a stolen Life the *Gala* fighting threw:
^(b) Whom's Mother once, by changing him withdrew
From *Byrsa's* cruel Rites. But quickly all
Such Joys, as rife from Gods, so cheated fall.
Then *Murus, Alebis*, and *Draces*, who,
With an Effeminate Cry, for Life did sue,
By him were slain. Poor *Draces*, as he pray'd,
And beg'd; his Head cut off, the Murmurs stay'd
In his dis sever'd Throat. But *Hafdrubal*
Had not the like desire to Fight. Not all
The extream Loss, and Slaughter of his Men
Him mov'd. But to the Woody Hills agen,
And lurking Holes of pathless Rocks, he flies,
And to the *Alpes*, and *Italy* his Eys

(b) He was designed to be sacrificed at *Carthage*, but his Mother gave another Child in his stead.

Arc

Are turn'd: the great Advantage of his Flight.
 The Signal silently is giv'n, and Fight
 Quite lay'd aside, they are Commanded through
 The Woods, and Hills to fly dispers'd, and who-
 Soe're escap'd should to *Pyrene's* Top
 Ascend, their Chief, and sole remaining Hope.
 All Marks of Honour, as a *General*,
 Then lai'd aside, disguised, with a small
Iberian Targe, first *Hafdrubal* ascends
 The Hills, and, flying, quits his wandering Friends.
 To the forsaken Camp the *Romanes* strait
 Their Ensigns send. No City captive
 Could yield more Spoils; and did their Rage withdraw
 From Slaughter, as the *Libyan* forefaw.
 So in some Brook surpriz'd, when he despairs
 Of Safety, from his Groin the ^(c) *Beaver* takes
 The parts, that caus'd his Danger, and away
 Swims from his Fo. Intent upon his Prey
 When thus the *Libyan* had with Speedy Flight,
 Trusting to Rocky Woods, in Shades, like Night,
 Himself conceal'd: strait back again they go
 Unto a greater War, to meet a Fo
 More sure to be subdu'd. But first upon
Pyrene's Hill, with this Inscription,
 A Shield they fix, ^(d) *SCIPIO A CONQUEROUR,*
HASDRUBAL'S SPOILS UNTO THE GOD OF WAR.

In the mean time, beyond the Hills (all Fear
 Now lay'd aside) *Bebrycian* People were
 By *Hafdrubal* soon arm'd: who Prodigal
 To purchase Hands for Aid, and ready all
 Prepar'd to thrust into the War, with Store
 Of Gold, and Silver, thither sent before
 And with long Labours gain'd, in Wealthy Lands
 Had rais'd their Warlike Minds. Hence active Bands
 Fill'd

(c) This may very well be reckon-
 ed among *Falgar Errours*. The *Tes-
 ticles* of the *Beaver* being in no wife so
 valuable, as his *Skin*. Besides, that they
 are not enclyous of his reach, lying
 close to his *Spine*: but not at all at-
 tempted by him, when hunted.

(d) When the *Romanes* had utter-
 ly subdued an Enemy, they *Triumph'd*:
 when only put him to Flight, they in
 the Place erected a *Trophy*, which was
 commonly (as out of *Tacitus* his se-
 cond Book may be observ'd) of heaps
 of Arms, taken in the field, with an
Inscription on a Table (where *Scipio*)
 fix'd over them.

^(e) Fill'd the new Camp. All Mercenary Souls:
 Those, that where ^(f) *Rhodanus* swift Billows rowls
 Delight to dwell; with those, where *Arar* flows
 Most softly through the Fields. And, now, the Snows
 Of Winter all resolv'd, the Year retains
 A milder Face. Then through the *Celick* Plains,
 Entering a speedy March, he goes: admires
 The Conquer'd *Alps*, and pervious Heights: enquire,
 The very Foot-steps, where *Alcides* trod:
 Compares with th' Adventures of the God
 His Brother's Ways. When to the Top of all
 He came, and in the Camp of *Hannibal*
 Sate down: What higher Walls (said He) do *Rome*
 Invelt: which, after these once overcome
 By my great Brother, stand yet safe: Oh, may
 The Glory of so brave a Hand (I pray)
 Prove Happy! nor, let it the Envy be
 Of any angry Deity, that We
 The Stars approach'd! Then, where a safe Descent
 The Hill declining shew'd, strait down he went,
 With hasty Arms. Through all, so great a Dread
 Not the Beginnings of the War had spread.
 Two *Hannibals* they now report: and two
 Strong Camps, on either side: and glutted, through
 Success, with *Roman* Blood, the Chiefs the War
 Joyntly pursue. The Armies doubled are,
 And to the Walls the Fo would quickly haste,
 And, sticking on the Gates, they saw lins, cast
 From *Elysian* Hands, should shortly see.
 Much vex'd at this, the Land of *Italy*
 Thus with her self. Alas! ye Gods, must I
 With so great Fury of the *Libyans* ly
 Despis'd: who *Saturn*, when the pow'rful Hand
 Of *Jove* he fear'd, conceal'd: and in my Land

(e) *Hafdrubal* took the Field with
 such Forces, as, at first, he hired of the
Ligurians (about eight thousand Men)
 and soon after the *Averni*, and other
Gauls: with the People of the *Alps*,
 joyn'd with him: so that he became
 no less formidable, at *Rome*, at that
 time, than *Hannibal*.
 (f) *Rhodanus*.

An

An Empire gave! Now the tenth Summer's Corn
 Appears, since thus I have been sadly torn:
 And, now, a Youth, who wanteth nothing more,
 But to invade the Gods, the farthest Shore
 O' th' World hath left, and 's Arms against me bends,
 And, the high *Alps* prophand, with Rage defends
 Into my Land. How many Corps have I
 Of Slain entomb'd? Alas! how often by
 My slaughter'd Sons deform'd? I have no Trees
 With pregnant Buds: his Corn the Peasant sees,
 Yet Green, cut down with Swords: the Tow'rs of all
 My Villages into my Bosom fall,
 And by their Ruins is my Land defac't.
 Yet, now, must I endure this Youth at last,
 By whom my wasted Coasts invaded are,
 Who seeks the ruthless Reliques of the War
 To burn. Then wandering *Africans* may rend
 My Bowels with their Ploughs, and *Moors* commend
 The Crops, which the *Aufonian* Furrows yield.
 Unless their Troops, insulting through the Field,
 I, in one Grave, interr. As, thus, She then
 Her Woes revolv'd, and Night both Gods, and Men
 Compos'd to Rest; to *Nero's* Camp She went.
 He, with a Neighb'ring Trench, was then intent
 The *Libyan* from *Lucanian* Coasts to keep.
 The Youth, here, *Latium's* Image, in his Sleep,
 Accosts. O *Nero*! Thou, who art become
 (*Marcellus* lost) the greatest Hope of *Rome*!
 The (*g*) *Clauſus's* Glory! shake off Sleep; by Thee
 Something of Moment must attempted be,
 (If thou wilt add unto thy Country's Fates)
 Which ev'n the Conquerours (when from the Gates
 The Foe's repuls'd) shall wonder to be done.
 With shining Arms (behold!) (*h*) *Amilcar's* Son,
 Like

(g) *Clauſus* was a General of the *Sabines*, who, after Peace was made between *Romulus*, and the *Sabines*, came with five thousand *Citizens*, and incorporated them with the *Romans*, with whom they equally enjoyed all Privileges of Citizens, but suffrage in Creating *Magistrates*. From this, *Clauſus* came both the *Clauſian Tribes*, and Family.

(h) *Hasdrubal*, Brother to *Hannibal*.

Like a dire Deluge, overruns the Plains,
 Where *Sena* still her *Gallick* Name retains:
 Unless thy winged Troops Thou thither strait
 Draw out to Fight, thine Aid will come too late
 To ruin'd *Rome* hereafter. Rise; be gone:
 I have condemn'd *Metaurus* Region,
 And all those spacious Fields, to *Libyan* Bones,
 And Graves. This said: She vanishing, at once
 Appears to draw him after Her, and through
 The broken Gates to drive his Troops into
 The Field. With that he wakes, and Troubled stands
 With an enflamed Heart, and then, with Hands
 Lifted to Heav'n, He prays the Earth, and Night,
 The scatter'd Stars, and Moon, with silent Light
 To be his Guides. Then, choosing proper Hands
 For such a Work, through (*i*) *Lavinian* Lands
 (Coasting upon the *Upper-Sea*) and where,
 Hardy in War, (*i*) *Marrucine* People were,
 And the strict (*i*) *Frentane*, that his Faith maintains
 In *Social* Arms: where the *Pratutian* Swains
 (Pleas'd with their Labour) dress their Vines, he flies,
 Swift as a Bird; as Lightning from the Skies;
 As Torrents with Hybernal Billows flow;
 Or Arrows, from an (*k*) *Achæmenian* Bow.
 Each Man himself exhorts. Go on, and haste;
 For in thy Feet the doubtful Gods have plac'd
Rome's Safety: whether She shall stand, or fall.
 Thus crying, on they go; the *General*
 Best Exhortation, being Foremost, gives:
 While ev'ry one, his Speed encreasing, strives,
 By following, to equal him, and Day,
 And Night, un-wearied, nimbly March away.
 But the Report of those encreasing Ills,
 O' th' adverse War, all *Rome* with Terror fills.
 N n n That

(i) The *Lavinian*, *Frentani*, *Marrucini*: all Borderers on the *Upper, or Adriatick* Sea.

(k) *Perſian*.

That *Nero* hop'd too much, they now complain.
 That by one Wound that Life, that did remain,
 Might soon be lost. Nor Money, Arms, nor Men,
 Nor Blood to lose, there now remain'd. And then,
 Who had not strength to deal with *Hannibal*,
 Alone, in Fight, should fall on *Hafdrubal*.
 That now again (soon as the *Libyan* saw
 His Arms diverted from the Camp) he'd draw
 His Forces to their Gates. That he was come,
 Who, in the Glory of destroying *Rome*,
 Would strive with his Proud Brother. With one mind
 Thus frets the Senate; yet in Counsel joyn'd,
 To keep their Honour, and themselves to Free
 From threatned Chains, and angry Gods to flee.
 Amidst these Sighs, *Nero*, protected by
 An obscure Night, unto the Camp drew nigh;
 Where, near to *Hafdrubal*, within the Field,
 (1) Old *Livy* lay. He Warlike once, and skill'd
 In Feats of Arms, flourish'd in former Times,
 Famous in War; but, falsely charg'd with Crimes
 By the Unequal Tribes, in Discontent,
 His Days obscurely in the Country spent.
 But, when a sadder Weight, and Fears began,
 Through nearer Dangers, to require the Man,
 After so many Valiant Captains slain;
 Then, to his Country call'd, to Arms again
 His aged Valour He had vow'd. But all
 These Plots of new Supplies to *Hafdrubal*
 Were known, and what the Wings of Night conceal'd
 The Signs of Dust upon their Shields reveal'd.
 Besides their hasty Running to, and fro:
 Their Horse, and Men prepar'd, and Trumpets show
 (As they the Signal sound) the Camp to be
 Commanded by two *Generals*. But (said He)

(1) *Marcus Livius* had formerly been unjustly Censured, and Banished by the People; who, now in want of such Captains, recalled him, and made him *Consul* with *Nero*, with whom he afterward Triumphed for this Victory.

If

If yet my Brother live, how can they now
 Their *Social Forces* joyn? Yet, till I know
 The Truth, it only now remains, that I
 The Time protract, and Chance of Fighting fly.
 Nor, with base Fear, this poor resolve of Flight
 Did he delay. But, when from Cares the Night
 (Mother of Rest) had freed the Breasts of Men,
 And Darkness dreadful Silence nourish'd, then
 Forth from his Camp he breaks, and his mute Bands
 To follow with a silent March commands;
 Who, through the quiet Plain, protected by
 The gloomy Night, all Noise avoiding, fly.
 But shaken, by a Motion so great,
 Th' *Italian* Land, perceiving their Deceit,
 Involves them in dark Errors in the Place,
 And (Night conspiring) in a narrow Space
 Still leads them round. For, where, with winding
 His crooked Banks the Flood obliquely laves, (Waves
 And, through rough Creeks returning, falls again
 Into it self, there toiling, all in vain
 With fruitless Wandrings, a small Circuit they
 Had made, and, in the Errors of their Way,
 (The Benefit of Night now lost) the Light
 Comes on, and to their Foes detects their Flight.
 With that a furious Storm of Horse, the Gates
 Thrown open, and a Show'r of Steel dilates
 It self, or e' all the Field. Arms, yet, they none,
 Nor Hands had mix'd: But Shafts, at distance thrown,
 Drink Blood. To stop the flying *Libyans*, here
Dicean Arrows fly: and Lances there,
 Like a black Tempest, and on whom they light
 Their Death inflict. And, now all thoughts of Flight
 Quite laid aside, about they, frightened, Face,
 And close drawn-up, their Hopes in Fighting place.

N n n 2

Amidst

Amidst them all, the *Gen'ral*, mounted High
 (For now He saw their sad Extremity)
 On a tall Steed, his Hands, and Voice extends:
 By all those Trophies gain'd by You (my Friends)
 Under the farthest Pole; my Brother's Praise:
 Make it appear, I You beseech (He says)
 The Brother of Great *Hannibal* is come;
 For Fortune labours, now, to give to *Rome*
 Sad Documents, and shew how strong an Hand
 You, that have conquer'd the *Iberian* Land,
 And at *Aleides* Pillars us'd to War,
 On the *Ruslians* turn. Perhaps, not far
 From hence, my Brother to this Battel may
 Arrive. Oh! hasten worthy him (I pray)
 A Spectacle; with Bodies fill the Plain.
 Each *General* is by my Brother slain,
 That might be fear'd, in War: and now their sole
 Remaining Hope, drawn from his skulking Hole.
 Decrepit *Livy* (a condemned Head)
 Is offer'd to you. Oh! go on, strike Dead
 That *General*, cut off his Feeble Age,
 'Gainst whom 'twere Shame my Brother should engage.
 But *Nero* contrary exhorts: Why are
 You slow, the Labours of this mighty War
 To end? (m) Your Feet already Praise have gain'd,
 Now crown these high Beginnings with the Hand:
 The Camp you, rashly (all the Bars o'rethrown)
 Have left, except you perfect what is done
 By Victory. Your Glory hasten: show
 That your Arrival overthrew the Fo.
 But *Livy*, in another Quarter, where,
 His Helmet taken off, his heary Hair
 Was seen to all, cries; Come (my Lads) and Me
 Observe in Fight, and where'soe're you see

My

(m) *Nero*, having intercepted *Hannibal's* Letters to *Hammon*, matched very hard, for several Nights together, (while *Hannibal* waited the Countrys of the *Lerninates*, *Frentani*, &c.) to join with *Livy*, before *Hannibal* should enter farther into *Italy*, or *Hannibal* have tidings of his Arrival.

My Sword shall make your Way, there enter; so
 The *Alps* (too open to the wastful Fo)
 Shut with your Swords, at length. Unless we quite
 Destroy this Army, by a sudden Flight,
 That Thunder-bolt of *Carthage* (*Hannibal*)
 Will soon be here. Then who is He of all
 The Gods, that Us from *Sygyian* Shades can free?
 Then he resumes his Cask, and instantly
 His Sword confirms his Words, and ('s Age from fight
 Again conceal'd) He enters first the Fight.
 Him through the thickest Bodies of the Field,
 Breaking through closest Ranks: who, furious, kill'd
 As many, as he Shafts discharg'd; with Dread
 The *Maces*, and fierce *Autolians* fled:
 With Bands of *Rhodanus*, their Hair unhorn.
 'Mong the Prophetick Sands of *Hammon* born,
 Secure of Fate, there *Nabis* fiercely fought,
 And mighty Trophies (as if then he thought
 The Gods protect'd him) to fix at Home,
 Had vainly promis'd. From the *Tyrian* Loom,
 Flaming with *Garamantick* Gems a Vest
 He wears (so shine the Stars in Heav'n) his Crest
 With Gems, with radiant Gold his Shield enchaet;
 On's horned Cask the hanging Fillets cast
 A sacred Dread, and Honour of the Gods:
 A Bowe, and Quiver, which with Shafts he loads
 In *Cerasts* steep'd, hang at his Back; and, so
 With Poison Arm'd, to Battle doth he go
 Then leaning, backward, on his Horse (as he
 His Country's Custom us'd) upon his Knee
 Resting the Weight of his *Sarmatick* Spear,
 It, prone, upon his Foes he thrusts, and there
 With that vast weapon, through his Arms, and through
 His Body, wounded, in the *Consul's* view,

Sabellus

Sabellus, with loud Shouts, he bears along
 In Triumph, praising *Hammon* in his Song.
 But the old *Consul*, who so great a Pride,
 And Rage, in Barb'rous Breasts could not abide,
 A Weapon lanc'd, and both his Life, and Prey
 A Conqu'rou, from the Conqu'rou took away.
 Hearing the Cries of his sad Fall, amain
 The *Libyan* Prince came on, and from the Plain
 As *Arabus* was then about to take
 His Spoils, made Stiff with Gold, and Gems, at's Back
 A Weapon aim'd, and through the Chine him strook,
 Just as, in both his Hands, in Haste he took
 His Prize, and left his trembling Body bare.
 He fell, and all the Sacred Garments, there,
 And golden Threads restor'd (unhappy) to
 The Dead, and dy'd upon his spoiled Fo.

But *Cantus*, Owner of much *Libyan* Sand,
 Where their Unconquer'd Name unto the Land
 The fam'd ⁽ⁿ⁾ *Phileni* gave, Wealthy in Sheep,
 Kill'd *Rutulus*, where lofty Folds did keep
 A thousand bleating Lambs, spending his Days
 In easy Care. Sometimes the Sun's hot Rays,
 He from his Flocks would break, in some cool Flood:
 Sometimes retiring to a shady Wood,
 Shining, as white as Snow, their Fleeces shear'd.
 Or when, at Night, they Home again repair'd
 From Pasture, was much pleas'd to see the Lambs,
 Within the Flood, distinguishing their Dams.
 Deceiv'd He fell, through his bra's Target strook,
 And griev'd too late, that he his Folds forlook.
 At this the *Romanes* forward press'd, and came
 More Furious on. Like Torrents, Storm, or Flame
 Of Thunder: swift as Waves from *Boreas* fly,
 Or hollow Clouds run on, when to the Sky

Eurus

(n) The *Cyrenensis*, and *Carthaginians* contended for Bounds between their two Cities, separated by a vast Sandy Plain. After many sharp Conflicts it was agreed, that, on a certain Day, two from each City should set out at a certain hour, and where they met, that Place should be their Bounds. The *Phileni* were two *Carthaginian* Brothers, who got much Ground by their Speed, of the *Cyrenensis*; who, cavilling, that they came out before their time, it was at length agreed; that, if the *Phileni* would be content to be buried alive, where they met, that Place should be their Bounds. To which they consented, and to their Memory, besides other Honours at Home, the *Carthaginians* built *Altars* on the Place.

Eurus throws up the *Ocean's* briny Flood.
 Tall Cohorts, with their *Celtick* Ensigns, stood
 Ith' Van; which, with their wedg-like Files, their fierce
 Impulse, and sudden Force they soon disperse:
 And tyr'd with Wandring, and the scorching Sun,
 And tedious Labours they had undergon,
 A native Terror makes them all to fly.
 The *Romanes*, at their Backs, their Weapons ply,
 And with their following Shafts so instant are,
 That they no Flight allow. Strait, *Tyrus* there
 Fell with one Wound. By more fell *Rhodanus*,
 With Arrows pierc'd. A Lance thrust *Morius*
 Down to the Earth. Whom *Livy*, that full speed
 Came on, as he was falling, strook, and 's Steed
 Into the Troops, as they were flying, spur'd.
 There *Moja's* swelling Neck he with his Sword
 Cut off: his Head, within his Helmet bound,
 Falling so high, shook with its Weight the Ground;
 While the yet-setting Trunk his Steed convey'd,
 Frighted, into the Fight. Here *Cato* said
 (For he among the thickest fought) If He
 Had first the *Tyrian* Youth oppos'd, when We
 In Battel lost the *Alps*, alas! how great
 An Hand from *Italy* had found Retreat:
 How many Funerals to *Libyans*, slain,
 Might the sad Suffrage of that Fatal Plain
 Have giv'n? But, now, the Armies 'gan to yield.
 An universal Terror, through the Field,
 The *Celts's* Fear had spread. The *Tyrian* Side
 Declines, and Victory her selfe apply'd
 To the *Rutulian* Arms. The *Consul* high
 As in his prime of Years, Triumphantly
 Went on, and still more great appear'd to all.
 But now, behold, the *Libyan* General

Comes

Comes on, and with him brings a Troop, all White
 With Dust: and, lancing Darts, exclaims; Your Flight
 Forbear; who is this Fo, from whom you fly?
 Do you not blush? Our Troops are routed by
 An old Man's Feeble Arms. Am I (I pray)
 Now grown Degenerate in War? or say
 Are Ye grown Weary of Me? Me: who am
 Of *Belus* Race, ally'd to *Dido's* Name.
Amilcar was my Sire, in War to all
 To be preferr'd; my Brother *Hannibal*,
 To whom the Hills, Lakes, Plains, and Rivers yield.
 I am the next to Him, at *Carthage*, held.
 Me *Betis* in her Coasts, and Nations, where
 My Arms have been, do, ev'n with Him, compare.
 As this he spake, He rush'd into the Fight,
 And soon, as with his shining Arms in Sight
 The *Consul* came, too hastily, at Him
 A Jav'lin threw; which, passing through the Brim
 Of's brazen Shield, and, at the Top of all
 His Breast-plate entring, lightly, in its Fall,
 His Shoulder wounded, drawing little Blood;
 Although the *Libyan* thought, it would make good
 His vain Conceits. The *Romans* were dismay'd
 At this. When thus the *Consul*, to upbraid
 His weak Attempt (You might believe that in
 Some Womens Broils, or Boys, he scratch'd had been)
 Cries; Go, my Lads, and let them understand,
 How great the Wounds are, that a *Romane* Hand
 Inflicts. Then suddenly a mighty Show'r
 Of Darts, whose Shadow hides the Sun, they pour
 Upon the Fo, and all the spacious Plain
 Alternate Slaughter strews with Bodies slain:
 Whose Heaps encroaching, in the River, joynd
 The Banks. So, when *Diana* hath a Minde

To

To hunt in shady Groves, and Sport to shew
 To her pleas'd Mother, and the Woody Brow
 Of lofty *Pindus* shakes, or takes a View
 Of *Manalus*, with Arrows charg'd, a Crew
 Of *Nymphs* about her flock, and strait surround
 The Pathless Cop'ces. There the Quivers found,
 And loosely hanging, all the Shafts drawn out,
 Leap at their Backs; while still they beat about
 The Fields. Then on the Rocks, in Coverts, in
 The Vallies, Rivers, and the Dens, (still Green
 With Moss) the Slaughter'd Beasts in Plenty ly.
 Then on some Mountain, with a joyful Eye,
 The Prey collected, pleas'd, *Latona* views.
 But furious *Nero*, when he heard the News
 Of *Livy's* Wound, breaks through the thickest, and
 Perceiving, that the Fight did Equal stand.
 What now unto the Fates of *Italy*
 Is left? (said He) If you this Enemy
 Do not overcome; how will you *Hannibal*
 Subdue? With that, as Mad, amidst them all
 He rush'd: and, when he *Hafdrubal* beheld
 Among the foremost Troops, with Fury swell'd.
 Like a Sea-Monster, that hath long been tost
 In the vast Deep, quite void of all repast,
 When 'mong the Waves a Fish, far off, She spies;
 She boils within, and then, with eager Eys,
 Pursuing in the Flood her swimming Prey,
 Swallows, with Fishes mix'd, the Briny Sea.
 Now no delay of Darts, or Words. Thou Me
 No more shalt 'scape; *Pyrene's* Woods (said He)
 Shall not deceive Me here; nor yet, with vain,
 And faithless Promises, shalt thou again
 Delude; as, captiv'd in th' *Iberian* Land,
 With a false League, thou once didst fly my Hand.

O o o

Thus

(*) *Hafdrubal*, was formerly so shut up in his Camp by *Nero* (between *Ilurgis*, and *Montissa*, in *Spain*) that he could no way be relieved; and therefore Treated with him for many Days, on Condition to draw all the *Carthaginians* out of *Spain*, and protracted that Treaty, till he had, by Degrees, in the Night, given his whole Army means to escape over the Hills, into places of Security. See *Livy*, lib. 16.

Thus *Nero* : and withall he threw a Dart,
 And not in Vain. For in the lower Part
 Of's Side it stuck. With that, on him he leaps
 With's Sword: and, as with's Target-Point he keeps
 His trembling Body down, If now (said He)
 At the last Gasp, Thou dost desire it, We
 Unto thy Brother thy Commands will bear.
 To whom the *Libyan* replies; I fear
 Not Death : make use of this thy Victory;
 Till to my Shade a swift Revenger He
 Arrive. But, if unto my Brother Thou
 Wilt bear my last Desires, then say; that now
 I bid him burn the *Capitol*, and there
 Mix, with the Ashes of the Thunderer,
 My Bones, and Dust. As more he did desire
 To add, his Heart still boiling-up with Ire,
 The Conqu'rour pierc'd him with his Sword, and then
 Cut off his Faithless Head. With that, his Men
 (Their *Generals* slain) are routed, and the Fight
 No more pursue : and now, at length, the Night
 The Sun, and Day obscures : when they repair (bare
 With moderate Food, and Sleep, their Strength, and
 (The Way they came) their Conqu'ring Ensigns, ere
 The Day return'd back to the Camp, for Fear
 Shut up. Then *Nero* (as He did advance
 The *Libyan's* Head, aloft, upon his Lance)
 Said, *Canne, Trebia, Thrasimenus* We
 With this thy Brother's Head have now to Thee
 Repay'd (O *Hannibal*.) Thy Treach'rous War
 Ingeminate, and hither call from far
 Thy doubled Troops. Such their Reward shall be,
 Who (the *Alps* cross'd) desire to joyn with Thee
 But *Hannibal*, who did his Tears suppress,
 By Constant bearing, made his Sorrows less:

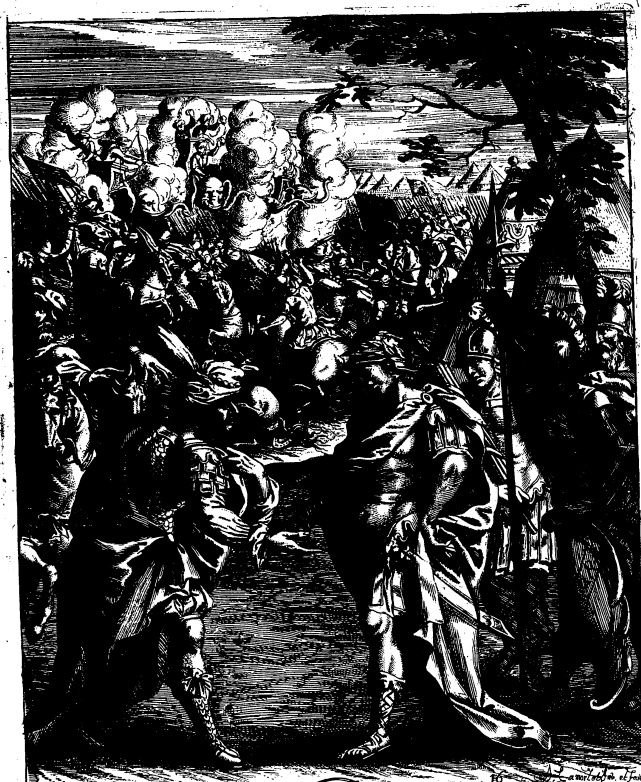
And

And vows, in time, fit Sacrifice to pay
 Unto his Brother's Shade. Then, far away,
 His Camp removes : and so, dissembling right,
 His Griefs by Quiet, thuns a Dubious Fight.

The End of the Fifteenth Book.

O o o 2

SILIUS



Si tibi non regnes contra tua fulmina saepe
 Dux rare signus; dymare (Hae Tenaxia)
 Affertur dextram tuam dextra Scipio dextram
 Haurat sine 210. E. dardo Stanley Amigero
 Derbit qui Sub Rebellibus, Martirium passus
 Tabula Observantissime



Amplexus facit, magna luctu praemia, clare
 Virtutis, Masanissa manent: alius, vel armis
 Quam Arate Audio vincetur Scipio Mentis
 Illustrissimo Domini Dñi Jacobi Comitibus
 A. D. D. Secundo.



SILIUS ITALICUS

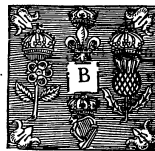
OF

The Second Punick VVar.

The Sixteenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Libyan Army to the Brutian Land
 Retires. What full Obedience the Command
 Of Hannibal obtain'd. Two Generals
 In Spain or etbrown: a Third, a Captive falls
 Into brave Scipio's Hands. Predigious Flames
 Crown Masanissa's Head; who strait disclaims
 The Libyan Side, and with the Romane joyns.
 Buth Haidrubal, and Scipio their Designs,
 In Syphax Court, pursue. The League again
 Confirm'd with Syphax: Scipio goes for Spain:
 Where, all subdu'd, with great Solemnities
 His Father's, and his Uncle's Obsequies
 He celebrates. Contending for Command,
 Two Brothers give a Combat Hand to Hand,
 And both are slain. To Rome the Consul goes,
 Where his Designs old Fabius doth oppose.
 But, by the Senate his Desire approv'd,
 The War is, into Libya, remov'd.*



U T Hannibal, who for his
 Country grieves,
 And's own Mishaps, the ^(a) Bru-
 tian Land receives.

Where, he, entrench'd, the Time
 considers, when

The War, suspended, he might raise agen.

As

(a) The Brutians first revolted to
 Hannibal. See before in the eleventh
 Book, page 296.

As, when a Bull the Stalls forsakes, and quits
His Empire of the Heard, and Straying gets
Into some Wood endos'd; on wandring Fights
He ruminates, and, fiercely Bellowing, frights
The Groves: then or'e the lofty Rocks he goes;
Tears them up with his Horns, and Trees or'ethrows.
While Trembling Shepherds on high Hills, from far
Behold him thus preparing a new War.
But, now, that Vigour (which had quite destroy'd
Aufonia, had He other Helps employ'd)
Through a base Envy (lab'ring to retract
Their Mindes at *Carthage*) was constrain'd to Act
Without their Aid; and, through the length of Time,
In his Affairs to wax more Dull. Yet him
The Fear, and Terrour, by his valiant Hand,
And by so many former Slaughters, gain'd,
As an Inviolable, Sacred Head
In Battel, still preserv'd. So that, instead
Of all their Arms; their Aids of Camps, and all

(b) *Hannibal* had nothing now left him, but the Reputation of his former Deeds, to keep his Army together; which, though very much frain'd, and Hopeless of all Relief from *Carthage*, and all *Italy* (the *Bruttians* excepted) their Enemies, continued Faithful, through a Veneration of his Worth, and Valour, till he was recalled to relieve his Country.

(c) *Phœnix* was one of the four *Generals*, who, after *Hesdrabal* (the Brother of *Hannibal*) quitted *Spain*, maintained the War there: but was soon after forced to retire likewise into *Africa*.

(d) This *Mago* was Brother to *Hannibal*, who, as the former *General*, beaten out of *Spain*, retired to *Gades*, and thence went with some few Forces by Sea into *Italy*, to join with *Hannibal*.

(e) This *Hanno* (not that great Enemy to the *Bæstian* Family) after *Mago* left *Spain*, was sent thither by the *Carthaginians*; but, soon after, his Camp was invaded by *Syllanus*, one of *Scipio's* Lieutenant, his whole Army destroyed, and himself, taken Prisoner.

Their fresh Recruits, the (b) Name of *Hannibal*
Alone suffic'd. So many Troops, that there
Differ'd in Speech; So many Hearts, that were
Divided in their Barb'rous Customs; all
Stood firm, a Reverence of their *Generals*:
Kept their Mindes Faithful, when Affairs declin'd.
But the *Dardanian* Arms not onely find
Success in *Italy*, but (c) *Phœnix* yields
Iberia, beaten from those Golden Fields.
And (d) *Mago*, having lost his Camp, in haste,
Urg'd by his Fears, by Sea to *Libya* past.
But Fortune, not Content with what before
For *Scipio* She had done, reserv'd in Store,
Another Honour. (e) *Hanno* then amain
Advanc'd, and leading on a Barb'rous Train,

With

With rattling Shields, the Native *Spaniards* brought
Too late. Yet (had he not with *Scipio* fought)
Nor Valour, Art, nor Policy, in War
Was wanting in Him. But all Force so far,
With greater Weight, the *Romane General*
Depress'd, as *Phœbe's* Light surpasseth all
The lesser Stars; as *Sol* doth Her excell;
As *Atlas* other Hills; as *Nile* doth swell
'Bove other Rivers; or the *Ocean*
The *Narrow-Seas* exceeds. While he began
To encamp, as Evening with Un-equal Shades
Olympus veil'd, the *Romane* him invades;
And, in the sudden Tumult, ev'ry where
Th' imperfect Works are overthrown, and there
The weighty Turf, and Earth, oppressing thofe,
That fell, the Honour of a Grave bestows.

But with a Courage, that might worthy be
Of more then One, and which Posterity
Deserves to know, and to commend to Fame
Is worth our Pains, *Cantabrian Larus* came.
Who, for his Minde, and Bodie's Bulk, might be
A Terrour, though Unarm'd. Most fiercely He
(After his Country's Custom) his right-Hand,
Arm'd with an Ax, the Combat still maintain'd:
And (though the routed Bands about him, round,
And his one Country Troop destroy'd he found)
The Place of thofe were slain supply'd Alone;
And, if he fought at hand, would oft upon
The Forehead wound his Fo. And, when aside
They him assail'd, with oblique Blows employ'd
His Ax reflex'd; If he assaulted were
Behinde, a furious Conqu'rour, free from Fear,
His Fatal Weapon, he could Backward throw:
In ev'ry part o'th' Fight, a dreadful Fo.

At

At him with mighty Force (the Brother to
The *General*) his Lance Young *Scipio* threw;
Which, with his Cap of Fence, his flowing Hair
Cast down: For, driven strong, the Fatal Spear
Sunk deep, and far the lifted Ax was thrown.
At which the Youth, whose Anger now was grow'n
A mighty Weapon, leaping on him, gives
A Shout, and Home the Barb'rous Weapon drives.
The Armies trembled, while his batter'd Shield
Sounds, with that Warlike weight, through all the Field.
Nor was't in vain: For with his Sword, as from
His Stroak the *Spaniard* drew his Right-hand Home,
Cut off, and Dead, with its lov'd Weapon, down
It fell. Which Wall, when it was overthrown,
The Trembling Troops an Universal Flight
Scatters, through all the Plain. No shew of Fight;
But the sad Face of Punishment of those,
That fell, on ev'ry side, by Conqu'ring Foes.

But now, behold! the *Libyan* Prince, his Hands
Behinde him bound, through midst of all the Bands
Is dragg'd along, and begg'd (Oh flatt'ring Light
Of Heav'n!) that Captivate in Chains he might
Have longer Life. To whom the *Romane* thus.
See these are they, who once requir'd ore Us
So great a Pow'r; to whom thy Sacred Race
Must yield (*Quirinus*) and the Gown give Place!
But, to submit to Bondage if you are
So Easy, why did you begin the War?
As this he spake, an Horseman Tidings brought,
That *Hafdrubal*, not knowing they had fought,
Came on with Speed, to joyn his Arms, and Fate,
Scipio snatch'd up his ready Ensigns strait,
And when, or enjoy'd, he saw the Fight (so much
Desir'd) approach, and Troops to Death with such

(1) *Hafdrubal*, the Son of *Gisco*,
the last of the *Carthaginian* Generals in
Spain, and Father of *Sophoniska*. See
Livy.

A furious Speed advancing, to the Sky
Lifting his Eyes; No more (Ye, Gods!) do I
Of you this Day require, since now I see
This Fugitive is drawn to Fight (said He)
Our other Wishes by our Valour may
Be gain'd. Then haste (Companions go,) I pray,
Behold my Father here, my Uncle there
With Rage, upon you call. Oh you, that are
My Deities in War, our Leaders be.
I'll follow you: Asist! and you shall see
(If my prefiging Minde deceive me not)
A Slaughter worthy of your Name. For what
Shall else give Period to our Fighting here,
In the *Iberian* Land? When shall appear
That glorious Day, when at the fierce Alarms
Of the approaching War, and these mine Arms
I (*Carthage*) thee shall trembling see? This said
Hoarse Trumpets, with shrill Murmurs, strait invade
The Stars, with Eccho. With fierce Clamours then
They meet, with such a Violence, as when
Noctus, and *Boreas*, or fell *Auster* raves
By Sea, and drown whole Fleets in swelling Waves.
Or when his deadly Flames the Dog expires,
And burns the fainting World with wafting Fires.
Such Slaughters their fierce Fury by the Sword
Commits, the gaping Earth could not afford
A Space, the Ruins of the Fight to hide.
No Rage of Salvage Beasts had ere destroy'd
So many in their Fatal Dens. And, now,
With Blood the Fields, and Vallies overflow;
Their Weapons all are dull'd: The *Libyans* are
Cut off, and the *Iberi*, that in War
Delight. And yet, though shatter'd much, a Band
There was, that struggled still, and kept their Stand,
P p p Where

Where *Hafdrubal* did with his Spear contend.
 Nor had their constant Valour made an End
 That Day; but that an Arrow chanc'd to fall
 Upon his Breast-plate's top. The Wound, though small
 Perswaded him to fly. Then strait he quits
 The Fight, and on his nimble Courser gets
 To Shelter, and along the Shore, by Night,
 To the *Tartesiack* Ports directs his Flight.
 The next to him in Arms, and Valour, there,
 To th' Fight (He the *Massylian* Scepter bare,
 For's League, and Friendship to the *Romane* Name,
 Soon after famous) ^(c) *Masanissa* came.
 Upon his radiant Head, as, tyr'd with Flight,
 By Night he slept, a sudden, shining Light
 Appear'd to compals, with a gentle Flame,
 His curled Hair, and to diffuse the same
 Upon his rugged Brow. His Servants strait
 Run in, and haste the Fire (that did dilate
 It self about his Breast) with Water to
 Suppress. But his old Mother, who foreknew
 The Omens of the Gods, Your Wonders (cries)
 Thus, thus still hide, propitious Deities!
 Long may that Light abide upon his Head!
 Neither do Thou, my *Masanissa*! dread
 Those happy Wonders of the Gods: nor fear,
 When 'bout thy Temples Sacred Flames appear;
 This Fire a League with the *Dardanian* Race,
 And Empire, greater then thy Father's was,
 Doth promise, and, at length, shall give to Thee;
 And with the *Latine* Fates thy Name shall be
 Involv'd. Thus spake the Prophetess. The Minde
 O'th' Youth, to these clear Prodigies inclin'd,
 Ner'e thought on Honours from the *Libyan* Side,
 For his great Valour. And, besides the Pride,

Of

(c) *Masanissa*, after his defection to the *Romans*, maintained inviolable friendship with them, during his whole Life. See more in the *Continuation*, second Book.

Of *Hannibal* in Arms, now, less became,
 And, ev'ry Day, the War decreas'd in Fame.
 From the dark Heav'n's the Morn began to chace
 The Clouds, and scarce had Crimfon-dy'd the Face
 Of the *Atlantick* Sisters: when he goes
 To the *Ausonian* Camp (as yet his Foes.)
 Where when he enter'd, and kinde Entertain
 Receiv'd from *Scipio*; thus the King began.
 Th' advice of Heav'n, my Mother's Prophecies,
 And thy great Valour, to the Deities
 So dear, (Brave *Romane*) me have hither brought
 (Most willingly) from those, for whom I fought.
 If gainst thy Thunder I've appear'd to stand
 With Courage, here I offer Thee an Hand,
 Worthy thy Name, thou Son of *Jove*! nor Me
 Do wav'ring Thoughts, or vain Inconstancy
 Of Minde, to this invite. I Treachery,
 And, perjur'd from their Birth, a People fly.
 And, when Thou at *Aleides* Bars hast made
 An End, the Mother of the War invade
 With Me. For Him, who *Italy* ten Years
 Hath now possess'd, and Scaling-Ladders bears
 Against the Walls of *Rome*, You back must bring
 With Fire, and Sword, to *Libya*. Thus the King.
 To whom (their Right-Hands joyn'd) If glorious
 (The *General* replies) in Arms to Thee (We
 Appear; more glorious much We *Romans* are
 For keeping Faith. Then *Masanissa* far
 Thy double-Tongu'd Associates from thy Minde
 Remove. Thy famous Valour, hence, shall finde
 A great Reward: and sooner Me subdu'd
 By Arms, then overcome in Gratitude,
 Thou shalt confels. But that, which you perswade,
 That We should *Libya* with Fire invade,

P p 2

Time

Time shall effect. My Thoughts are oft inclin'd
To that, and *Carthage* fatigates my Minde.
Then to the Youth a rich embroider'd Cloak,
And Horse, which he from conquer'd *Mago* took,
And had himself his Mettle try'd, withall
A Cask, and Golden Cup, which *Hafdrubal*
Us'd to the Altars of the Gods to bring
With Sacrifice, He gives. Then, with the King
A Social League confirm'd, He strait employ'd
His Thoughts, that *Byrsa's* Tow'rs might be destroy'd.

(b) Of *Syphax*, see the Continuation, next Book.

The richest King in the *Maffyan* Land,
And Valiant held, was ^(b) *Syphax*: whose command
Un-number'd Nations, and the farthest Seas,
Obey'd. His Territories vast; in these
He Store of Horse, and Monstrous Beasts, that are
In Fight a Terrour, and choice Youth for War,
Possess'd. None Him surpass'd in Ivory,
Or Gold, or Garments of *Getulian* Dy.
Desirous, therefore, to his Side to bring (King
This Strength (the Danger weighing, should that
To *Carthage* turn) He puts to Sea, and in
His Thoughts, already, doth that War begin.
But when, at length, his Ship arriv'd before
The Port; fled thither, by the nearest Shore,
In a weak Bark, was *Hafdrubal*, who sought
New Leagues, for his distress'd Affairs, and brought
Maffyan Ensigns to the *Tyrian* Side.
But, when to *Syphax* it was signifi'd,
That the two *Generals* of two Nations (who
With all their Might contended to subdue,
Each, to their Laws, the World) into his Land
Were come: big in his Thoughts, he gives Command,
They should be strait conducted to his Court;
Proud, that his Throne was Honour'd with Resort

So

So great. Then, as, with joyful Eys, he ran
Or'e *Scipio's* Face, to him he first began.
Brave *Dardan*, fam'd for thy clear Soul! how Thee
I, willingly, Embrace! how gladly see!
How much I'm pleas'd old *Scipio's* Face to Minde
To call! thy Father in thy Looks I finde.
I speak of the *Herculean Gades* now;
When, Curious to observe the *Ocean's* flow,
And Ebb, to th' *Erythrean* Coast I came.
With Kindness strange, at *Betis* neighb'ring Stream,
Those two great Captains came to see Me; where
They Presents of their Spoils (the Best that were)
On Me bestow'd: as Arms, and (which within
My Kingdom, untill then, unknown had been)
Bridles for Horse, and Bows, with which we may
Our Country's Darts compare. Besides these, they
Masters of antient Discipline, that might
In Order form our scatter'd Bands, in Fight,
(⁽ⁱ⁾ After your Country's Manner) to me gave.
I Gold, and Ivory (of which We have
Great Plenty in our Land) on them again
Would have bestow'd. But all my Pray'rs were Vain:
Onely two Swords, which carved Ivory
Ensheath'd, they took. Now therefore chearfully
My Palace enter; and since, hither now
The *Libyan General* my Fortune, through
The Seas, hath brought, consider what I say
With Candid Thoughts: and Thou (whom all obey
At *Carthage*) *Hafdrubal* thine Ears to me,
And Senfes turn. What Storms, through *Italy*,
Of Arms, like Torrents, run, and spread the Fears
Of Ruin through the Land? And how ten years,
Sometimes *Sicanian* Earth, sometimes thy Shore
(*Iberus*) hath been drunk with *Tyrian* Gore;

To

(i) For *Inferity*: of which the *Maffyan* knew nothing.

To all is known: Now, therefore, let the War
 Be lay'd aside, and jointly Arms forbare;
 Be Thou content with *Italy*, and Thou
 In *Libya* to contain thy Self. And now,
 If to a League of Amity you please
 To turn, no mean Procurer of your Peace
 Will *Syphax* be. As more he would have said,
Scipio, not suffering Him, before him lay'd
 The Customs of his Country, and the Will
 O'th' *Senate*: shew'd him, that the Fathers still
 Determin'd such Affairs: with'd him to lay
 All Hopes of that Design aside. Thus they,
 In arguing, the Day remaining spent,
 And then unto their Cups, and Viands, went.
 The Banquet ended, ev'ry Man repairs
 To Rest, and the hard Fetters of his Cares
 Throws off to Night. But, when the Morn gave Birth
 To a new-Day, by her first Beams on Earth,
 And *Sol* His Horses from their Stable drew
 Unto their Yoak; Himself, not mounted to
 His Seat, but onely, with his early Rays,
 Then breaking forth, enchain'd th' *Edon* Seas:
Scipio leaps from his Bed, and, with a fair
 Aspect, to *Syphax* Lodgings doth repair.
 He (as the Custom of his Country) bred
 Young Lions up, which lost, so Tamely fed,
 Their Native Rage, and, at that very Time
 Their Yellow-Necks, and Mains, while they with Him
 Were Wanton, strok'd, and handled, without Fear,
 Their dreadful Jaws. But, when he came to hear,
 That *Scipio* was at Hand, he strait puts on
 His Robe: and Royal Ensigns of his Throne,
 In his Left Hand, assumes. White Fillets ty'd
 About his Temples, and to his left Side

A

A Sword (as was their Custom) girt: He strait
 Invites him in; where privately they fate,
 The Scepter'd King, and the *Ausonian* Guest,
 In equal State. when *Scipio* thus exprest
 His Minde. It was my First, and Chiefest Care,
 So soon as the *Pyrenean* Nations were
 Subdu'd by Me, into thy Land to haste
 (Most mighty *Syphax*) nor (which I have past)
 Could me the cruel Seas, between, retard.
 Now, what I shall demand is neither Hard,
 Nor yet Dishonourable to thy Throne:
 With the *Ausonians* let thy Heart be one;
 A firm Ally to their Successes be:
 Not the *Maffilian* Nations can Thee,
 Nor Territories stretch'd to Dang'rous Sands,
 Nor Pow'r of thy great Ancestours in Lands
 Of vast Extent, more Glory yield, then will
 The *Romane* Valour, still Invincible
 In Faith, and Honour of the *Latine* Name.
 For (not to mention more) none, that can claim
 Equality with the Immortal Gods,
 Over the *Dardan* Arms can compass Odds.

The King this hearing, with a chearful Face,
 Seems to assent, and, with a strict Embrace,
 Let Us confirm this happy Omen (cries)
 And our joint Vows propitious Deities
 Assist! Both Horned, and *Tarpeian Jove*,
 Let us invoke. With that, they forward move
 To Sacred Altars, built of Turfs of Grass,
 Where ready for the Ax the Victim was.
 When suddenly the Bull the Altar flies,
 Leaps from the broken Cords, and with loud Cries
 Fills the whole Temple, and, his dismal Note
 Ingeminating (from his bellowing Throat)

Through

Through all the trembling Palace Terror spreads.
Then strait the Fillet, that adorn'd the Heads
Of his great Ancestours, without the Touch
Of any, falls from the King's Temples. Such
Sad Signs by Heav'n of his declining State
Were giv'n, and heavy Omens of his Fate.

This done: returning to the Port again,
Scipio, with prosperous Gales, arrives in *Spain*.
The greedy Nations met. *Pyrene* sent
Her sev'ral People: all in Complement
Salute, and call him King, which the Supreme
Honour of Virtue was, in their Esteem.
But with a milde Aspect their Offers were
By Him rejected, and He did declare
His Country's Customs, and (which well-became
A Noble *Romane*) that the very Name
Of Kings was Odious at *Rome*. Again
Turn'd to that onely Care, that did remain
(No Enemy now left) the *Latine* Bands,
With those, which *Betis*, and which *Tagus* Sands
Enrich, he convokes, and to them thus,
Midst the Assemblies, speaks. Since Heav'n hath Us
So blest'd, that, from the farthest Part of all
The World thrown out, the *Libyan* should fall;
Or in these Plains; or, from th' *Hesperian* Lands
Exil'd, should fly to see his Native Sands.
I now the Fun'rals of my Friends desire
To celebrate, and Peace, which they require,
To dearest Shades to give. Consent (I pray)
With Me in this, and list to what I say.
When the seventh Sun again the Skies shall gild,
Whoer'e in Arms, or in the Sword is skill'd;
Or can with Art the Chariot drive; or by
Swiftness of Foot hopes Conquest; or lets fly

Darts

Darts, that impell the Windes: let such appear,
And for the Crown contend with Honour here.
I Rewards worthy, of the choice of all
The *Tyrian* Spoils, will give. No Person shall
Depart without Reward. Thus with Desires
Of Gifts, and Praises, he the Vulgar fires.
And now the Day arriv'd, when all the Plain
With the vast Concourse sounds, and with a Train
Well order'd, the pretended Obsequies
Scipio, with Tears Obortive in his Eyes,
Leads on. All Soldiers of the *Latine* Name,
And all th' *Iberian*, with their Off'rings came,
And threw them on the flaming Pyles: while He
Goblets of Sacred Milk, and Bowls, that be
With blushing *Bacchus* fill'd, devoutly pours,
And strews the Altars or'e with flagrant Flow'rs.
Then the excited Shades he invokes
With Tears, their Praises sings, and venerates
Their glorious Acts. This done: from thence he goes
Into the *Cirque*, where first he doth propose
The rapid Race of Steeds, and doth Commence
The Sport. The wav'ring People in the Sense,
And Rage of Fav'ring Sides (the Bars not yet
Thrown open) Fluctuate to and fro, and fret,
Like mur'm'ring Seas, and still their Eyes confine
To observe the Horses stand. Soon as the Sign
Was giv'n, the Bars rebound, and to the Skies
(Scarce the first Hoof appearing) Clamours rise,
With dreadful Noise: while prone, and eager all
As those that run, they to the Chariots bawl,
And Steeds. The *Cirque* with their Contention shakes,
And Heat in some, from others Courage takes.
Exhorting they drive on, and, clam'ring loud,
Their Horses guide, and then a Yellow Cloud

Q q q

Mounts

Mounts, from the sandy Tract, into the Air,
 Obscuring, with its Darknes, ev'ry where
 The Horses Way, and Drivers Pains. Here one
 Rails at his Head-strong Steed: and this upon
 The Master. Some the Country's Favour; some
 The antient Stable's Name, from whence they come,
 Inflames; and some with Hopes tormented are
 Of the Young Steeds, that Harnes newly bear.
 Some with old Age are pleas'd, and praise the Steed,
 Known for long Years. Starting, with rapid Speed,
Callæick Lampon, through the Air, before
 The rest, flies out, and runs, insulting or'e, (Shout,
 Much Ground, and leaves the Windes behinde. They
 And with Applause grow hot; nor seem to doubt,
 That, with the Start, h'ad gain'd the better part
 Of his Desires. But such, as in the Art,
 And Knowledge of the Race more Skillful were,
 Against their Clamour, at the first, declare,
 And at great Distance blam'd, with vain Complaint,
 His ill-spent Pains, which made his Horses faint.
 Oh! whither, rashly, *Gyrnus* (for 'twas He
 That drove the Chariot) whither dost thou flee?
 Forbear the Whip, take up the Reins, alas!
 His Ears are Deaf, and He doth forward pass,
 Still of his Steeds secure; nor thinks upon
 The space of Ground, that yet remain'd to run.
 At Distance from the foremost, but the space
 Of's Chariot length, the next *Panchates* was.
Aslurian born; his Sire's White Ensign bright
 Upon his Forehead shin'd, his Feet all White
 Alike, his Mettle very great, not Tall
 His Members, and his Bodie's Grace but small:
 But then He Wings assum'd, and, with Disdain
 Of Reins, runs on, with Fury, through the Plain.

You'd

You'd think his Limbs grew Greater, he more High.
 His *Spanish* Guide shin'd in *Gnyphian* Dye.

The third, that equal with *Pelorus* run
 Afront, was *Caucasus*; most fierce, and One,
 That scorn'd on's flatter'd Neck the Hand's applause:
 But, foaming, lov'd to champ with Bloody Jaws
 Upon the Bit. But, easier to obey
 The Reins, *Pelorus* never from the Way
 The running Chariot, deviating, drew,
 And in the Tract went on directly to
 The Mark. His Crest was deep, and, to and fro,
 Upon his Neck an Ample Main did flow.
 No Sire he had: Him *Harpe*, when anew
 In the *Vettonian* Meades the *Zephyrs* blew,
 Brought forth. This Chariot gallant *Durius* in
 The Race urg'd on. On *Atlas*, who had been
 His Master long, did *Caucasus* rely.
 Him thither then *Ætolian Tyde* (by
Tydides built) had sent, and thought indeed,
 That his Descent was from that *Trojan* Breed
 Of Steeds, which from ^(k) *Aeneas* *Diomed*
 Near *Simois* took, and home with Conquest led.
 Now, as almost amidst the Race they drive,
 In Space enlarg'd, *Panchates*, fierce, doth strive
 To'rtake the foremost Horses, and to tend
 Yet higher, and behinde seems to ascend
 The Chariot, that before him went; while He,
 Striking on the *Callæick* Axle-tree,
 Shakes it with his Forefeet. But, though the last,
 Old *Atlas*, tow'rd's the Goal, as nimbly pass,
 As *Durius*. You might think they Peaceful were;
 So equally their Fronts, and Reins they bear:
 But, when th' *Iberian*, who then next him went,
 Perceiv'd, that the *Callæick's* Strength was spent,

Q q q 2

Nor

(k) In this the Poet discovers the
 Care of the *Antients* in preserving
 a Race of good Horses, such as were
 those so celebrated of old, taken by
Diomed from *Aeneas*, at the Siege of
Troy. After which, *Diomed* raising fe-
 veral Colours and building several Ci-
 ties, was not only renowned with po-
 tterity, but in some Places adored, and
 among the *Fræncians* had a White
 Horse sacrificed to him. See *Strabo*,
Geogr. Book the fifth.

Nor, as before, the headlong Chariot leap'd,
 But with continual Violence, and Whip'd,
 The smoaking Steeds went on. As, from high Hills,
 A sudden Storm the lower Vallies fills,
 Stretch'd to his Horses Necks, and hanging or'e
 Their Heads, *Panchates*, that he should no more
 Delay, but bear his Reins with good Success,
 H' excites, and, lashing on, doth this express.
 While thou contend'st, shall an *Asurian* gain
 The Prize? Stir up; fly nimbly through the Plain.
 For *Lampon*, who, as wing'd, but lately went,
 In's panting Breast declines: his Breath is spent;
 Nor, gaping, hath enough to bear him to
 The Mark. Thus having said, the Horse anew
 Himself collects, as if he newly then
 Had started from the Barriers, and began
 The Race, and *Cyrnus* striving, as he pals'd;
 To cross, or equal him, behinde him cast.
 Heav'n, and the *Cirque*, with the Spectatours Cries,
 Murmurs, while through the Air *Panchates* flies,
 And raising his Triumphant Neck more strong,
 And High, his Fellows (foremost) draws along.
Atlas, and *Durius*, in the Rear, their Arts
 In Wheeling try. This to the Left converts
 His Reins, the other to the Right doth bend,
 And strives to pass: and both, in vain, contend
 Each other to deceive; till, on his Strength
 Of Youth relying, *Durius* turn'd, at length,
 His Reins, and headlong drives his Chariot on,
 Cross *Atlas* Axle-tree; which overthrown,
 He, weak with Age, complaining justly, cries;
 Whither dost go? or what mad Way is this
 Of running Races? both my Steeds, and Me
 To kill thou dost Endeavour. Thus while he

Exclaims

Exclaims, the Ax-tree broke, upon his Face
 He falls, and's Steeds, now drawing sev'ral Ways,
 Run headlong through the Champagne (Sad to see!)
 While, in the open Plain, with Victory,
 The Reins unto his Friends *Pelorus* heaves,
 And shakes; and 'midst the Sand, behinde him, leaves
Atlas, endeavouring there to rise. Nor far
 Had he to equal *Cyrnus* weary Carr.
 Past whom (learning too late to guide his Steeds,
 And marching slow) with nimble Wheels he speeds.
 His Friends with Shouts, and Cries, his Chariot make
 To go more Swift. And now upon the Back,
 And Shoulders o'th' *Iberian* Charioter
 His mouth the Horse had lay'd; who, full of Fear,
 By the strong Vapour of his Breath, and Foam,
 Soon feels his Back oppress'd, and Warm become:
 While *Durius* ply'd the Race, and lash'd amain
 His Horses on, nor seems to strive in vain,
 On the Right-hand, to reach the Steeds before,
 And equall'd them; and, then transported more
 With so great Hopes, cries out. *Pelorus* now,
 That *Zephyrus* was thy Sire, 'tis time to show:
 And let them learn, that can the Pedegree
 Of Steeds, by Name, derive, how much in Thee
 A Breed Divine excels. A Conqu'rou, Thou
 Shalt Altars raise, and Off'rings shalt bestow
 Upon thy Sire. And if, as this he said,
 Through joyful Fear he had not been betray'd,
 By his too great Success, and letting fall
 His Whip, perhaps to *Zephyrus* he all
 His Vows had pay'd, and Altars rais'd. But then,
 As if he had gain'd the Crown, and it agen
 Had tumbled from his Head, Unfortunate,
 His Anger turning on himself, He strait

Acrofs

Aerofs his Breaft his golden Garment rends,
 And dire Complaints, moft fadly weeping, fends
 Up to the very Stars. And now no more
 (His Lashing ceas'd) the Chariot, as before,
 Obey'd his Hand: but on the Horfes Backs,
 Infted o'th' Whip, the Reins he, vainly, fhakes.
 While, now fecure of Praise, *Panchates* came
 Up to the Goal, and the firft Prize did claim.
 The Winde with his large Main, which Nature lay'd
 Over his Neck, and Shoulders, gently play'd:
 While, fnatching up his fubtile Limbs, about
 He prau'd, and triumph'd with a mighty Shout.
 An Ax, in folid Silver carv'd, to all,
 Alike, was giv'n. The reft the *General*,
 Diftinguifhing with fev'ral Honours, gave.
 The Firft a nimble Courfer did receive,
 Which the *Maffilian* King a Prefent made,
 Of high Esteem. The next in Merit had
 Two Golden Cups, o'th' *Tyrian* Spoils (which there
 In Plenty lay) and, rough with Yellow-Hair,
 A Lion's Skin, and (with like Dread exprest)
 A *Tyrian* Helmet, with an horrid Crest.
 The Third in Honour, in Reward the laft,
 Was *Atlas*; who, though from the Chariot caft,
 (Pitying the fad Misfortune of his Fall,
 And his Decrepit Age) the *General*
 Prefented, and, in's Prime of Age, a Slave,
 And Bonnet, of his Country's Fashion, gave.
 This done, the *General* the Race proclaims
 A Foot, and Hearts with Prizes fix'd inflames.
 To th' firft a Cask, which, late, upon the Head
 Of *Hafdrubal*, did *Pannick* Terror spread
 Through all th' *Iberian* Bands. To him whole Speed,
 Next Merited, a Sword there was Dece'd,

Which

Which from *Hyemfal* Ilain his Father took.
 And to the Third, a Bull. The reft forfook
 The *Cirque*: each Man well-pleas'd, and Proud, that they
 Two Darts of Native Metal bore away.
 Then *Hefperor*, and *Tarteffor*, Lovely Boys,
 At once appear with the propitious Voice
 Of all the *Cirque*. Of *Tyrian* Blood, they came
 From *Gader*. Next (to whom the River's Name
 By *Corduba* ⁽¹⁾ was giv'n, when yet a Child)
 In that great Conteft, *Beticus* was fill'd
 With joyfull Hopes. And then, with Yellow-Hair,
 (But with a Skin, whose Whitenefs might compare
 With Snow) did *Eurythus* with Clamours fill
 The Lifts. He, bred upon her lofty Hill,
 Was thither fent by *Setabis*, and there,
 With trembling Piety, his Parents were.
 Then *Lamus*, and then *Sicoris* (thy Brood,
 Warlike *Ilerda*) and that drinks the Flood,
 Which, under *Lethe*'s Name, with Silence laves
 The hollow Banks with its forgetful Waves,
Theron appears. And, when they all upon
 Their Feet flood ready, and with Bodies prone,
 And panting Hearts, with Heat of Praise elate,
 Receiv'd the Signal by the Trumpet: ftrait,
 Starting through Air, as fswift as Arrows, by
 Extended Nerves enforc'd, away they fly.
 And now the Shouts, and Parties divers are:
 The Fav'ours by their Fingers hang, and, where
 Each Man affects, by Name their Friends excite;
 While the fair Troop fpeeds through the Plain, fo light,
 Their Feet leave no Imprefion on the Sand.
 All in their Prime; in Face all Comely; and
 All fswift of Foot; all Worthy to Or'come.
 Now eager *Eurythus* the foremoft, from

The

(1) *Corduba*, Situate on the River *Betis*.

The middle Tract, advanc'd; yet foremost pass
 But a short Space: when *Heperos* as fast
 Came up, and press'd upon his Heels, while he
 Conceiv'd it was enough for him to be
 The Foremost. To other it suffic'd he might
 Yet hope to get before. With that, more light
 Their Steps they gather, and with vigorous Mindes
 Drive on their Bodies. While their Beauty findes
 Encrease from Labour. When with easy Pace
Theron, who ran the last of all the Race,
 Finding his Strength sufficient for the Course,
 His Unspent Vigour with a sudden Force
 Employs, and breaks into the Air, so fleet,
 You'd think that *Mercury* with winged Feet
 Went his Ethereal Course. Now these, then those,
 (The People all admiring) He out-goes;
 And lately last, now the Third Victour, press'd
 By his swift Steps, dost *Heperos* infect.
 Nor whom he follows onely: but the Rings
 Prime Hope, (advancing with such active Wings)
Amazeth Eurythus; when, Fourth in place,
Tarteflor, vainly toiling (if the Race
 The other three pursu'd, as they began)
 With fiery *Theron*, that betwixt them ran
 His Brother press'd. Which *Theron* now no more
 Enduring rais'd Himself, and got before
 Enrag'd *Heperos*. Then onely One
 Before him went. And now the Goal begun
 With nearer Incitations to enflame
 The vex'd behinde. When up they furious came,
 And all the Force, that either Toil, or Fear,
 Piercing into their Hearts, had left (while there
 Could any thing be hop'd for, in a Space
 So short) collect. The foremost Two the Race,
 With

With equal Speed pursue, and happily,
 The Prizes of a double Victory
 (Coming together to the Mark) had won
 With Merit, had not *Heperos* (who ran
 Close behinde *Theron*, and through Anger made
 Most Cruel) seiz'd upon his Hair (display'd
 On's Milky Neck) and drawn him Back. While thus
 The Youth detain'd, Triumphant *Eurythus*,
 A joyful *Victour*, for the Prize appears,
 And the fair Present of an Helmet bears
 Away. Their fix'd Rewards the other found,
 And with green Wreaths their un-cut Tresses bound.
 Each had two Shafts with Native Metal steel'd.
 This done; more cruel Conflicts stain the Field.
 The Sword's drawn Hand to Hand, and a fair War
 They represent. Not such, as Guilty are,
 Nor vitious Men are to the Sword design'd:
 But such, whom Valour equall'd, and a Minde
 Inflam'd with Love of Praise. A perfect Face
 Of their past Labours, and of *Mars* his Race
 A worthy^(m) Spectacle. Among these were
 Two Brothers, who (what will not Princes dare
 To act: what Crimes do Scepters want?) engage
 In a full *Cirque* (while the whole Pit their Rage
 Condemns) in single Combat for a Throne.
 'Twas a dire Custom in their Country, known
 Where Orphan Sons their Father's Royal Seat,
 With Hazard of their Lives, invade. Both meet
 With all the Fury, that a Mad Desire
 Of Rule affords, and both at once expire;
 Bearing to Ghosts below ambitious Hearts,
 Glutted with Blood: and in their Inward parts (drown'd;
 With one joynt Thrust, their Swords, push'd on, are
 And, adding railing Language to each Wound,
 R r r Struggling

(m) This *Spelach*, much more
 Memorable, than those, where the
 Guilty, and Condemned contended,
 was predicted by two *Spanish* Princes,
 (Brothers, by the Father, named *Or-
 kus*, and *Orfus*) who, disputing for the
 Sovereignty of a City, were resolv'd
 to determine the Controversie at this
 Solemnity by the Sword: and though
 the *Peers*, in imitation of that famed
 Dispute, and Funerall of *Ereclus*, and
Polycrates, faith, they both dyed, yet
Livy affirms the Elder (*Orkus*) over-
 came the Younger.

Struggling, their angry Souls fly into Air.
Nor could their Ghosts this Enmity forbear :
For, when their Bodies were together brought
Unto one Pyle (as if they still had fought)

(a) The Bodies of *Etrusci*, and *Papinici*, who contended for the Sovereignty of *Tiberis*, both slain in one Battle, being thrown upon the Pyle, the Flames arising from them, divided themselves, as if their Souls had still maintained their Power over them.

(c) The Impious Flames ('tis strange) asunder fly,
Nor would their Ashes there together ly.
The rest with several Gifts, as was their Share
Of Courage, or of Force, rewarded are.
Some Oxen, that, with Ploughs impress'd, could Till
The Earth : Some Youths, mong *Tyrian* Spoils, with
Accustom'd to explore the Dens of Beasts : (Skill
Some Silver Plate, with wealthy Robes, and Crests
Rising on shining Helmets, bore away,
The Spoils, and Trophies of the *Libyan* Prey.
Then with the Dart they Honour sought (the last
Of these *Circensian* Games) and strove to cast
Beyond the Mark. Here, Neighbour to that Land,
Where *Tagus* Pale becomes with golden Sand,
Was *Burnus*, Famous for his long Descent, iv
And Line : with *Glagus*, who the Windes out-went
With his strong Arm. *Acontens* too, whose Dart,
In its most speedy Course, the nimblest Hart
Nere mis'd. With them (e) *Indibilis*, who long
In War delighted, now esteem'd among
Confederates of *Rome* : who often slew
With his sure Shafts the towring Fowl, that flew
Among the Clouds. And stout *Ilerdes*, who
Could easily surprize the flying Doe.
Burnus, who in the Mark first fix'd his Dart,
Danum receiv'd ; a Maid, that mix'd with Art
The milky Fleeces with *Getulian* Dye.
But, who the next was Honour'd, and that nigh
Unto the Mark a Shaft had thrown, with Joy,
Ilerdes, for Reward, receiv'd a Boy.

(e) *Indibilis* was a petty, but Warlike King, of *Syria*, who, after he had performed many notable Exploits against the *Romans*, made Peace with *Scipio* : but soon, as he removed thence, rose again in Arms, but was subdued, and slain by *Scipio's* Lieutenants.

The

The third Palm brave *Acontens* had, a Brace
Of Dogs, that would the Boar with Mettle chace.

But, when Applause, and Shouts these Honours had
Approv'd : in Scarlet, *Lelins*, richly clad,
And Younger *Scipio*, with a chearful Look,
The Names, and *Manes* of the Dead invoke :
Then, strait, their Jav'lins throw ; delighting so
All Honour to their Sacred Dust to shew,
And add that Ceremony to the Games.
At length, the (p) *General* (whose Face proclaims
His inward Joy, when he their Pious Hearts
Rewarded had, with Gifts to their Deserts,
And giv'n a Weighty Corset, all of Gold,
Unto his Brother, and a Pair of bold
Asturian Steeds to *Lelins*) rising, threw

(p) *Scipio*.

With Force his Conqu'ring Jav'lin, and, to shew
The Shades were truly Honour'd, as it flies
Amidst the Field ('tis strange) before their Eyes,
Fix'd in the Earth, the Jav'lin stands, and strait
With Leaves the lofty Boughs themselves dilate.
But now its Shadow, wide, the growing Tree
Extends : the *Augurs* all, with Prophecy,
Command them on to greater Things to go,
Which, by those Signs, the Deities foreshew.
With this Preface, the *Libyans* all from *Spain*
Repuls'd, to *Latium* he returns again ;
His House, and Country both reveng'd, while Fame
The Triumph leads. Nor other Cares inflame
The *Romane* Breasts, then *Libya* to commit,
And Sacred *Falces*, to his Youth. But yet

(q) The Graver Sort, who fal'n in Courage, or
Success had wanted in that dubious War,
Opposing his Designs as Rash, with Fear
Their Dangers magnifice : and, as he there,

(q) The Graver Sort, and, particularly *Falces*, either through Envy, or too much Caution, opposed *Scipio* in his design to invade *Libya*. See *Liby*.

R r r 2

High

(r.) His great Exploits in Spain had gained him not only the *Consulship*, but the Favour of the People: so, that, notwithstanding the Power of *Fabius*, *Scipio*, and others in the *Senate*, he obtained the *Commission* he desired.

High in the Dignity ^(r.) of *Consul*, pray'd
Authority of *Senate* to invade,
And ruin *Carthage* with his Arms; this grave
Reply, aloud, the Elder *Fabius* gave.

I hope, I need not fear, that I, who am
Loaden with Age, and Honour; who in Fame,
And Years abound, should by the *Consul* be
Esteem'd a Person, that maliciously
From his Just Praises would detract. My Name
Is with sufficient Splendour rais'd by Fame.
Nor wants what I have done, with such Success,
New Praise. But, while I live, 'twere Wickedness,
To my dear Country to be wanting, or
Conceal my Minde in Silence. You the War
Intend to *Libya* to transferr: For We
Now want an Enemy in *Italy*.

Nor is't enough, that we have *Hannibal*
Subdu'd. What greater Honour can in all
Eliza's Land be found? but, if you are
Spur'd on by Glory, what should you Debar
To reap this Harvest: Thee for Deeds at hand
Fortune hath Fit, and Worthy made. Our Land
Ev'n thirsts, to drink the Blood of *Hannibal*.
Whither the War, or Ensigns do you call,
Extinguish first the Flames of *Italy*.

You plainly quit a weary Enemy,
And, at that Instant, *Rome* must Naked stand.
But, when you waste the *Syrts*, and barren Sand,
Will not that horrid Plague, with Fury, move
'Gainst these known Walls: invade *Tarpeian* Jove,
Depriv'd of Arms, and Men? Of how great Weight
Is it, should you give Way, and leave the State
To the Emerit'd: and, when we are
Struck with the Thunder of so great a War,

Must

Must We (as *Fulvius* from proud *Capua*) Thee
From *Libya's* Coast recall? Get Victory
At Home, and *Italy*, that hath with Tears
Deplor'd the Funerals of Fifteen Years,
Absolve from cruel War; then take your Way
To remote *Garamantians*. You may
Your *Nasamonian* Triumphs then design.
But *Italy*, distress'd, must now Decline
All such Attempts. Your Valiant Father (He,
That so much Honour to your Family
Did add) when, *Consul*, he was bound for *Spain*,
Himself 'gainst *Hannibal* (who then amain
Descended from the *Alps*) did first oppose,
His Army all recall'd. From Conqu'ring Foes
You (*Consul*) would retire; that so you may
From Us the *Libyan* withdraw. But, say,
He will, secure, sit Quiet; nor pursue
You, and your Arms to *Libya*: will not You
Condemn these blinde Resolves, when *Rome* shall be
Surpriz'd? Or else suppose, that, troubled, He
Should turn his Ensigns, and your Fleet pursue;
He the same *Hannibal* will be, that You
Entrench'd have seen before this Citie's Wall.

This *Fabius*, and the like was urg'd by all
The Elder fort. The *Consul* strait reply'd.
By a joyn't Death two Valiant Captains dy'd,
When *Spain*, possess'd, embrac'd the *Libyan* Yoak.
Not *Fabius* then, nor Any, that have spoke
His Sense, afforded Aid. I know, 'tis Truth,
The War's whole Fury I, when but a Youth
Endur'd, and to the falling Shafts alone
My Head expos'd, and drew all Dangers on
My self. And then the Seniour Sort, and ev'n
This Prophet murmur'd, that the War was giv'n
Unto

Unto a Boy, and blam'd Our rash Design.
 But I all Praises to the Pow'r's Divine
 (By whom a Trojan People we remain)
 With Thanks return. That very Boy, whose vain,
 And Childish Years, that Scipio, who was then
 Unripe for Arms, to You, un-hurt, agen
 Hath giv'n all Spain; the Libyans thence by Force
 Repuls'd, and, following the farthest Course
 Of Sol to Atlas Bounds, the Libyan Name
 Expell'd from the Hesperian Orb; nor came
 With his Victorious Ensigns Home, before
 He Phabus saw, upon the Romane Shore,
 Loosing his Flaming Chariot, near the Main.
 The same to you did foreign Kings regain.
 And Carthage now remains, the last of all
 My Toils. This *Jove* declares. See! Hannibal
 Old Age now shakes, or fainting Fears doth frame;
 Left to our Ruins, of such Length, my Name
 A Period should produce. My Valour I
 Have surely try'd, and Strength, augmented by
 My Prime of Years. Then seek not to delay:
 But rather suffer, that this Lot I may
 Pursue. This the Immortal Gods for Me
 Have kept, to wipe away the Infamy
 Of former Woes. It is a fair Renown,
 For Wary Fabius not to be or ethrown;
 And the Delayer hath effected all
 For Us by sitting still. But ⁽¹⁾ Hesperus,
 Mago, nor Hanno, nor yet ⁽²⁾ Giscon's Son
 Had turn'd their Backs, if we the like had done:
 Or, Idle, close entrench'd, spun out the War.
 Could a Sidonian Boy, who scarce did bear
 The Down of Youth upon his Cheeks, invade
 Laurentine People? Walls approach, were made

(1) Hannibal's Brother.

(2) Another Hesperus.

By

By Trojan Hands? and drink the Sacred Stream
 Of Yellow Tyber? and in Latium seem,
 By a long War, to share? and shall We stand
 Thus backward to transport to Libya's Land
 Our Ensigns? and the Tyrian Tow'rs destroy?
 Their Coasts, secure of Danger, openly,
 And all the Land a rich Tranquillity
 Enjoys. At length let Carthage (wont to be
 A Terror) learn to Fear, and understand,
 That, though from Hannibal th' Oenotrian Land
 As yet's not free, we want not Arms. Ev'n I
 This Man, that hath, so long, in Italy
 (Till He's grown old through cautious Counsels) stood,
 That hath three ^(*) Lustra, largely, shed our Blood,
 Him, fearing Cruel things, and trembling, I
 Back to his Country, that in Flames shall ly,
 Will turn. The Shameful Marks of Tyrian Hands
 Shall Rome view on her Walls: while Carthage stands
 Free, and secure, and hears our Misery,
 And wars with open Gates? The Enemy
 May batter then with their Sidonian Rams
 Our Tow'rs again, if first in Romane Flames
 They hear not that their Country's Temples fall.
 The Fathers, by this Language, and the Call
 Of Fate inflam'd, to what the Consul said,
 At the same Time, assent; and, when they'd pray'd,
 That it to Italy might happy prove,
 Permit the War to Libya to remove.

(*) Fifteen Years.

The End of the Sixteenth Book.

SILIUS



SILIUS ITALICUS

O F

The Second Punick VVar.

The Seventeenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

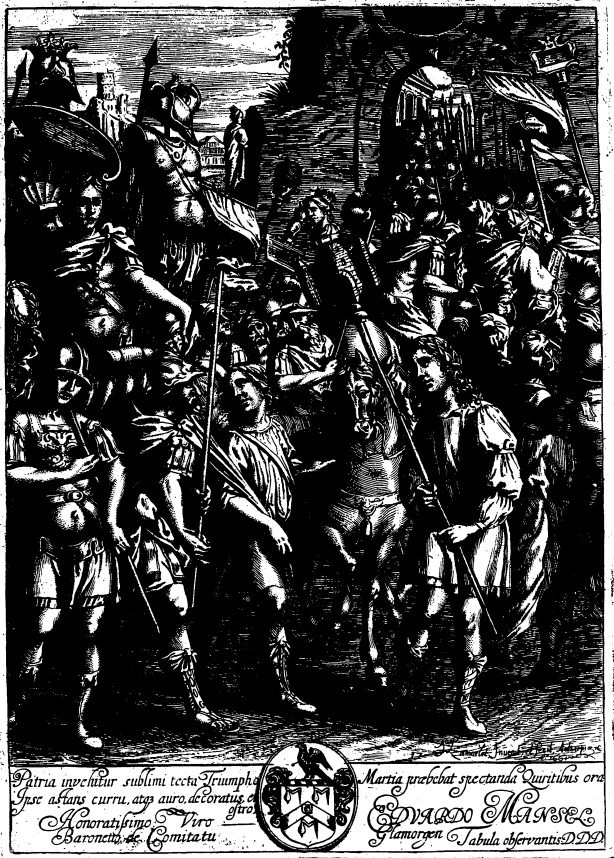
*From Phrigia Cybele's brought to Rome
With Sacred Rites. Chast Claudia doth presume
(To vindicate her self) to draw alone
The standing Ship, by which her Virtue's known.
From Sicily the Consul Scipio fails
To Libya, where his Army still prevails.
Syphax, and Hasdrubal (their Camps in one
For Battell joyn'd) by Scipio overthrow'n,
Syphax is (captive made) a Pannick Dread,
From that great Overthrow, through Africk spread.
The Carthaginians call, to their Relief,
The General from Italy. His Grief
Express at his Return. The Armies fight,
And Hannibal by Scipio's put to flight.
Carthage, at length, receiveth Laws from Rome.
Great Scipio returns, in Triumph, Home.*



HE Silyl's antient Oracles
foretlow;
That then th' *Ausonian* Land the
Forrain Fo
Should quit, when from Her
Phrygian Seat, to *Rome*,

Cybelè (Mother of the Gods) should come
S f f

To



To be ador'd: and that the Deity,
Arriving, should by Him received be,
That should, selected from among the rest
Of all the *Senate*, be esteemed Best
Then living in the Present Age. A Name,
Better than Triumphs, and of greater Fame.
And now the thing arriv'd, which they had fought:
Cybele, in a *Latian* Ship, was brought.

When ^(a) *Scipio*, fearless (while the *Senate* all
Gave way) was ready to obey the Call,
To meet th' appointed Rites. The Son was He
O' th' *General's* Uncle, Chosen then to be
The Chief Commander in the *African* Wars:
Illustrious in his many Ancestours.

When, far at Sea, the Deity this Youth
Devoutly had receiv'd, and to the Mouth
Of *Thyſcan* *Tyber* brought: the Vessel, strait,
A female Band succeeds, and, with its Freight,
The lofty Gally through the River drew
With fast'ned Cords. Then, round about them, through

The Air, the hollow Sounds of tinkling Brads,
With the harsh Timbrel's Noise contending, pass:
And dancing *Satyres*, which inhabit where
^(b) Chast *Dindymus* two lofty Hills appear,
And use in the *Didlean* Caves to Sport,
And unto *Ide*, and silent Woods resort.

Amidst this Noise, the Sacred Vessel, known
By Cheerful Shouts, refusing to go on,
Retracts the Ropes, and, on a sudden, stood
Immoveable, and fix'd within the Flood.
With that, the Priest (as in the Ship he stands)
Exclaims; Forbear, with your Polluted Hands,
To touch the Cords, and, I advise you, far
From hence, Oh! far depart, whoever are

Prophane,

(a) This *Scipio*, surnamed *Nesica*, was the Son of that *Scipio*, who was slain with the Father of *Africanus*, in *Spain*. A Person most eminent for his singular Virtues, particularly for his free from Ambition, and Avarice, that when his Soldiers would have given him the Title of *Emperor*, and the *Senate* decreed to him a Triumph for his Victories in *Dalmatia*, he refused both; and, when he dyed, the Wealth he left behind him, was not enough to bury him. For these, and many other Excellent Qualities, he was judged the fittest Person to fulfill the Oracle of the *Sybil*, viz.

Mater abest: Matrem juho, Ro-
(mune, requirat;
Cum veniet, caesa est accipienda
(mune,
The chosen Mother, Rome, I rise
(command
To seek; Receive her with the
(choicest Hand.

She was brought from *Pessinus*, a Town in *Phrygia*, where She had a lately Temple of White Marble.

(b) Chast, from the Goddess, *Cybele*, whose Rites were there most solemnly performed.

Prophane, nor in this Chaster Labour joya;
While it sufficeth, that the Pow'r Divine
Gives this Advice: but, if there any be,
That in her chaster Minde excells, if She
Be Conscious to her self, Her Bodie's Pure,
Her Hand alone this Pious Task, secure,
May undertake. Here ^(c) *Claudia*, who her Name
From th' antient *Clauſi* drew, by common Fame
Traduc'd, unto the Ship her Hands, and Eyes
Converting, said; Mother of Deities,
Thou Pow'r Divine, who didst for Us give Birth
To all the Gods, whose Off-spring Heav'n, and Earth,
The Seas, and Shades below, do rule by ^(d) Lot.
If this my Body be without a Spot,
Great Goddess be my Witnels! and let Me
By this thy easy Bark absolved be.

Thus having said; the Cable, free from Fear,
She seiz'd, and, suddenly, they seem to hear
The Lion's Murmur, and a Sound more Grave,
Untouch'd by any Hand, the Timbrels gave.
The Ship advanc'd so fast, you'd think the Winde
Had forc'd it on, and *Claudia's* left behinde,
Though 'gainst the Stream it ran. And Hopes, that far
All else exceed, cheer up their Hearts: the War
And all their Fears, at length, shall ended be.
For active *Scipio*, leaving *Sicily*,
Hid with his winged Ships the spacious Seas:
But, with an off-red Bull, did first appeale
The God, on whose blew Waves the Entrails swum.
Then Thunder-bearing Birds, descending from
The Gods Abodes, through the clear Air, in view,
Begin to lead the Navy, and to shew
Their Course by Sea. A Joyful *Augury*
Their Cries afford; and, as they forward fly

S f f 2

Under

(c) *Claudia* was of the *Sabine* *Patrician* Family, which first incorporated themselves with the *Romans*. She was a *Festal* *Virgin*, and, suspected of Incontinency, made this Miracle the Test of Her Chastity, and was ever after Honoured, as the most Virtuous Matron of her Time.

(d) The Lot between *Jupiter*, *Nephtus*, and *Pluto*, by which each of them received his Empire.

Under a liquid Cloud, the Ships pursue
 As far as they could keep them in their View;
 And the Perfidious Coast of *Cadmus* Land
 Attain. Nor yet did *Africk* Idle stand;
 But, since so great a Storm upon her came,
 A dreadful Pow'r under a mighty Name,
 Against their Fury had prepar'd to bring
 The Arms, and Force of the ^(e) *Maflyian* King.
Libya's sole Hope, and *Latium's* onely Fear,
Syphax, the Fields, and Valleys, ev'ry where,
 And Shores had fill'd with *Nomades*, that scorn
 Their nimble Steeds with Trappings to adorn;
 Who with their finging Shafts, that, as they flie
 Through Air, like Clouds, furcharg'd, obscure the Skie.
 Of the Right-Hand, which he had giv'n before,
 And League, that He upon the Altar swore,
 Unmindeful; Rites of Hospitality,
 And Feasts, that what was done could Testifie
 His Faith, and Trust, chang'd by an Impious Flame
 Of Love, He had infring'd, and's Crown became
 The purchase of his Bed. Great *Hofdrubal*
 A Virgin Daughter had, Esteem'd by all
 As Beautiful, as her Descent was fam'd,
 She taken to his Bed, as if inflam'd
 With his first Nuptial Taper, suddenly,
 His Forces all to *Carthage* turn'd. The ^(f) Ty
 Of Amity with *Rome* He violates,
 And to the Fo his Dotal Arms translates:
 But *Scipio*, careful to advise the King,
 Bids him be Faithful to observe the thing,
 That he had Sworn, and not to violate
 The Laws of Peace, but firmly to his State,
 And Kingdom stand. To call the Gods to Minde,
 And Deeds, that Hospitality did binde.

That

(e) Of *Syphax*. See the Continuation, Book the First.

(f) Of this League see above in the Sixteenth Book.

That farr his Nuptials, farr his *Tyrian* Bride
 Would be 'mong *Romane* Arms, if He deny'd
 What they demanded, he should quickly finde,
 That weak Obedience of too soft, and kinde
 A Husband, and his Bed's so ardent Heats
 Should stand in Blood. Thus, intermixing Threats,
Scipio advis'd the King, whose ^(g) Wife before
 Had stop'd his Ears. And, when Advice no more
 Took place, He summons all his Swords agen,
 Attesting the Chast Altars of the then-
 Polluted League, and in the War proceeds
 With various Arts. With Huts of slender Reeds,
 And Fenny Flags, such as the Rustick *Moor*
 Selects to thatch his Homely Cottage or'e,
 The *Libyan* Camp was fill'd. This he afsail'd
 By Stealth, and secret Flames with Targets vail'd,
 Scatter'd in Dead of Night, which, as they run
 Diffus'd (like a Contagion) and begun
 With mighty Noise, through th' Unctuous Food their
 To make, through all the Air their Light display,
 And by their active Heat the Rasters fall.
 The Hostile Mischeif, like a Storm, through all
 The Camp goes on, and on the arid Reeds,
 With frequent Cracks, devouring *Vulcan* feeds.
 Sad burnings in all Quarters rife, and some,
 Before they could perceiv't, excited from
 Their Sleep, are seiz'd by Fire, and, as for Aid,
 In vain, they call, their Faces Flames invade.
 The *Lemnian* God appears in ev'ry Place
 A Conquerour, and in his dire Embrace
 Destroys both Arms, and Men. The Plague swells
 And through the Clouds the half-burnt Camp doth fly,
 In glowing Ashes: Then, with dismal Sounds,
 And a prodigious Leap, the Fire furrounds

The

(g) *Syphax's*.

(h) The Assault of the *Romanes*, setting the Huts of the *Numidians* Camp on fire, was so sudden, that *Syphax* fled, Naked, out of his Bed, and very hardly escaped their Hands, after which, he joined his Camp with the *Carthaginians*.

(i) The King's Pavilion, and had sadly there Devour'd the Man, had not his Guards, through Fear Of Danger, (while amaz'd He much enquir'd) Him from his Sleep, and Bed, by Force, retir'd.

But, when, within one Camp, the *Tyrian*, and *Syphax* their Strength had join'd, and through the Land Call'd thither, all in Arms, the Youth, agen, The Wounds of that sad Night had ead: then Shame, Anger, and (a third pernicious Fire) His Wife into his Minde new Rage inspire. And now, He, threatening, storms, his Face should be Blasted by burning of his Camp: that He Should, Naked, hardly scape the Fo by Flight, Amidst his trembling Troops. But in the Light, In clearer Day, and less perfidious View Of Heav'n, no mortal *Syphax* could subdue. Thus Foolishly he rants: while Fate his Pride, And Breath concluding, would no more abide; But cuts the Thread of this vain swelling Tongue: For soon, as He (like Floods, that draw along Whole Groves, and Rocks, and like swift Torrents, go Through devious Ways, and all the Banks o'reflow With foaming Waves) leap'd from his Camp, He prest His furious Courser on, before the rest And bids his Troops advance. The other Side (A noble, sober Army) when they spy'd The King far off, snatch'd up their Arms, and strait March on, and singly with themselves debate. See there: See how this proud *Massylian* King, Insulting, at his Army's Head, doth bring Them on, and for the Combat calls. Oh! may This my Right-hand that Honour gain to Day. The Sacred Altars of the Gods he hath Defil'd, and hath infring'd his League, and Faith,

With

With our chaff *General*. Oh! may it be Sufficient (Gods) that once, already, He From his burnt-Camp escap'd! This in their Hearts Resolv'd, they all, contending, lance their Darts. In the Fire-breathing Nostrils of his Steed, A Jav'lin, that surpals'd the rest in Speed, Was fix'd: By which the Beast erected stood, And with his bounding Heels (his Jaws with Blood Or'eflowing) beat the Air; then backward to The Ground he fell, and, with a Spear pierc'd through, As ev'ry Way he tofs'd his Limbs, betray'd His Rider to the Fo: who Him invade, As He, in vain, endeavour'd from the Ground To rise, and fly; and, drawing from the Wound The Weapon, seize Him. Then the Shame of Chains, And Gyves, they add; while He to all remains A great Example, never to rely Upon Prosperity. And now, they ty In Manacles his Scepter-bearing Hands: And He, that, lately, saw so many Lands Beneath his Feet: that Scepters, and the Sea, That to the *Ocean's* bounds extended lay, Under his Nod beheld, thrown from the Head Of all his Kingdoms, is in Triumph led. His Strength thus overthrown, the *Libyans* are Cut off: while hated by the God of War. And known for frequent Flight, (that Enterprize Condemn'd) with Speed, the *Tyrian* Captain flies. (i) *Carthage* on one sole Man (her Members all Thus ruin'd) now rely'd. And *Hannibal*, Ev'n with his absent Name, the Frame sustain'd, Falling with so great Noise: now, what remain'd Was, that ev'n Fainting, and distress'd for Aid, They should invite him Home. To this, affraid,

They

(i) After this overthrow, there was nothing left to relieve *Carthage*, but the Army under *Hannibal*, in *Italy*, whither they immediately sent to recall him.

They all assent, when they perceiv'd, they were
 Forfaken by the Gods. And strait they are
 Dispatch'd, who with the Ship, the Briny Main
 Might pass with Speed, to call him Home again,
 And with the Senate's Mandate thus advise.
 Haste *Hannibal*; left, through Delay, thine Eyes
Carthage in Ruins see. Oh! be not slow
 To assist thy falling Country, and the Fo
 From these our Walls repell. Thus charg'd, away
 They sail'd, and, on the fourth ensuing Day,
 The Vessel brought them to th' *Italian* Shore;
 Where cruel Dreams the *General's* Minde full fore
 Disturb'd. For as by Night, oppress'd with Care,
 He slept, *Flaminius*, *Gracchus*, *Paulus*: there,
 Seem'd with their naked Swords to assault him, and
 Together drive him from th' *Ausonian* Land.
 With these, of dreadful Ghosts, an Army: all
 That did at *Thrasimen*, and *Canne* fall,
 Appear to chace him to the Sea. While He
 Endeavour'd to the well-known *Alps* to flee.
 Then *Italy* embracing in his Arms,
 To it he stuck, untill Prodigious Storms
 Forc'd him to Sea, and in a Tempest sent
 Him Home again. Thus deep in Discontent,
 And with his Dreams perplex'd, to him they came,
 And their Instructions, in the Senate's Name,
 With the great Danger of the State declare.
 How the *Messyllian* Forces routed were;
 Their Prince, his Captive Neck, with Chains oppress'd
 Kept⁽¹⁾ a new Pomp for *Jove*: and, how distress'd
Carthage, by *Hastdrubal's* not single Flight,
 Was shaken, and how they, in dead of Night,
 (Sad to relate) had seen both Camps (conjoyn'd)
 As fire, while th' impious Flames through *Africk* shin'd.
 Impose

(1.) See the Continuation, Book the
 Fifth.

And that the furious Youth (while *Hannibal*
 Still kept the *Brutian* Coast) then threatn'd all
 With Fire to Ruin: That the Fall drew nigh
 Of *Carthage*. To what Country should they fly?
 And his great Deeds (what Slaughters he had made
 In *Italy*) relate. When this they'd said,
 And all their Woes, and Fears had laid before
 His Eyes; they wept, and his Right-Hand adore,
 Like some great God. He, with a stern Aspect
 Fix'd on the Ground, hears all, and doth reflect
 With Silence on their Words, and weighs with Care,
 If *Carthage* of so great a Value were.
 At length, He thus reply'd: Oh Envy! Thou
 Dire Fo to Man, who never wilt allow
 Encrease to things, or, that great Praise should grow
 Unto a greater Height. Not long ago
 I level with the Ground could *Rome*, subdu'd,
 Have lay'd, and Captive into Servitude
 Have led the Nation, and on *Italy*
 Our Laws impos'd. But, while at Home to Me
 (Their *General*) they Pay, and Arms deny;
 Nor my Troops, waisted with Success, supply
 With fresh Recruits; and *Hanno* thinks it good
 My *Coborts* to defraud of Corn, and Food:
 All *Africk* is on Fire, and *Romane* Spears
 Push at *Cadmeian* Gates. Now, it appears,
 That *Hannibal's* his Country's Glory, and
 Her sole Support: and now, in this Right-Hand
 Ly all your Hopes. Well, Homeward turn, with Speed,
 Our Ensigns, as the Senate hath decreed.
 I both my Country's Walls, and (*Hanno*) Thee
 Together will preserve. All this when He
 Had thunder'd out, strait from the Shore to Sea
 He lanc'd his Fleet, and⁽¹⁾ Sighing sail'd away.

T t t

None

(1) When *Hannibal* was at Sea
 (saith *Lucy*) he often looked back to-
 wards *Italy*; seeing both the Gods,
 and Men, for reducing his great Designs
 to that Necessity.

None durst their Backs, as they put off, invade,
 Or Him recal. Heav'n seeming to perswade,
 He should, of's own accord, thus haste away,
 And *Italy*, at length, be freed: they pray
 For Windes, and think it is enough agen
 To see the Coast so freed of Foes. As, when
Auster doth his impetuous Blasts restrain,
 And, by retiring, calms the foaming Main,
 The Sea-man then, not Prodigal of Pray'rs,
 Desireth not so much as gentle Airts;
 Content, that *Notus* should intirely cease,
 And by the Sea's smooth Course esteems his Peace.
 The *Tyrian* Soldiers, all, their Faces bent
 Towards the Main. But *Hannibal*, intent,
 With fixed Eyes, held *Italy* in view,
 While silent Tears, with frequent Sighs, bedew
 His Checks; as if he had been driven from
 His Country, and had left his dearest Home,
 Forc'd to some Desert Lands. But when, with Sails
 Tack'd close, the Ships made Way with swifter Gales,
 And by Degrees, the Hills began to draw
 Their Summits down, that now He neither saw
Hesperian Mountains, nor the *Damian* Coast:
 Thus, fretting with himself; What have I lost
 My Sense, unworthy to return (said He)
 Ev'n thus, when ever I from *Italy*
 Withdraw my self: in Flames first *Carthage* all
 Should perish, and the Name of *Dido* Fall.
 Was I not Mad, when, after *Cannæ's* Field,
 From the *Tarpeian* Temples I withheld
 My burning Weapons, nor the Thunderer (from War
 Dragg'd from his Throne, through the sev'n Hills,
 Now free: my Flames might have scatter'd then,
 And on that haughty Nation brought agen

Troy's

Troy's Ruins, and their Grand-fires Fate. But, why
 Should this Afflict me? Who forbids, that I
 Should now invade them with my Sword, and go
 Directly to their Walls? It shall be so:
 And, through those very Lines returning, where
 I once encamped lay, I will repair
 To *Amy's* Waters, by a Way to Me
 Well-known. Then turn your Prows for *Italy*,
 And tack about the Fleet; I'll make, that *Rome*,
 Besieg'd, shall call again her *Scipio* Home.

But, when the God of Seas perceiv'd, he burn'd
 With so great Rage, and that they now had turn'd,
 Towards the Shore again, their shining Prows,
 Strait, shaking his Cœrulean Head, he throws
 Waves from the Bottom, and the swelling Main
 Extrudes beyond its Bounds. Then Windes, and Rain,
 With black *Æolian* Storms, from Rocks arise,
 And cover from their Sight, with Clouds, the Skies.
 Then, with his *Trident*, moving all the Sea,
 Blew *Tethys* from the Rising of the Day,
 And Fall, he drives, and the whole *Ocean's* Face
 Distracts. The foaming Billows rise apace,
 And make the Rocks to shake, on which they beat.
 First *Auster*, from his *Æsamonian* Seat,
 Leaps forth, from the loose Sands the Water flings,
 And leaves them bare. Him, on his gloomy Wings,
 Fierce *Boreas*, bearing high a broken Sea,
 Pursues. Then thund'ring, in another Way,
 With adverse Blasts, Cloud-raising *Eurus* rowls
 Part of the *Ocean* on: the crack'ing Poles
 Bellow aloud; while frequent Lightning flies,
 As if upon the Fleet the angry Skies
 Would fall. The rage of Windes, and Lightning, Rain,
 And Waves consent, and Darkness on the Main
 T t t 2 Imposeth

Imposeth Night. Now, coming from a Rock
A furious Whirl-winde, rais'd by *Nottus*, struck
The Yards, and whistling Dreadfully among
The Shrouds, a Billow, like a Mountain, flung
Against the *General's* pale-Face. His Eyes
He turning to the Sea, and to the Skies,
Exclaims; O Happy Brother, *Hafdrubal*,
And to the Gods made equal, in thy Fall!
Thy valiant Hand in Fight did thee afford
A noble Death, Fate did to thee accord,
That with thy Teeth, at least, on *Italy*
Thou dying might'st lay-hold. But unto Me,
In *Cannæ's* Field, where noble *Paulus* dy'd,
And those renowned Souls, Death was deny'd,
Nor, when I would have fir'd the *Capitol*,
Could I by *Jove's Tarpeian* Thunder Fall.

While thus he moans, with sev'ral Blasts impell'd,
The Waves, on either Side rush'd on, and held
With their dark Heaps the Vessel down, as drown'd
By that rude Shock. Strait, Whirling swiftly round,
The Sands, rais'd high into the Air, it flung
Again, where, pois'd by th' Windes, on Waves it hung.
But 'gainst rough Stones, and Rocks (sad to behold)
Nottus two Gallies with hard Fortune roll'd.
The Prows crack'd with the Fall, and with a Sound
Of Dread, the broken Barks aloft rebound
From the Sharp Stones. Strait, over all the Sea,
A various Face of things. Here Helmets they,
Arms, Crimson Crests, and *Capua's* Treasure see,
And a rich Prize, with Care reserv'd, to be
A Trophy for the *Generals* Triumph. There
Tripods, and Tables of the Gods appear,
And Sacred Statues, that, in vain, before
The Miserable *Latines* did adore,

When

When *Venus*, frighted, that the *Ocean*

So high was mov'd, to *Neptune* thus began.

This Fury, and these Threat'nings (Father) may

Suffice for greater things; now spare (I pray)

Thy Seas, lest envious *Carthage* boast, that She

A Man hath generated, not to be

Subdu'd in War, and, that to work the Fall

Of *Hannibal*, the *Romanes* needed all

Thy Rage, and Seas. Thus *Venus* spoke, and strait

Their Fury all the swelling Waves abate,

And tow'rs the adverse Camp the *Navy* drive.

Their *General*, old in Arms, and skill'd to give

Encouragement with Praise, their Minds, inspir'd

With Anger by these furious Words, and fir'd

Their Breasts with Flames of Honour. Thou, to Me,

Flaminius bleeding Head, when slain (said He)

Didst bring. I know thy Hand: Thou, first of all,

Cam'st in to strike, at mighty *Paulus* Fall,

And in his Bones didst fix thy fatal Spear.

Th' Opimous Spoils of stout *Marcellus* were

Thy glorious Prize: and falling *Gracchus* stain'd

Thy Sword. But, there, behold that Valiant Hand;

Which, with a Jav'lin, Warlike *Appius* (who

Then storm'd the Walls of wealthy *Capua*) threw

Dead from the lofty Ramparts: and here see

Another Thunder-bolt of Valour! He

It was, who *Fulvius*, a Name renown'd,

Pierc'd through the Breast, not with a single Wound.

Stand thou here in the Van, who didst in Arms

Consul Crispinus kill, Me, through the Storms

Of Fight, do thou attend, who (I the thing

Remember well) pleas'd in thy Rage, didst bring,

At *Cannæ's* Field, the ^(m) *General's* Head to Mee,

Fix'd on a servile Lance. Brave Youth, I see

(m) *Paulus.*

Thy

Thy burning Eys, and Aspect, that hath more
 Of Terror; then thy Sword; such, as before,
 Thee (when a *Tribune*, that in vain withstood,
 Cruell'd by thy strong Embrace, i'th' cruel Flood
 Of famous *Trebia* drown'd) I did behold.
 But Thou, who, first, didst at the Banks of cold
Ticinus, in old *Scipio's* Blood imbrue
 Thy Sword, thy former Enterprize pursue,
 And the Son's Blood present me now: Shall I
 Fear ev'n the Gods themselves, when Thou art by,
 Should they come to the Battel? I beheld,
 When thou didst trample on the Hills, that swell'd
 To Heav'n; and o're the highest *Alpi* didst go (kno..
 With Speed. Since, by whose Sword, and Hands I
 (a) *Argippa's* capacious Fields were fir'd:
 Wilt thou more slowly now, by Me desir'd,
 Go on, who first of all didst lance a Dart
 Against the *Dardan* Walls? nor willing art
 To joyn unto our Praise: must I again
 Thee now excite? Thee, who 'gainst Storms of Rain,
 Thunder, and Lightning, and, when I did stand
Jove's Fury, didst, as fierce as He, command
 Tendure those vainer Storms, and wentst before
 Thy *Genral* to the *Capitol*. No more
 Need I exhort you now, who, by a War
 So fam'd, *Saguntus* overthrew; and are
 Renown'd for those Beginnings: now again
 (As it becomes your selves, and Me) maintain
 The former Praises of your Valour. I
 I'th' favour of the Gods, and Victory
 Grown old, now, after Fifteen Years, on You
 Relying, to my falling Country, to
 Those House-hold Gods, that in so long a space
 Of Time I have not seen, to the Embrace

(a) The Field of *Canne*. See above, *Book* the Ninth, and Tenth.

Of

Of my Chast Wife, and Son return again.
 This the last Battel is, that doth remain
 To *Libya*, and to *Rome*. This Day our Sword
 Shall give to the disputed World its Lord.
 Thus *Hannibal*. But, as their *General*
 Began to speak, the *Romane* Soldiers call
 For Battel, and the Signal; nor abide
 Delays of Words. All this when *Jove* espy'd
 His Wife, at distance, in a Cloud of Air,
 Behold, and that her eager Looks did wear
 Something of Sadness, to her with this kinde
 Address He goes. What Torments of the Minde
 Afflict Thee now? I pri'thee, let me know;
 Is it the *Libyan* Captain's overthrow,
 Or Care of *Carthage* grieves Thee? do but weigh
 Within thy Thoughts the Rage of *Libya*
 'Gainst th' *Trojans* fatal Pow'r, and Progeny,
 In violating Leagues. Say what will be
 The End of this Rebellious People? None,
 Not *Carthage*, more of Ills hath undergone,
 Or Labour, then thy Self: who long hast toil'd
 For the *Cadmean* Race. Thou hast embroil'd
 The Seas, and Earth, and into *Italy*
 Hast sent a furious Youth, while we might see
 The Walls of *Rome* stand trembling, and of all
 Man-kinde, for Sixteen Years, was *Hannibal*
 The Chief. 'Tis time the Nation to compose,
 The Period is come, and we must close
 The Gates of War. The suppliant Queen reply'd.
 Nor in that hanging Cloud did I abide,
 With a Design, a Day prefix'd, at all,
 To change; nor yet the Armies to recall;
 Nor War extend: but what You can bestow,
 (Since now all Favour towards me is low,

And

And our first Love's decay'd) gainst Fates Decree
 I nothing ask. Let *Hannibal* now flee
 His Enemies, as you are pleas'd t'ordain,
 And let, in *Carthage*, *Roman* Ashes reign.
 By th' mutual Pledges of a double Love,
 Thy Wife, and Sister, I this onely (*Jove*)
 Intreat, that my brave Captain may survive
 All Dangers, and be kept, by Thee, Alive.
 Nor let him, Captiv'd, *Latian* Fetters wear;
 But, let these, my dear Walls, that batter'd are:
 With Mis'ries (though the *Tyrian* Name decline)
 Stand, and, for Honour's sake, be kept as Mine.
 Thus *Juno*. To whom *Jove* this short Reply
 Vouchsaf'd. The Walls of lofty *Carthage* I
 Will, for some time, forbear, as you desire,
 And grant them to your Pray'rs, and Tears, entire
 To stand. Yet know (dear Wife) at what a rate
 I this indulge; not long, that City's Fate
 Endures. For there will come a *General*,
 Who, under the same (*o*) Name, will ruin all
 These Tow'rs preserv'd. And, from this fatal Fight
 Escaping, *Hannibal* Ethereal Light
 (At this Entreaty) may enjoy a while.
 Hee'l seek the Stars, and *Ocean* to embroil,
 And with returning Arms to fill the Earth.
 I know his Heart, still pregnant with a Birth
 (*p*) Of War. But to this Boon this shall remain
 A Law: He never must behold again
Saturnus Empire; nor to *Italy*
 Return. From instant Death now let him be
 Remov'd, with Speed; lest, if i'th' open Plain
 He joyn in Battel, he should not again,
 By all thy Pow'r, from *Scipio's* Hand be freed.
 While thus their Fates the Thunderer decreed,

Both

Both to the City; and to *Hannibal*;
 The Armies to the Fight advance, and all,
 With Shouts, invade the Skies. Earth, in no Age
 Before, two mightier Nations did engage
 In Fight: nor greater *Generals* had seen,
 Equal in Arms, contending. While, between
 These two, their fam'd Dispute's un-valu'd Prize
 Was whatsoe're is cover'd with the Skies.
 The *Tyrian*, rich in Purple, 'bove the rest
 Rais'd his proud Head: upon his Crimfon Crest
 A waving Plume. A cruel Dread precedes
 From his great Name: his Sword a Lightning sheds
 Well-known to *Italy*. On th' other Side,
Scipio, in radiant Robes, in Scarlet dy'd,
 His dreadful Target shews; where, breathing War,
 His Father's Image, and his Uncle's are
 Engrav'd: Huge Flames from his high Fore-head fly.
 And thus the Hopes of all, and Victory
 (Under so great a Force of Arms, and Men)
 Stood in the *Generals* alone. And then
 Thus Fear, or Favour (as 'tis often seen)
 Suggests. If valiant *Scipio* had been
 In *Libya* born, the Empire might have come
 To *Aganorean* Nephews. Or, had *Rome*
 Giv'n Birth to *Hannibal*, then doubtless He
 The World had subject made to *Italy*.
 Now rapid Storms of flying Shafts brake through
 The Air, and with them Clouds of Horrour drew:
 Then to the Sword more close each Army came,
 And Fight it Face to Face. A dreadful Flame
 Burns in their Eys, and those, that in the Van,
 Contemning Danger, first the Charge began,
 Between both Armies fell; and, long before
 Not seen by them, the Earth drunk Native Gore.
 U u u But

(o) *Scipio Africanus*, who, in the
 last *Carthaginian* War, took, and re-
 zed *Carthage*.

(p) The War, which afterwards
 ensued under *Antiochus*. See the *Con-*
tinuation, Book the Third.

But here, in Courage hot, as He was Young,
 Stout *Masanissa* flings himself among
 The *Macedonian* Cohorts, and flies round
 About, with's winged Darts, the Champagn Ground.
 So, when the painted *Britain* goes to War,
 He circumvents with his hook-bearing Carr
 The thronged Bands. A *Græcian Phalanx* then,
 In a close Body, had drawn up their Men,
 (As was their Country's Use) and firmly stood,
 With intermingled Spears, to make it good.
 Unmindeful of the Compact he had made
 After the League, these ⁽¹⁾ *Philip* to the Aid
 Of *Cadmus*: shaken City sent. And now,
 Broken with many Wounds, the Soldiers grow
 More thin, and, as on ev'ry Side they lay
 Prostrate upon the Ground, an open Way
 Between the Weapons leave. Then, with a Stroke,
 Of Ruin, in th' *Aufonian* Cohorts broke,
 And cancell all their *Græcian* Perjuries:
Archemorus by *Rutulus*; *Teucer* dies
 By stout *Norbanus*, in declining Age:
 Both by their Mother *Mantua* sent t'engage
 In Arms. But *Samius* brave *Calenus* slue:
 And *Selvis Cytus* (a *Pellæan*) who
 Vainly insulted in his Country's Name.
 But alas *Cytus*! 'twas not ⁽²⁾ *Pellæ's* Fame,
 That could from *Damian* Darts defend thee here.
 But *Lælius*, with Upbraidings more severe
 Then these, the ⁽³⁾ *Brutian* Bands, of *Latine* Race,
 Destroys. Was *Italy* so Vile a Place,
 That it, with *Tyrian* Oars, You thus (said He)
 Through the rude Seas, and raging Waves should flee?
 But 'tis enough, that you are fled. Will You
 With *Latine* Blood a forein Land imbrue?

(1) Philip, King of Macedonia: of whom see Book the Fifteenth, Page 430.

(2) The City, where Alexander the Great was born.

(3) Of these see above, Book the Eleventh, Page 296.

This

This said: He *Silarus*, active in the Fight,
 Prevented with a Shaft, that in its Flight
 Stuck in the Bottom of his Throat: so hard
 It flew, that it, at once, the Passage barr'd
 Of Life, and Voice. *Vergilius* destroy'd
Caudinus. By *Amanus Sarrus* dy'd.
 Their Looks, and Habit of their Arms, well-known,
 And Language, that concorded with their own,
 Inflam'd their Rage. Whom when *Amilcar's* Son
 Perceiv'd inclining from the Fight to run,
 He cries; Betray not thus our Nation; stand:
 Then charg'd, and turn'd the Battel with his Hand.
 As when a *Pæthetian* Snake, that long,
 Ith' *Garamantian* Fields, was fed among
 The fervent Sands, with Poison swell'd, doth rear
 His Neck, and spouts, through the infected Air,
 The flowing Venom to the Skies: so He
Herjus (that with his Spear continually
 Dealt Wounds, who of *Marrucian* Lineage came,
 And in *Theatè* had a noble Name)
 More nimble, stops, and, as he something high
 Attempted, seeking with his Enemy
 An equal Praise, with a swift Hand, quite through
 His Body drives his fatal Weapon to
 The Hilt. The Wounded falls, and, as he lies
 Prostrate, his Brother seeks with dying Eyes:
 When Young *Pleminius* came on apace,
 And, brandishing his Sword before his Face,
 Enrag'd at his sad Fall, with a loud Cry,
 Threatning, demands his Brother. This Reply
 Gave *Hannibal*; I shall refuse no more
 (If you think fit) your Brother to restore,
 On this Condition, that from Shades below
 You *Hafdrubal* recall. Shall I forego

U u u z

My

My juster Hate 'gainst such as *Romanes* are:
 Or shall I let my Heart relent: and spare
 One, born on the *Italian* Ground: then may
 The Ghosts me, as a Fo, from thence where they
 Abide, expell! Then may my Brother Me
 For ever banish his Society
 In dark *Avernus*! Speaking thus, he ran
 With all the Weight of's Shield upon the Man,
 And where the Earth, made slippery with the Blood
 Of's Brother, fail'd him, as he Fighting stood,
 Fell'd, and with's Sword dispatch'd him on the Place:
 While with extended Hands in his Embrace
 He prostrate *Herius* held, and eas'd his weight
 Of Grief, by sharing in his Brother's Fate.
 The *Libyan* then a Body mix'd in Fight
 Invades, and rushing on, his Foesto Flight
 Turn'd a long way. As, when, with Thunder hurl'd
 Th' *Etnéan* Bolts of *Jove* affright the World,
 And his high Palace shake, a *Parnick* Fright
 Makes all Man-kinde to quake, th' Obortive Light
 With Horrour shines, and *Jove* seems ready, by
 Each Man, at him to let his Lightning fly.

But in another Quarter, as if there
 Where *Scipio* fought, the onely Danger were,
 A bloody Fight new Forms of Death Creates
 In various Shapes. A Sword this penetrates,
 And down he falls: That lamentably Groans,
 A Stone in pieces crushing all his Bones.
 Some, safely flying, on their Faces are,
 Through Fear, Precipitated. 'Gainst the War,
 Others, with Valour arm'd, their Breasts oppose.
 While the *Rhœtician* General forward goes
 O're the dead Heaps. As when the God of War
 With Slaughter pleas'd, shakes his *Bistonian* Carr,
 Near

Near frozen *Hebrus*, and the *Getick* Snow
 Melts with warm Blood, and Ice, by ⁽¹⁾ *Aquilo*
 Augmented, with his rattling Chariot's weight
 Afunder breaks. Now with a dreadful Heat,
 Looking about, He ev'ry valiant Name
 With's Sword affails. There through the World for
 Of Slaughters known, among their Weapons, falls
 On ev'ry Side, the Youth, that storm'd thy Walls
 (*Saguntus*) and a War most Cruel in
 Thy miserable Ruins did begin.

There, who the Sacred *Thrasimen* with Blood
 Had stained, and the *Phaëntian* Flood
 Polluted, who the Boldness had to move
 Their Arms, to sack the House, and Throne of *Jove*,
 In one vast Ruin fell. There they were slain,
 Who did the Secrets of the Gods prophane,
 And first the *Alps*, prohibited, had press'd
 With mortal Steps. The Army, all possess'd
 With Fear, in haste discouraged retire.
 As, through a Citie's Houses, when the Fire
 Diffused runs, and ventilated by
 A rapid Winde, the active Flames do fly
 Up to the Skies, struck with a sudden Fear,
 And Trembling, as the City captive were
 The People run, distracted ev'ry Way.
 But *Scipio*, now grown weary with Delay,
 So to pursue those scatter'd Combats, or
 To be detained in so light a War,
 Resolv'd his Force upon the Cause of all
 Those Ills, and War to turn. For, *Hannibal*
 Alone that Day surviving, it would be
 No Benefit at all to *Italy*,
 Should *Carthage* Walls be set on Fire, and all
 Their Armies overthrow'n. But should He fall
 Alone,

(1) The North-Winde

Alone, not all their Arms, and Men would ought
 Avail the *Libyans*. Him he therefore sought,
 And search'd, through all the Field, with busy Eyes.
 Then to the thickest of the Fight he hies,
 Wishing, that all *Ausonia*, if He there
 Should him encounter, the Spectatours were.
 And bold, with a fierce Voice, his Fo doth cite
 (Upbraiding him) unto another Fight.
 Which Language when affrighted *Juno* hears :
 Left it should touch the *Libyan* Captain's Ears,
 Sh' informs a *Romane* Shape, which strait assumes
 Th' *Italian* Prince's shining Crest, his Plumes,
 And Shield, and spreads his radiant Cassock's Grace
 Upon his Shoulders. Then She adds his Pace,
 And Habit ; such, as him She did behold
 Provoking to the Fight : and Motion bold,
 Without a Body, gives. At length, a Steed,
 Like false, and vain, She forms, that runs with Speed
 Through devious Ways, and offers to the Sight
 The Image of a Warlike Shade, in Fight.

Thus *Scipio*, fain'd by *Juno*, proudly to
 The Fight advanc'd, and brandish'd in the view
 Of *Hannibal* his Sword ; who, pleas'd, his Ey
 Beheld the *Romane* General so nigh,
 And hoping mighty things were then at Hand,
 Strait claps his Heels against his Courser, and,
 With sudden Force, a Jay'lin at him throws.
 The winged Shade turns back, and flying goes
 Quite cross the Field, beyond the Armies. Then,
 As if possess'd of s Chief Desire, agen,
 With his steel'd Heel, th' insulting *Libyan* makes
 His Horse to bleed, and still pursuing shakes
 Th' enlarged Reins. O ! whither dost thou run
 Forgetful, that 'tis our Dominion

(Scipio)

(*Scipio*) where now thou Fly'st. *Libya* to Thee
 Affords no skulking Hole. Thus, proudly, he
 With his drawn Sword still follow'd, as it fled,
 Until, deluded, by it, he was led
 Into another Field, far distant from
 The place of Battel ; where no sooner come,
 But the Delusive Shade to Air resolves.
 What God (said angry *Hannibal*) involves
 Himself in that dark Light to Me ? Or why
 Doth he conceal'd within that Monsterly
 Is then my Glory to the Gods become
 So opposite ? Yet never shalt thou from
 This Hand compel, or force my Fo (said He)
 By all thy Arts, whatever God thou be,
 Who stand'st for *Italy*. With that he wheel'd
 His nimble Steed about, and to the Field
 Enrag'd returns. When strait, with secret Dread
 Of sudden Mischief shock'd, upon his Head
 Down fell his Courser, and, by *Juno*'s care,
 Breath'd from his panting Breast his Life to Air.
 But then, Impatient, This again (said He)
 This is your Plot (ye Gods) nor do you me
 Deceive : I better by the Rocks had bin
 O'rewhelm'd ; I better had been drowned in
 The Waves, and Seas. Was I preserved then
 To this vile Death ? while those unhappy Men,
 That have my Ensigns follow'd, and from Me
 Alone receiv'd a Battel's *Augury*,
 Are slaughter'd, and I, absent, understand
 Their Groans, their Voice, and Words, as they demand
 Their *Hannibal*. What *Stygian* Torrent is
 Sufficient to wash off my Sin ? As this
 He spake, on's Right-Hand with an earnest Ey
 He look'd, inflam'd with a Desire to Dy.

But

But *Juno*, pitying the Man, assumes
 A Shepherd's Face, and, on a sudden, comes
 From the thick Woods; and, as he thought to Dy
 A Death Inglorious, thus accosts Him: Why,
 So arm'd, to these Our Woods do you repair?
 Would you go to that cruel Battel, where
 Great *Hannibal* in Arms the rest subdues
 Of the *Ausonian* Armies? If you'll choose
 The speedy, and compendious Way to go
 Into the Thickest of them, I will show
 The nearest Tract. To this He strait agrees,
 And operates with ample Promises
 The Shepherd's Breast: and tells him, that the State
 Of *Carthage* would his Pains remunerate
 With large Rewards, and He would give as great.
 Thus Eager, halting o're the next Retreat
 With largest Steps, the Goddess him conveys,
 Deceiv'd by Intricacy of the Ways,
 In Circles, and, her self concealing still,
 Gave him unwellcome Safety gainst his Will.
 But the *Cadméan* Troops, forsaken all,
 And full of Fear, seeing no *Hannibal*,
 Nor the known Conflicts of their furious Chief,
 Some think him slain, others are of Belief,
 That He, concluding all was lost, withdrew
 From the Sinister Gods. And now, in View,
 The *Roman* General (like a Storm) amain
 Came on, and chas'd them thorough all the Plain.
Carthage her self then trembled: *Pannick* Dread
 Through *Africa* by the routed Troops is spread.
 And, without Fighting, as they Head-long fly,
 To their extreamest Bounds they, frighted hie.
 Some to *Tartesiack* Coasts disperfed are;
 Others to *Battus* Lands, and *Nile* repair.

So

So, when; by secret Force o'recome, at last
Vesuvius to the Stars his Flames doth cast,
 Through many Ages sed, o're Sea, and Land
 The Fire's diffus'd: th' *Euan Seres* stand
 Amaz'd, beholding a Prodigious Sight,
 (*) Their silken Groves with *Latian* Ashes White.
 But now, at length, the weary *General*
 To th' neighb'ring Hill *Saturnia* brought, where all
 The Face, and Signs o'th bloody Fight more near
 He saw. Such as *Garganus* did appear;
 Such as the *Tyrrhen* Lake, and *Trebia's* Flood,
 And swift *Eridanus*, with Humane Blood
 O'reflowing, he beheld. Such a dire Face
 Was shewn of Myriads slaughter'd on the Place.
 Then troubled *Juno* re-ascends the Skie,
 And, climbing up the Hill, the *Fo* drew nigh;
 When *Hannibal* thus with himself: Though all
 The Fabrick of the Heav'ns dissolv'd should fall
 On this my Head; and Earth should open wide:
 Yet shall the Fame of *Canne* (*Jove*) abide;
 And sooner from thy Empire shalt Thou fall,
 Then in the Deeds, and Name of *Hannibal*,
 The World be silent. Nor, from this my Hand,
 Secure (*O Rome*) shalt thou for ever stand.
 I, against Thee, my Country's Hope will live,
 For a new War. For that Thou now dost thrive
 In Fight, is 'cause thy Foes sit still. To Me
 More then enough it is, that *Italy*,
 And *Dardan* Mothers, while I live, will there
 Expect Me, and ne're lay aside their Fear.
 Then, with a few, that fled away, he gets
 Back to the Hills, and more secure Retreats.
 Here the (**) War's Period was. To *Scipio*
 Strait, of their own Accord, they open throw

X x x

Their

(*) *Vesuvius*, the Famous Mountain near *Neples*, hath had several Eruptions of Fire, to the great Terror, and Detriment of the Inhabitants of *Compania*, and other Parts; the Ashes flying almost incredibly (as *Diostiffus*) from thence into *Africa*, and *Asia*, as far as *Syria*; and, at one time covering two Towns, *Hirculanum*, and *Pompeii*, with the Inhabitants, as they were in the Theatre. See *Ambrusius* *Lex*, De *Agræ Nola*: and of its last Combustion, in our Memory, see *Salvatus* *Yars*, *Peloponius* *Incedis* *Nep*, 1634.

(**) After this overthrow all parts gave Way to *Scipio*, and *Carthage* itself submitted to the Power of the *Romans*, who deprived them of all things, but their own Laws: after which they permitted them to live, their impious Rites of Sacrificing Humane Blood excepted. For this I take to be the meaning of *Impulsus* *ipse* *ademptus*; (though *Deservius* otherwise) since, through the whole *Carthaginian* Story, we do not find them in Use, after the *Romans* were their Masters; though they were Superstitious in them not long before, as appears by our *Fur's* Declaration against them, in the Fourth Book.

Their Gates. Their Impious Rites abolish'd are.
 Their Arms he takes away, and Laws, that were
 Engrav'd. Their Strength in Riches, and their Pride
 Is overthrown, and *Elephants* aside
 Their Castles lay. At length (to *Libya*
 A dismal Sight) their Fleet is fir'd : the Sea
 Burns with the sudden Tempest, and the Flame
Nereus affrights. The Gen'ral, with a Name,
 That equal shall with Time, for ever, stand,
 With the first Title of that conquer'd Land,
 Sure of that Empire, goes, by Sea, to *Rome*,
 And, in great (1) Triumph, to his Native Home
 Is born. Before him *Syphax*, Captivate,
 Upon a Bier, his Eyes dejected, fate ;
 His Neck in golden Chains preserv'd. And here
Hanno, and Young *Phœnician* Nobles were :
 Then *Macedonian* Princes : next to these
 The *Moors*, with parched Skins : then *Nomades*,
 And *Garamantians* known to (2) Horned *Jove* :
 Where they the Sands survey, and *Syrts*, that prove
 Destructive still to Ships. (3) Next, lifting to
 The Stars her conquer'd Hands, did *Carthage* go.
 Then the Effigies of th' *Iberian* Land,
 Now Peaceable : with *Gades*, that doth stand
 The Period of the Earth ; and *Calpè*, that,
 Of old, *Alcides* Praise did terminate :
 With *Betis*, which the Horses of the Sun
 Is wont to bath in Streams, that gently run :
 And high *Pyrenè*, that gives Birth to Wars,
 And lifts her leavy Head unto the Stars.
 With rude *Iberus*, that, with Fury, flings
 Against the Sea the Rivers, that he brings.
 Yet nothing more delights their Minds, and Eyes,
 Then *Hannibal*, as in the Field he flies.

But

(1) *Draupnir* needed not to have mentioned his flight Mutation of *Arma*, into *Arva* ; for it is Obvious, that the *Carthaginians* did not carry all their Arms into the Field, but that a sufficient quantity was left to defend them, had all other things been equal to resist the *Romans*, who, after took from them all things, that could contribute to a War. See more in the Continuation, Book the fifth.

(2) *Jupiter Hammon*.

(3) Of this *Triumph*, the most acceptable of all, that *Rome* yet had seen, as that, which confirmed her in her Imperial Power, see, at large, *Appian*, in *Libyca*.

But, standing in his Chariot, to the View
 Of *Rome*, his Martial Face doth *Scipio* shew ;
 In Gold, and *Tyrian* Purple, richly drest :
 As, when, descending from the spicy *East*,
 With Bridled Tygers, *Bacchus* drove along
 His Vine-bound Chariot : Or, when, among
 The slaughter'd Gyants, in *Phlegrean* Wars
Alcides walk'd, and touch'd the very Stars.
 Hail, thou Un-conquerable Parent ! who,
 In Praise, art equal to *Quirinus*, to
Camillus in Deservings ! nor, when *She*,
 Among the rest, commemorateth Thee,
 The Offspring of the Gods, doth *Rome* bely
 TARPEIAN JOVE'S IMMORTAL PROGENY.

F I N I S.

A
CONTINUATION
OF
SILIUS ITALICUS
TO
The DEATH of
HANNIBAL,
In Three BOOKS;

By THOMAS ROSS, Esq;

L O N D O N,
Printed by THO. ROYCROFT, 1661.



TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
WILLIAM
EARL of
STRAFFORD, &c.

My LORD,



Y Obligations to your LORD-
SHIP have long since called
for such Acknowledgement,
as ought to appear under the
Title of the Noblest Subject.
Had any, within the Prospect
of my Fancy, been more Eminent, then this
of HANNIBAL, I had made choice of it, as Ad-
equate to your Merits: but, none appearing,
I have selected what SILIUS left untouched, to
raise

The Epistle Dedicatory.

raise out of it this little Monument of my Gratitude; having no other Means to express it. I confess, I, at first, intended to adventure on the THIRD PUNICK VVAR; which, though of less Continuance, then this SECOND, had in it as gallant Actions (especially in that famous SIEGE of CARTHAGE) as any HISTORY doth mention: but, Conscious of the VWeakness of what I have already built, I feared, that, by raising, too many Stories, It might fall under its own Bulk, and my self under the Censure of Ambition, in aspiring to so great a VVork. I have therefore rather chosen to desist, and fix this little Piece under your LORDSHIP'S Name, as a VOTIVE Table to testify to the VVorld, how much I am,

My LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Most humble,

and Faithful Servant,

THOMAS ROSS.



A CONTINUATION OF SILIUS ITALICUS

To the DEATH of

HANNIBAL

The First Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Romane Piety, and Zeal to pay
(At Scipio's Return) the Vows, which they
In War had made. King Syphax Captive dies
By voluntary Famine. The sad Cries
Of Carthaginian Dames. Their Cities quite
Disarm'd. Imilce's parting Tears. By Night,
Great Hannibal his Treach'rous Country flies;
Sails to Cercinna : and, in Sacrifice,
A Day consumes. Fearing to be betray'd;
Those, whom he doubts, by Wine asleep are lay'd.*



O W had great Scipio brought
his Trophies Home,
And with loud Triumphs fill'd
the Streets of Rome :
The People to their num'rous
Altars bring
Their pleasing Off'rings, and
glad Peans sing.

Such Store of Sweets, in ev'ry Temple smok;
As if not *Likya* onely felt the Yoak
Of this great Conquest: but *Arabia* there
Her Tribute gave, and the *Sabeans* were

A

Their

Their Vassals. Or, as if to Prophecy,
That all the World, in Time to come, should be
By them subdu'd, and *Rome*, Triumphant, stand
The wealthy Store-house of each conquer'd Land;
Bulls, that with Snow, for Whiteness, might contend,
Wash'd in ^(a) *Clitumnus* sacred Streams, ascend
The Capitol: their curled Foreheads Crown'd
With flowry Wreaths, their Horns with Fillets bound.

These all in solemn Order, round the Hill
Thrice, slowly, lead: the Joyful People fill
The trembling Air with Shouts: then enter, while
The Gods seem pleas'd, and in their Statues smile;
Pleas'd, that Devotion with Success they see
So duely mix'd, and grateful Piety

^(b) To pay those holy Vows, which first arose
From Fears of Ruin, and insulting Foes.
First, to the Queen of Gods, a Purple Vest,
Whose rich Embroid'ry all the Art express
Of the *Sidonian* Dames, and then a Crown
Of Gold, which, hapless *Syphax* overthrown,
His *Sophoniba* wore, the Matrons bring;
And, Off'ring at her Shrine, thus, Pious, sing.

Sister, and Wife of *Jove*, Celestial Queen,
Whom we, so long, so full of Wrath have seen;
That *Rome*, almost despairing of her Fate,
Saw these her Walls besieg'd; let not thy Hate
To *Trojan* Blood still prompt Thee to despise
Our Piety: but, with serener Eyes,
Behold Us now, and hear Us, when We pray,
And our Oblations on thine Altars lay.
Why should thy Love to *Libya* still enflame
Thy Rage 'gainst Us, who from *Aeneas* came?
Let it suffice: We, to this very Time,
Have expiated, with our Blood, that Crime

(a) *Clitumnus*, a River in *Tuscan*, in the Territories of the *Falisci* (now called *Crota Castellana*) where such Bulls, as were designed for Sacrifice in *Triumphs*, were washed, and became White. *Plin. lib. 2. cap. 103.* as asserted by *Virgil, Georg. 2.*

Flux Albi, Clitumne, greges, &c. But, this Virtue vanishing, they supplied the want of White, with Red Bulls.

White Herds, and Victims of the (best Effeminate Bulls, wash'd (Clitumnus) in thy Sacred Stream, The *Romane* Triumphs to the Temples (lead: But this Virtue, &c.

(b) It was a Laudable Custom among the *Romans*, after a Victory obtained, to command a Festival of Nine Days, wherein all the People abstained from Work, and Sacrificed to the Gods for their Success. *Polyb. lib. Excerpt. legat. cap. 16.*

Of *Paris*. Oh! believe him now to be
In Us, repenting his Disdain of Thee.
Be then appeas'd! thy Mercy will no less,
Then doth thy Power, thy Deity confers:
And, if at length, with other Gods, and Fate
Thou wilt comply, to bless the *Romane* State;
As Thou on the Supreme Throne above
The Heav'ns art seated: so, here, next to *Jove*,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, and the World shall come
To bring their Off'rings unto Thee at *Rome*.

The *Flamen*, while they thus invoke, his Hands
Display'd to Heav'n, at *Jove's* high Altar stands,
And thus exhorts. Oh! may We ever see
Religion thus to Crown thy Victory,
(*Quirinus* Progeny) these Pious Charms
(Oh *Rome*) will force the Gods to bless thine Arms.
Then, O, then, let thy Piety encrease,
As now, when War is ended, and thy Peace
Confirm: Impiety alone the Fates
Provokes, and flingeth open ^(c) *Janus* Gates.
This said: an hundred Bulls at once are slain,
Which, with their Blood, an hundred Altars stain.
Their Entrails all, enquir'd for what's to come,
Promise a lasting Happiness to *Rome*:
That She the Head of all the World should stand,
And next to *Jove* the Universe command.

^(d) The Gods thus serv'd; they all begin to Feast,
And in their costly Banquets spend the rest
O'th' Day. The *Senate* seated are alone,
And to great *Scipio's* Honour, one by one,
A stately Goblet quaff of *Masick* Wine.
His Cheeks, mean while, with modest Blushes shine;
As if they'd Fire the Laurel on his Brow,
Unwilling those Just Praises to allow.

(c) The Temple of *Janus* was always open, while the *Romans* were in War, and never shut, but when in Peace with all the World it is observed not to have been shut above thrice. First, by *Numa*. Secondly, after the *Second Punic War*: and, Lastly, by *Augustus Caesar*.

(d) Though (as *Plutarch* observes) some other *Triumphs* had exceeded this of *Scipio*, in their Pomp and Wealth, yet none was entertained with so much Joy, the *Romans* being not only absolved from the Despair of forcing Hannibal out of Italy, but Carthage likewise wholly subdued.

So, in the Gyants War, when Heav'n again
Was free from Fear, and mighty *Typhon* slain,
To Mirth themselves the Gods dispos'd, and, round
The Tables, *Hebè* with *Nepentès* crown'd
Their Cups: while all *Apollo's* Skill proclaim,
Commend his Bow, his Shafts, and certain Aim,
By which the Gyants fell; when they upon
The Stars had seiz'd, and *Jove's* Celestial Throne
Almost possess'd. But, back again to Hell,
Struck with these Heav'nly Arms, the Rebels fell.

The solemn Day thus spent: the Night succeeds,
Inviting all to Rest. While *Syphax* bleeds
Within: the Trumpet, which their Triumphs sounds,
Grates on his Ears, strikes to his Heart, and wounds
His very Soul. Sometimes, He thinks upon
His former ^(e) State, when, sitting on a Throne
Of Native Ivory, He did command
Those Nations, which the *Æthiopian* Land,
And *Nasamon* confines, with those, that by
The *Carthaginian* Bounds, and *Hammon* ly;
With all, that South-ward dwell near *Nile*, and those,
Where the *Herculean* Sea 'gainst *Calpè* throws
Its foaming Waves: when he could summon, to
The War, whole Myriads of Horsemen, who
On naked Steeds did ride, and gave them Law:
And between *Rome*, and *Carthage* when he saw
The World disputed was, that He had been
The Umpire of their Quarrel, and had seen
Them both his Friendship seek, until his Flame
Of Love the Ruin of his Throne became.
Sad with these Thoughts, that, in his troubled Breast,
Swell like a raging Tempest, and all Rest
Deny: at length his Sighs (that, as a Winde,
Within the Bowels of the Earth confin'd,

Shakes

(e) *Syphax* was the greatest of all the Kings of *Libya*, having (besides his own Inheritance of the *Megilla*, and *Mauritania*) usurped part of *Masaniissa's* Kingdom of *Nemidia*, which moved *Masaniissa* to revolt to the *Romans*.

Shakes the whole Fabrick, untill forth it breaks
Into the Air) make Way, and thus he speaks.
Is then the Birth, and Title of a King;
(Ye Gods, from whom Kings, sprung) so vain a thing;
That, with one Shock of Fortune onely, I
Must fall so low, into Captivity,
As to become their Slave to whom, of late,
I was a Terror? Are the Laws of Fate.
Of so great Force, that whatsoever's Design'd
By them, by all must be obey'd? must binde
The Deities themselves? Alas! if so,
Why do poor Mortals to their Temples go,
And vainly crave that Aid, which cannot be
Confirm'd, unless the Fates the same decree?
How oft did I, before I took in hand
This War, their Counsel, and Consent demand?
As oft, their *Tripods* what I ask'd allow'd.
And I, as often, to their Honour vow'd
Dardanian Spoils. But, since I am o'erthrown,
'Tis not my Crime they want them, but their own.
From them it was, that ^(f) *Sophonisba's* Charms
Prevail'd, and Head-long thrust me into Arms:
Against that Faith, which I to *Rome*, before;
Religiously had sworn. I would no more
Of this complain, had we together dy'd.
Or, had not *Masaniissa* both my Bride,
^(g) My Throne, and Crown enjoy'd. Ye Gods, You
If not Unjust in this, at least, Severe. (were
Else wherefore did I not, when Hostile Fire
Had seiz'd my Camp, within those Flames expire?
Then might I to the Shades below have gone,
At least, a King. Then I had onely known
The Fate of being conquer'd, not the Shame:
Nor then had *Rome* recorded *Syphax* Name

Among

(f) By this Marriage with *Sophonisba* he was induced to quit his League with the *Romans*, and engage against them with the *Carthaginians*.

(g) After this Overthrow, and the Submission of *Carthage*, *Masaniissa* was restored to his own Estate, and, for a Reward, had a great part of *Syphax's* Kingdom conferred on him, by the *Romans*.

Among her Captives. Nor, then, had these Hands,
 That shook a Scepter o'er so many Lands,
 Been thus bound up in Chains. But, why do I
 Complain of Life, and not resolve to Dy ?
 What ? though they study to preserve me still,
 A living Trophy here ; yet is my Will
 Free, as the Conquerour's : and *Rome* shall finde,
 I still retain the Empire of my Minde,
 That stands above her reach, where I alone
 Will rule, and scorn to live, but on a Throne.
 This said, a sudden Silence seiz'd his Soul :
 And, as deep Waters in still Channels roul,
 And, murmur'ing less, into the *Ocean* flow ;
 So the Repentments of his Grievs, that grow
 Too great to be express'd, through ev'ry part,
 Like a swift Fever, runs, till his great Heart,
 Resolv'd to bear that Load no more, deny'd
 Nature her common Food, and, starv'd, He dy'd.
 And, as a Lion, that hath long in Blood
 Maintain'd his Empire in some *Libyan* Wood,
 Surpriz'd at last in Toils, and kept to be
 The Pastime of the *Cirque*, raging to see
 His Native Freedom lost, doth, roaring, round
 His Prison walke, and (with that dreadful Sound,
 Was wont all other Beasts to Terrify,
 And, with their Flocks, make trembling Shepherds fly)
 Shakes all about. But, when he findes, at length,
 That nor his Rage prevails, nor yet his Strength
 Can his Escape procure ; all proffer'd Food
 He growling flies, forgets all thirst of Blood,
 And, in Disdain of his Captivity,
 Resolves in fullen Silence there to dy.
 So that great King, to whom, not long before,
 Rich Gems were from the *Erythrean* Shore,

For

For Tribute brought : to whom, with Lions Tame,
 And towred Elephants, *Getulians* came,
 And, prostrate at his Feet, Obedience pay'd :
 At first in Love, then War, a Captive made,
 In a dark Dungeon dy'd, and the sole Fame,
 (6) That he gainst *Scipio* fought, preserves his Name.

But while, at *Rome*, their Triumphs still encrease,
 At *Carthage* the sad purchase of their Peace
 Shews them a Face of things, which they deplore
 As much, as those deep Wounds they had before
 In War receiv'd, and *Zama's* fatal Plain,
 On which so many *Libyans* were slain,
 And *Hannibal* disarm'd. For now they see,
 That nor in Peace, nor War, they can be free.
 Not all the Wealth their numerous Conquests gave,
 Nor Subjects, gain'd by *Hannibal*, could save
 Their own at Home : for, while his conqu'ring Hand
 O'return'd *Saguntus*, and the *Iberian* Land
 Subdu'd, and when his Troops *Pyrene* past,
 The *Celts* gain'd, and *Italy* did waste,
 Their Victories abroad (still calling for
 Recruits) as costly prov'd, as if the War
 Had been in *Libya* made : onely their Fear
 Of Utter Ruin was not then so near.

It was not now enough, that they had seen
 Those wealthy Trophies, that had thither been
 From *Sicily*, from the *Herculean* Bars,
 And farthest Nations, in preceeding Wars,
 By great *Amilcar* sent, transported all
 To *Rome*, and there, within the *Capitol*,
 Among *Egates* Spoils, hung up, to be
 Eternal Monuments of Infamy.
 Their dreadful Elephants, that had, so long,
 Against all stranger Nations, been so strong

(6) That he dyed by Abstinence,
 is consonant to the Opinion of *Alphian* :
 his great Heart not brooking the shame
 of being led in Triumph. That he
 was a Spectacle in the Triumph, *Mae-*
riane is sure, though *Polyb.* lib. 16.
 and *Livy* (whom *Silius* follows) con-
 sent.

A

A living Wall : with all the Arms, which there,
 Since *Dido* first *Phœnician* Walls did rear,
 Had been stor'd up, and had a *Pannick* Dread;
 Over the *Alps*, and high *Pyrenè*, spread,
 Are yielded to their Foes, with trembling Hands:
 And conquer'd *Carthage*, now, as Naked stands,
 As when *Elixa* first her Walls begun,
 Or when enrag'd *Hyrbas* over-run
 (Full of Revenge) her narrow Bounds, and, while
 Her Ashes yet were warm, upon her Pyle
 Fix'd his victorious Arms : Nor can they see,
 By Land, a Period to their Misery.
 Earth hath not space enough, whereon to lay
 Their Chains, which now, extended to the Sea,
 Confine the Force of *Carthage* ; that no more
 It can, from *Africk*, to *Europa's* Shore
 Terror diffuse : but melts into a Name,
 Like *Troy*, in Ruin only known to Fame.

(1) At the Burning of the *Carthaginian* Navy (which is said to be five hundred Sail) the Cry, and Lamentation of the People was as great, as if all *Carthage* had, at the same time, been utterly destroyed. *Plutarch*, in the *Life of Scipio*.

(2) That Navy, which (before the Fate of *Rome*
 Prevail'd) had brought unvalu'd Treasures Home;
 Which through the Seas, from *East* to *West*, had flown,
 And where the *Romane* Eagles were not known,
 Under its swelling Wings *Sidonian* Dyes
 Had often born, and chang'd for such Supplies,
 As *Meroë*, and black *Syene* yields,
 With whatfo'er renowns those spicy Fields,
 Where *Ganges* flows ; by which the *Libyan* Land
 (Though they dire Serpents, in the barren Sand,
 Plough up) as great a Plenty ev'ry where
 Enjoy'd, as theirs, whose Harvest, twice a Year,
 Their Garners fills : is, by this Storm of Fate,
 Contracted to so small a Number, that
 They now despair, e're more, with Hostile Oars,
 To fright from *Latian*, and *Sicilian* Shores

The

The trembling *Nymphs* ; but must, for ever, stand
 Condemn'd, as Slaves, to a parch'd Barren Land.

As some hot Plague, by a Malignant Star
 Diffus'd into an Universal War,
 First the wide Air infects, next Beasts, and then
 The Commons, till, at last, the Best of Men
 Are snatch'd away, by the same cruel Fate,
 Which none but Heav'n knows, where t'will terminate:
 So, when the *Romane* Fury, in whose Hand
 Alone, the Fate of *Carthage* seem'd to stand,
 Had strip'd them of all Force by Land, and Sea,
 And nothing now was left, but to Obey ;
 At length, their Spirits, by a dreadful Doom,
 Are seiz'd : the Best of all their Youth to *Rome*
 (As Pledges of their Faith) must strait be born,
 And *Libyan* Mothers Tears become the Scorn
 Of *Latian* Dames. It had been better they
 (While *Hannibal* in *Italy* did stay)
 Had granted been to re-inforce his Bands.
 They then their Country not with fetter'd Hands,
 But arm'd had left, and might have Fighting dy'd,
 Nor thus been Sacrificed to the Pride
 Of an Insulting Fo, whose Malice knows
 No Bounds ; but, fed, still more Insatiate grows.
 But now the Fatal Day arrives, and Fears
 Wound ev'ry Breast, fill ev'ry Eye with Tears.
 The weeping Mothers with dishevel'd Hair
 Run through the Streets, and, vainly, beat the Air
 With loud Complaints. Sometimes they call upon
 The Gods : then strait exclaim, that there are None,
 At least, that they are Deaf ; else might their Tears
 Prevail, and their Oppressions touch their Ears.
 Sometimes the Authour of the War, and those
 Infernal Altars, that, at first, their Foes

B

Provok'd

Provok'd, they curse. Sometimes those Men they blame,
 Whole Envy, without Reason, to the Name
 Of *Hannibal*, had fix'd Victorious *Rome*
 In that great Height, and brought those Ruins Home,
 Which *Jove* himself once fear'd; whose onely Hand,
 With Thunder Arm'd, could *Hannibal* withstand,
 And keep the *Capitol*. But Oh (Ye Gods)
 What boots it now (say they) that so great Ods
Carthage did once enjoy, above the World:
 Since, from the Height of Glory, She is hurl'd
 Into the depth of Shame. But thus you still
 Are Prone to give things Great, yet never will
 Preserve them so. In vain (alas!) the Toils
 Of our great Fathers have, with wealthy Spoils,
 Enrich'd your Temples, and, with noble Wounds,
 The Pow'r of *Carthage* stretch'd beyond the Bounds
 Of *Africa*, and with such dreadful Aw
 Her Name had spread, that all the World their Law
 Expected from her Hand. But (Oh!) how small
 A Shadow, now, remains to Us of all
 Our former Glories? We are Mothers made,
 That, by this Blessing, We might be betray'd
 To a far greater Curse, and add more weight
 Unto our Ruin, and Unhappy Fate.
 Had these upon your cruel Altars dy'd,
 Religion might perhaps have satisf'd
 Our Loss, and We, at least, might Home return
 With this Content, that in their Native Urn
 Their Ashes were preserv'd. But these are born
 To be the Grief of *Carthage*, and the Scorn
 Of *Rome*, whose now they are, and not our Own:
 Nor will they be for such hereafter known;
 But taught their Country's Manners to disclaim,
 And bury in the ^(k) Gown the *Tyrian* Name.

(k) In the Number *Appian* differs from *Livy*. The first allowing them only to be one thousand five hundred, the latter, two thousand: but they were of the Noblest, whom the *Romans* (as was their Custom) were careful to educate in their Manners, and Habit, as the readiest Way to a Conquest, as well over the Mindes, as the Estates of Barbarous Nations.

As

As thus they sadly to the Gods complain,
 The Winde the *Romane* Navy to the Main
 Invites. The Masters for the Captives call;
 While at their Feet the weeping Parents fall,
 And, Prostrate, thus implore. If yet that Ire
 Appeased be, that did your Breasts inspire
 At *Zama's* Field; wherein our Fates gave Way
 To Yours, and Crown'd You with an happy Day;
 Now mildly hear our Prayers: and, as you are
 Rais'd, by the Gods, to this great Height in War,
 That by their Blessing You may Higher rise,
 Be Merciful, like them: do not despise
 The Tears of such, as fall; their Cries the Scale
 Of Fortune often turn, and may prevail
 With Heav'n to break the Chain of your Success,
 If, whom the Gods afflict, You shall oppress.
 The bravest Souls no longer will pursue
 Their Rage, then while it serves them to subdue.
 And, when the Conquer'd do submit, they finde
 A Sanctuary in a Noble Minde.
 When therefore our Unhappy Sons shall come
 (Sons not for *Carthage* born, but Conqu'ring *Rome*)
 Within your Walls, Oh! be not too Severe,
 Lay easy Chains upon them, think they were
 Once free, as You: so may a better Fate
 Your Issue bless; so may You propagate
 Your lasting Names to Honour, and, near cross
 By Fortune, keep that Freedom We have lost.
 As thus they plead, from their Embraces torn,
 Two hundred Noblest *Tyrian* Youths are born
 Away to Sea, at *Rome* ordain'd to stand
 The faithful Pledges of their Native Land.

But, while all other Breasts with Grief, and Care,
 Are fill'd, and ev'ry one, with sad Despair

B 2

Of

Of future Liberty, resolves the Yoke
 To bear with Patience, and no more provoke
 Those Arms, which, after such expence of Blood,
 And Wealth (too late, alas!) they undertook
 Superiour to their own : *Revenge* puts on
Amilcar's Shape, and thus, by Night, his Son
 Excites to War. O *Hannibal*, canst Thou
 (After the Fame of thy so early Vow
 To prosecute this War) sit still, and see,
 By *Rome*, upon thy Country's Liberty
 Such heavy Yokes impos'd? Canst thou, my Son,
 Tame thyself from what Thou hast begun?
 And see that Wealth, which, from so many Lands,
 By our great Ancestours Victorious Hands
 Together heap'd, enabled Thee to spread
 Thy Conqu'ring Ensigns o're *Pyrene's* Head;
 And o're the pathless *Alps* to make thy Way,
 Become the Prize of *Rome*; Yet thou that Day
 Survive? At length, awake, and let me finde
 Thy Valour, fierce, and active, as the Wind
 On *Adriatick* Seas. Let not the Tears
 Of trembling Mothers, or the vainer Fears
 Of Utter Ruin, move thee to conspire
 So much with *Hanno's* Wish, or *Rome's* Desire.
 That *Hannibal* should now sit still, is more,
 Then all the Victories they had before:
 Those onely did subdue thine Arms; but This
 Over thy Minde a greater Conquest is:
 And all, that *Scipio* now, at *Rome*, doth boast;
 Where he at *Zama*, when the Field was lost,
 Thee flying shews, and, afterward regains,
 And thy Pale Image leads with golden Chains,
 (As he great *Syphax* led in Triumph) Thou,
 Resolving thus to bear it, dost allow.

Nor

Nor will the World condemn what *Hanno* saies;
 While, in the *Senate*, he upon thee layes.
 The Crimes of all these Ills; records the Rites,
 We once perform'd to *Heate*; excites
 The People's Rage, while he doth on them call:
 Where now is your Victorious *Hannibal*?
 Where is that Arm, that could alone defend
 These Walls? that durst with Fate itself contend?
 Where are *Saguntus* Spoils? or those, which He
 From *Spain* hath brought? or conquer'd *Italy*?
 If yet that Arm survive, let him from *Rome*,
 Rescue our Captiv'd Sons, and bring them Home.
 Or if those Spoils, which he at *Thrasimen*,
Trebia, or *Canna* gain'd, remain; why then
 Do We for our exacted Talents grieve?
 Nor rather, with that Wealth, our selves relieve?
 But, if, consum'd through his Ambition, We
 Have, with our Riches, lost our Liberty;
 Why should that guilty Head, to whom we owe
 These Ruins, and the Curse of all our Woe,
 Amongst Us still remain; and, with a Pride,
 (1) Great as the Conquerours, our Tears divide?
 Consider this: and, as infused Oil
 Doth heighten Flames, hence let thy Fury boil;
 Create more Spleen within Thee; make Thee rude,
 As *Caucasus*, till thou hast fully shew'd
 Th' amazed World, thou wert not born to bear
 The *Romane* Yoak. But do, what others dare
 Not think, and 'gainst the *Latine* Name, where'er
 There shall be War, do Thou in Arms appear;
 Till Fate absolve thy Vow, and Thou shalt be
 Crown'd with a Noble Death, or Victory.
 When thus the *Fury* had her self inspir'd
 Into his Soul, with Night She strait retir'd

To

(1) *Hannibal* when he saw the *Senate*, and People excessively Lament the Payment of their Tribute (which was very great) Laughed at their Follies, who, more bewail'd the emptying of their Purfes, then the loss of their Liberty, and Honour.

To Hell. While He, now void of all Repose,
 Soon as from *Tibon's* Bed *Aurora* rose,
 To that fam'd *Stygian* Temple doth repair,
 Where, when a Childe, his Father made him swear
 The War. Soon as He comes into the Grove,
 Strange, horrid Murmurs, round about him, move.
 The Goddesses call'd to Minde, what he before
 Had offer'd there, and now expected more.
 Then over all the Place a Cloud She casts,
 Which thither calls the Night again, and blasts
 The rising Day. At length, She open throws
 The Temple-Gates, while on he, Fearless, goes ;
 Till at the Entrance, from her Gloomy Cell,
 The aged Priestess thus bespeaks him. Tell,
 What is it, that so early hither Thee
 Invites? and, who thou art? For well I see
 Thou com'st to offer to the Pow'rs below,
 And therefore, with this Horrour, they foreshew
 Thy Welcome: tell me then, what is thy Name?

Though, now, thou know'st Me not, I'me sure my
 (Said *Hannibal*) long since hath fill'd thine Ears. (Fame
 I am that *Hannibal*, who, e're my Years
 Two *Lustra* had fulfill'd, a War, before
 These *Stygian* Altars, 'gainst the *Romans* swore;
 The rest the World hath told Thee: and I now
 (In prosecution of that Sacred Vow)
 Am come to know, what yet remains by Me
 To be pursu'd, and what the Fates decree.
 The Priestess thus: I know Thee now: nor can
 The Universe afford another Man
 More dear unto the Pow'rs, which we adore:
 But we our Rites cannot perform before
 The following Night hath finish'd half her Reign.
 Now therefore to thy House make haste again,

And

And my Advice embrace. For often We
 Have of the Gods enquir'd concerning Thee,
 Whose thread of Life is twited with the Fate
 Of *Carthage*, and in That her better State
 Consists: and hence it is Imperious *Rome*
 By her Embassadors, who, now, are come,
 Will not so much for *Masaniſſa* plead,
 As joyn with *Hanno*, to obtain thy Head,
 Or cast Thee into Chains: therefore till Night
 Returns, be Wary, and prepare for Flight;
 And when *Bootes* hath his lazy Wain
 Turn'd half about the *Pole*, hither again
 Repair, and I shall then enquire the Minde
 O'th' Gods, and what they have for Thee design'd.

Pensive with this Advice, strait Home He goes,
 And, ruminating on his Country's Woos,
 His Chamber enters, with a troubl'd Face;
 When, almost drown'd in Tears, to his Embrace
Imilce flies, and thus begins: What now
 Thy Minde disturbs? what on thy Angry Brow
 Creates that Cloud? which, where'soe'er it be
 Discharg'd (my *Hannibal*) must Ruin Me.
 I know 'tis War: for such the dire Alarms
 Of lost *Saguntus* snatch'd I hee from mine Arms,
 So from my Bed, before the Night was done,
 To meet their Sallies, thou wert wont to run.
 While Fury arm'd thee, and pale Death did wait
 Upon Thee, as upon the Hand of Fate.
 But then Thou wert protected; Heav'n did then
 For Thee, and *Carthage* fight: if now agen
 The Gods would hear our Prayers, and bleſs Thee so,
 How gladly would I yield to let Thee go?
 But they (alas!) are Angry, and no more
 Will lend their Thunder, as they did before,

Unto

Unto Thine Arm. *Rome* now their Ears hath charm'd
Against Thee, and Thy Fortune quite disarm'd.
Naked against the World Thou now dost stand:
All have submitted to Her Conqu'ring Hand.

Carthage is Hers, nor *Libya*, nor *Spain*,
Pyrenè, nor the *Celtæ* can again

Afford Thee Aid. ^(m) The *Macedonian* King,
Who to our fainting Hopes appear'd to bring
Some Shadows of Relief, while He o'erran
The Bounds of *Athens*, and a War began
With that sad Omen, that *Saguntus* turn'd
To Ashes, and the ⁽ⁿ⁾ *Athydenians* burn'd,
On Pyles of their own Wealth, is forc'd at last
To yield to Fortune, and himself to cast
A Prostrate at *Rome's* Feet, and Peace implore.
Content with those great Acts, that He before
Had done, He now resolves, at Home, t'attend
His Fate: and, would my *Hannibal* now lend
A Pity to these Tears, Thou should'st no more
That Hand of Fortune try, which Thee before
In one Day thrust from that great Height, to which
The Toil of seventeen Years had rais'd Thee. Rich
In Fame thou art, and, though all else is gone,
That's such a Treasure, that for it alone
The World may envy Thee, and Times to come
Shall put thy Name in Balance against *Rome*,
And all her *Generals*. But what of Life
(After such Deeds) remains, unto thy Wife,
And Son should be allow'd: and, if thy Breast
With Thoughts of sworn Revenge be still possest,
(Since Fortune courts the Young, and Thou art now
In Years, to which She seldom doth allow
Her Smiles) derive thine Anger to thy Son,
Instruct him here, at Home, what's to be done

(m) Philip King of *Macedon*, who with the *Acarnanians* made several incursions upon the Allies of the *Romanes*: but his Success not answering his Ambition, he made a dishonourable Peace with the *Romanes*, in which the *Carthaginians* lost all Hopes of his Assistance.

(n) The *Athydenians* strictly besieged by *Philip*, and despairing of Relief, after the Example of *Saguntus*, burned themselves, with all their Wealth.

To

To perfect thy Desires, and at thy Death,
Into His Breast, with thy Departing Breath,
^(o) Inspire (my *Hannibal*) thy mighty Spirit,
That so He may entirely Thee Inherit,
And live the Fear of *Rome*. But, if Thou fly
From hence, and leave Us to the Cruelty
Of Our insulting Foes, Our Captiv'd Names
Will strait become the Talk of *Romane* Dames,
'Midst their Triumphal Feasts; or be in Scorn
Suppress'd, as if We never had been born.

This, with a thousand Sighs, and all the Charms
Of Kisses, mix'd with Tears, between his Arms,
Speaking, She sinks: while, with that constant Face,
With which He entred, in a strict Embrace,
He holds Her up, and thus replies; Thy Love
(My dear *Imilce*) is so much above
The Value of my Life, that I would all
Those Dangers stand, which can upon Me fall,
I enjoy Thee here: But this our Enemies
Will not allow. Domestick Treacheries
Have now so far above the Arms of *Rome*
Prevail'd, that I a Captive shall, at Home,
In Peace, be made, and hence in Chains be born,
(Snatch'd from thy dear Embrace) to be the Scorn

^(p) Of second Triumphs, and when that is done
(A Pride peculiar unto *Rome* alone)
I shall not dy like *Syphax*, from the View
Of all the World, but they will something New
For Me invent. Whatever was by Us,
Before, Inflicted on their *Regulus*,
Will be esteem'd too Little; I shall be
In Parts divided through all *Italy*,
And feel, in each, a Death, and yet not all
Their Malice satiate, when to Minde they call

C

The

(o) It was anciently a Custom in many Nations, to receive the last Breath of their Expiring Friends.

(p) The Custom of leading Captives in Triumph was first introduced by the *Romanes*; and among them only in use: the Principal Captives, in Chains, passing before the Chariot of the Triumpher, and (for the most part) as he entered the *Capitol*, they were led to Prison, and, on the same Day, he lay'd down his Authority, and they their Lives. See *Cicero*, in *Verrem*.

The Fun'rals of their Friends. But, that I may
 Their Plots avoid, and keep a better Way
 Still open to my Fall, I now must fly
 M' Ingrateful Country, or resolve to dy,
 This Day, before thine Eyes: for in this Hand
 Of Mine, alone, my Fate shall ever stand.
 Nor shall the World believe, the Life, and Death
 Of *Hannibal* depends upon the Breath
 Of *Rome*. As this He spake, She stop'd the rest
 With Kisses, and, reclining on his Breast
 Her drooping Head (whilst Tears, like *April*-rain,
 Into his Bosom flow, by Sighs again
 Dry'd up) Since so it is (said She) no more
 Will I (my *Hannibal*) thy Stay implore.
 Go, and be Happy! may those Gods, who Thee,
 With such Severity, deny to Me,
 Protect Thee, when Alone: go, Happy! may
 Thy wish'd Return be speedy! But I Pray
 For what I cannot Hope; those Gods, who now
 Us separate (alas!) will not allow,
 That We should meet again. As from her Tongue
 These last Words fell, about his Neck She flung
 Her Arms, and, after many Kisses past,
 While both contended, who should give the Last,
 With a long Silence (for with Grief each Heart
 Too big for Language swell'd) at length they part.

Now Night the middle of her Course had run,
 Between the Rising, and the Falling Sun;
 When *Libya's* anxious Champion at the Fane
 (All things prepar'd for Flight) arrives again;
 There finds the Priestests; from her hoary Head
 Tresses, like curling Serpents, overspread
 Her wrinkled Neck: a Mantle crosses her Breast,
 In which forsaken *Dido's* Death, express

By

By her fair Sister's Hand, and there bequeath'd
 As Sacred (with the Sword, She, Frantick, sheath'd
 In her own Bosom) fastn'd by a Charm
 On her left Shoulder, and her other Arm
 Quite Naked, waving round a *Syrian* Wand,
 With which, by adding Words, She could command
 The Powers of Hell, She meets him at the Door,
 And leads him in. The Sacrifice before
 Prepar'd, and She (no Minutes now delay'd)
 Invoking some Infernal Names, to aid
 The Work, strait horrid Voices rend the Air;
 Some mournful Groans; some Sighs of sad Despair:
 Then, as if Hell were near, the Noise of Chains,
 With doleful Cries, which their inflicted Pains
 Extort. For all the Ghosts of *Cadmus* Race,
 Whom Guilt had stain'd, frequenting still the Place,
 To the un-kindled Altars brought Supplies
 Of Bloodlike Flames, which of themselves to rise
 Appear, and by their gloomy Light, and Smell
 Of Sulphur, shew, that they were brought from Hell.
 At length, the Sacrifice was open lay'd,
 Whose Entrails when the Priestests had survey'd,
 She thus the Gods declar'd. "If *Hannibal*
 "Be from his Country free, He never shall
 "Become a Slave to *Rome*. His very Name
 "Shall make the *Syrian* Armies own'd by Fame,
 "And *Italy* once more shall fear, lest She
 "By his Invasive Arms should ruin'd be.
 "*Scipio* shall not more Fortunate at *Rome*
 "By th' World be held, than *Hannibal* at Home.
 "One Year shall give a Period to their Breath,
 "And each find Satisfaction in his Death.
 "In *Latian* Ground shall *Scipio's* Ashes ly,
 "On *Libyssean* *Hannibal* shall dy.

C 2

With

With this ambiguous Oracle, his Minde
 As Great, and High, as when he first design'd
 The War, as if the Gods were still the Same,
 Away he speeds: Thoughts of his former Fame,
 And Victories, all present Fears allay,
 And, with reviving Hopes, his Faith betray
 To a vain Confidence, That He, alone,
 If arm'd, could shake the World, and *Rome* unthrone.
 Ambition, and Revenge think nought too great
 For their Attempt, and, whil'st he doth repeat
 The Actions, which achiev'd his former Fame,
 He counts all Easy, that's within his Aim,
 Nor weighs th' Incertainty of Fates to come.
 Those civil Factions, that, before, at Home,
 Weak'ned his Arms, now, undistinguish'd, groan
 Under that Yoke, which *Rome* for Him, alone,
 So long prepar'd: so that ev'n He might boast
 A Victory, when Envious *Carthage* lost
 Her Liberty, and Captiv'd *Hanno* found,
 No other Hand could cure that Fatal Wound,
 But *Hannibal's* alone; who, now, got Free,
 Would search the World to finde a Remedy.

Thus, cheatful with the Gods, misunderstood,
 (As a fierce Tyger, thirsting after Blood,
 Far from his Covert rangeth, seeking Prey)
 O're the *Vocanian* Plains he took his Way,
 And, through the *Thapian* Fields, his Course purfu'd:
 Where (still the Gods resolving to delude
 His Thoughts with dubious things) the Waking dreams
 Of future Fates, and, swiftly Posting, seems
 This Language, from the *Genius* of the Place,
 To hear. Fly hence, fly *Hannibal* apace.
 Let *Asia*, no longer now attend
 Thine Arm, the World's great Quarrel to defend.

Delay

Delay the Mother is of Doubts, and Fears,
 And he, that long the Yoke of Bondage bears,
 Forgets, that he was Free, and entertains
 A Servile Love of Safety with his Chains.
 Thy Presence shall encrease the Noble Fire
 In *Syrian* Breasts, and they, at length, conspire
 'Gainst *Rome* with Thee, and *Carthage* entertain
 An Hope by Thee her Freedom to regain.
 That War, which Thou didst, with so great Applause,
 Wage as Thine Own, is made the Common Cause
 Of the whole World, and all Mankind is now
 Provok'd to be Assertours of thy Vow.
 Of *Roman* Blood, all Seas, all Lands shall taste,
 And ^(*) *Thapfus*, 'mong the Chief, in Fame be plac'd.

No sooner did the Blushes of the Morn
 The Stars extinguish, and the Day was born,
 When they arriv'd near to that Fatal Shore,
 Where trembling Seamen hear the Billows roar
 'Gainst those *Syrtis*, which, moving to and fro,
 Bring certain Ruin, wheresoe'er they go.
Charybdis, nor dire *Scylla's* Rage, so great
 A Danger to *Sicilian* Vessels threat:

Sometimes themselves, above the Waves, they heave,
 And stand like Promontories to deceive
 Unskilful Mariners; strait, falling back,
 Choak up the Chanel, and prepare a Wrack
 Under smooth Waters, where, with all their Pride
 Display'd, tall Ships of late might safely ride.
 But *Hannibal* less fears the Treach'rous Sand,
 Or raging Seas, then the more Treach'rous Land,
 Which, Confident of better Fate, he quits,
 And to a little Bark himself commits.
 The Seas, as Conscious, that he was too Great
 To be their Sacrifice, their Rage forget.

The

(*) Where *Scripi*, the last of the *Pompeian* General, was overthrown by *Cæsar*: in which Battle ten thousand of the *Pompeians* were slain.

(†) These *Syrtis* are two, whereof the less is not far distant from *Carthage*, and against it is the Island *Cyperus*, whence *Hannibal* fled. Of its Dangers, and Site, see *Strabo*, *Geogr.* lib. 17.

The *Syrts* retire, and the Conspiring Gales
 Pursue the Bark, and swell her pregnant Sails.
 The careful Pilot for *Cercina* steers,
 Scarce knowing, that the Freight his Vessel bears,
 Once balanc'd the whole World; yet wonders Heav'n,
 In that tempestuous Track, a Course so ev'n
 Allow'd: so much the flatt'ring Destinies,
 With a smooth Vizard of Success, disguise
 Intended Ruin; that ev'n *Hannibal*
 Measures, from hence, what ever might befall
 Himself, and, while they yet the *Africk* Shore
 (On which the Fates resolv'd hencever more
 Should tread) in View retain'd: I now am Free
 (Perfidious Country) both from *Rome*, and *Thee*;
 My better Fortune now (saith He) doth stand
 Not in a *Senate's* Vote, but in this Hand,
 This Hand, which (maugre thy Ingratitude)
 Shall *Thee* (if Me the Gods do not delude)
 Redeem; and Thou, at length, confests, that none
 Can break thy Yoke, but *Hannibal* alone.

Now from the flying Ship the Land withdrew:
 The *Libyan* Shore descends; no more in View
 Those Altars, which *Ulysses* once did rear,
 To rescue his forgetful Friends, appear.
 Unhappy Men! who in those Dang'rous Fields
 Found out those strange Delights, that ⁽¹⁾ *Lotus* yields,
 Whose Taste all other Pleasures far exceeds,
 Man nothing more to make him Happy needs;
 In this all dear Delights at once they found,
 And Memory of Friends, and Country drown'd.
 No sooner these were lost, but to their Eyes
Cercina, midst the Waves, began to rise.
 Approaching near the Port, some Ships they found,
 Whose *Carthaginian* Owners, Homeward bound,

Soon

Soon as the Prince they spy'd upon the Shore,
 Haste to salute Him, and almost Adore.
 The Memory of his high Deeds, within
 Their Breasts still liv'd: how great He once had been,
 To Minde they call, and pay unto his Name
 Those Honours, which, they know, his Merits claim;
 Though now his State be less: for with a Cloud
 O'rcast, or else Eclip'd, the Sun's allow'd
 To be the same in Virtue, as before,
 When it shin'd Brightest; nor was He the more
 To be neglected, 'cause the borrow'd Rays
 Of Train, at which the Common People gaze,
 And great with Envy swell, aside are lay'd.
 He still is that fam'd *Hannibal*, who made
 So many Barb'rous Nations to submit
 To his Commands, and Native Rites forget;
 While fierce *Massylians*, with *Iberians*, stood
 In Fight, Revengers each of others Blood;
 While rude *Cantabrians*, with the *Celte*, came
 To assert his Quarrel, and beneath his Name
 United liv'd, as if one Clime their Birth
 Had giv'n, and nurtur'd them on Fertile Earth.

Here all are busy to express their Care
 To entertain Him, and to such, as were
 Inquisitive to know, what did invite
 Him thither, cunning, He, reply'd: I might
 (Indeed) have gone to *Tyre* another Way;
 But none so near I judge, since I this Day
 Must spend in Sacrifice, to th' Pow'rs above,
 That what I there must prosecute, may prove
 Propitious to the State, which thither Me
 Hath sent, and since, within this Island, We
 Few Trees for Shelter finde, let Me entreat
 Your Sails, this Day, to shroud Us from the Heat
 O'th'

(1) In these *Syrts* inhabited *Lotophages*; among whom *Ulysses* his Companions, bewitched with the Taste of the *Lotus*, desired to dwell, till *Ulysses* there raised Altars to Sacrifice for their Recovery, the Ruins whereof were to be seen in the Time of *Strabo*. (*lib.* 17.) and *Homer* (*Odys.* *lib.* 9.)

O'th scorching Sun. No sooner said, but all
Their Hands employ ; some from the Masts let fall
The Sails ; some lift them with their Yards to Land,
On which extended streight, for Tents, they stand.
And now whatever Rare the Isle affords,
Makes up the Feast, and round the haſt'ned Boards
Lyæus flows : and firſt, *To Liberty*

A Bowl is crown'd, which all as greedily
Quaff off, as if in it they thought to finde
Their With, and Senſe of Bondage from the Minde
Expel. And, as the ſparkling Lignour warms
Their Blood, each man, as if he were in Arms,
Defies the Pow'r of *Rome* ; now ſcorns to bear
That Yoak, which, in a Sober mind, his Fear
Would prompt him to imbrace, and what before
He durſt not Think, he now dares Act, and more.
All former Fears are baniſh'd : This exclaims
'Gainſt *Hanno's* Pride ; and That his Countrey blames
For want of Courage, bids the Prince again
Attempt to take away that Fatal Stain,
For which, as in th' inflaming Juice he ſteeps
His Brains, he in a Drunken Pity weeps.

But *Hannibal*, whole Thoughts were far from thence
Remov'd, and entertain'd a nobler Senſe
Of what they ſuffer'd, then themſelves, mean while,
Looks on their Follies with a ſcornful Smile,
And, with repeated Cups, ſtill feeds the Flame ;
Untill, as he deſign'd, he overcame
Their Strength, and, while their Hands as yet retain'd
The Bluſhing Bowls, Sleep all their Senſes chain'd.

*The End of the Firſt Book
of the Continuation.*



A CONTINUATION OF
SILIUS ITALICUS

To the DEATH of
HANNIBAL.

The Second Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

*To Hannibal Italces doth relate
 King Masinissa's Love, and the sad Fate
 Of Sophonisba: Rome dreads the Report
 Of a new War. In the Ephesian Court
 Scipio, and Hannibal are entertain'd,
 And meet, as Friends. The City, Temple, and
 Its Wealth describ'd. Great Alexander's Deeds
 Eumolpus sings: Whence a Discourse proceeds,
 Who the best Captains were. Past Actions are
 Revolv'd. The King resolves upon a War.*



WHILE thus pretended Piety
 beguiles

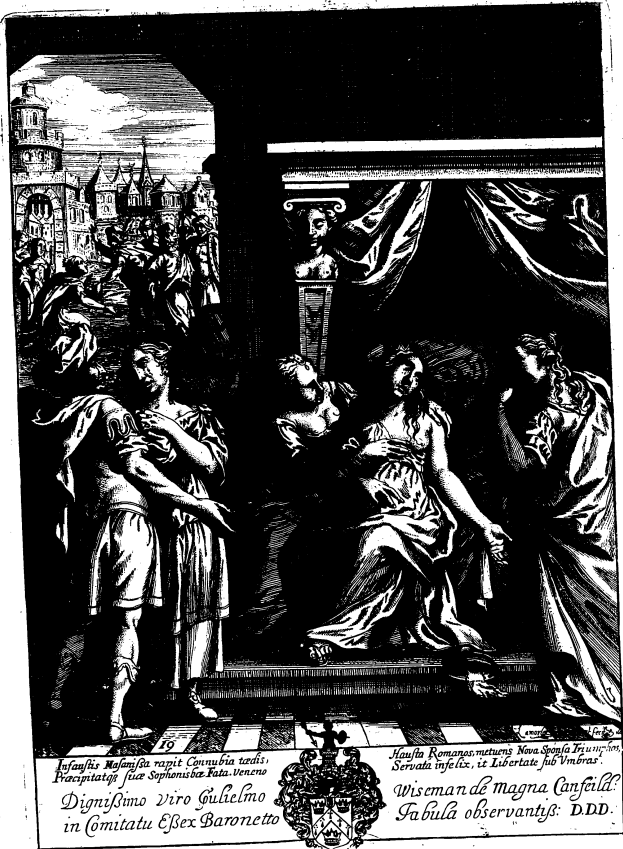
The Vulgar, and the glad De-
 ceiver smiles

At the Success; Secure, that none
 could bear

The Tidings of his Flight, before the Fear
 Of being stop'd was past, to Sea again
 He hastens, hoises Sail, while yet the Reign

D

Of



(*) *Cynsora*, (or *Ursa Minor*) which the *Tyrians* observed in sailing, as the Greeks did *Helic* (or *Ursa Major*) according to that of *Ovid*, lib. *Trist.*
Two Bears there are, of which the *Tyrians* took the *Less*, the Greater guides the *Mar* (dring *Greeks*).

Of Night continu'd, and the (*) *Tyrian* Star
Leat faithful Beams to guide the Mariner,
And as, well pleas'd with what had past, his Friends
Discours'd, how much their Mirth had made Amends
For all Delays, his sure *Nymidian* Guide
(Who once attended on great *Syphax* Bride)
Began. But He inspir'd above the Rest
To Me appear'd, who did so much detest,
And scorn their Names, who, through a shameful Dread
Of Dying, had submitted to be led
In Triumph, and, in Chains, before they Dy'd,
Had tamely Sacrific'd unto the Pride
Of *Roman* Conqu'rouers. How He did declame,
For this, 'gainst *Syphax*! how adore the Name
Of Noble *Sophonisba*! who did bear
A Face as Chearful, as I carry here,
(Said He) and, to avoid that Shame, was seen
To drink her Death, and fall a Glorious Queen.
I well observ'd his Zeal, and, I confess,
(Reply'd Great *Hannibal*) could little less
Thon weep, at Mention of so dear a Name.
But since we onely have, by Common Fame,
Her Story heard, and You a Witness wore
Of all that past, to Us her Fate declare.

Then He. When *Syphax* was o'rethrown, and all
Nymidia lost, through his Unhappy Fall,
False *Masaniissa* less ambitiously
Aspir'd unto his Empire, then to be
Successful in his Bed, and when h' had gain'd
The Queen into his Pow'r (the King enchain'd,
And kept a Trophy to Young *Scipio's* Pride)
Impatient till h' enjoy'd so fair a Bride,
His Minde he thus discovers: If the Throne
Of *Syphax*, or *Nymidia's* Wealth, alone,

Had

Had been the Object of mine Arms, I now
Whate're the Gods, or Fortune could allow
To my Desires, possess'd: but know my Aim
(Fair Queen) is Higher, and a Nobler Flame
Reigns in my Breast, the *Romane General*
May this (perchance) an Happy Conquest call,
Because his Eagles, now, securely fly
O're the *Nymidian* Plains. But nothing I
Have gain'd, though this late Victory restore
Whate'er *Syphax* did, from Me, before
Usurp; though *Hammon*, and *Tarpeian Jove*
Conspire to make Me great, unless your Love
This Happiness confirm. For this did I
From *Libya's* to the *Romane* Ensigns fly,
Knowing no other Means to win You from
(*) My Rival's Arms, and since He is by *Rome*
Thrown from that glorious Height, and can no more
Be Worthy held of what He did before
In You enjoy (since none, but He, that wears
A Crown, and in his Hand a Scepter bears,
Can Merit such a Bliss) that You may live
A Queen, and (what lost *Carthage* cannot give,
Nor *Sophonisba* take, but from my Hand)
Be still ador'd through the *Nymidian* Land.
Accept my Love, by which, You can alone
Shun *Romane* Chains, and still possess a Throne.

To this the Queen (though an extrem D disdain
Of what He offer'd in Her Soul did Reign)
Fearing to be a Spectacle at *Rome*,
More then to Dy, replies. 'Tis to presume
Too much upon your Victory, if You
Imagine it as Easy, to Subdue
This Heart, as late our Arms: and though, by Force,
You have already made a sad Divorce,

D 2

Yet

(*) *Masaniissa*, in his Youth Educated in *Carthage*, and observed to be a Person of singular Accomplishments, *Hannibal* (the Son of *Giskon*) betrothed to him his Daughter *Sophonisba* (as eminent for her Beauty, as Birth), and immediately procured him the Command of an Army in *Iberia*. But afterward, finding *Syphax* a more powerful Prince, enamoured of Her, He bestowed Her on him, which (among other things) incited *Masaniissa* privately to make Peace with *Scipio*, and turn his Arms against *Carthage*. *Appian*, *Liby.*

Yet know the Memory of *Syphax* Name
Will, in this Breast, admit no other Flame;
While He survives. But, rather than be led
To *Rome* in Triumph, I confess the Bed
Of any born of *Libyan* Blood may be
Prefer'd : yet, if the adverse Fates decree,
That, to avoid that Shame, I must the Crime
Of hasty Nuptials add, a little Time
(Me thinks) you ought, in Justice, to allow,
To expiate, with Tears, my former Vow.

With this Reply, which neither gave Assent
To his Demand, nor yet deny'd, Her Tent
He quits, advising Her to shun Delays,
In her Resolve; for that, e're many Days
Should pass, the Captives must be sent to *Rome*,
And Her Consent would, then, too Tardy come.

At these last Words, as when our *Libyan* Darts
A Tygers strike, at first, amaz'd, She starts,
And growling stands, but when the wounding Steel
Is deeply fix'd, and She begins to feel
The Anguish of a Wound, She rends the Air
With Cries, and, lab'ring with her Teeth to tare
The Weapons forth, augments her Pain, then flies
To some known Covert, and there, Raving, dies.
Struck to the Heart (as if She then had seen
The *Gorgon's* Head, or, like *Amphion's* Queen,
Congeal'd to Marble) Statue-like She stands,
A while, and Silent weeps. At length, her Hands
Invade her Head, from which She, frantick, tears
The lovely Hair, and, furiously, impairs
The Beauty of that Face, which by two Kings
Had been ador'd. At last, Her self She flings
Upon her Bed, and, with a mournful Cry,
On her dear *Syphax* calls. Which hearing, I

Steps

Steps in, and found her turning to and fro,
Her Eyes : now dry, and fir'd with Anger, so,
When *Pentheus* scorn'd the *Trieterick* Feast,
Agave's Looks Her inward Rage express'd.
Amaz'd, a while, I Silent stood : till She,
Sighs making Way for Words, at length to Me
Her Speech directs. 'Tis not, because Uncrown'd,
(*Isalces*) that I grieve; a deeper Wound
My Soul afflicts, and I am wrack'd between
Two dire Extreams. Oh! had I never seen
Numidia's Court, or had I ne're been led,
By *Hymen's* Tapers, to my *Syphax* Bed,
The World, perhaps, had never heard that one,
Born of Great *Hafdrubal*, was from a Throne
To *Rome* a Captive led, but I must now
(Oh cruel Fate!) renounce my Nuptial Vow,
To yield up (what my Lord esteem'd above
Numidia's Throne) the Treasure of my Love
To *Masanissa*, and in his Embrace
Those Sacred Ties dissolve, or in the Face
Of *Rome*, the greatest Trophy of the War,
Expos'd be, and the Triumphal Car
Of the proud Conquerour, in Chains attend.
Ye Gods! what greater Mischief can Ye send
Upon this Head? Your Thunder cannot give
A Blow so Fatal, if you let Me live
To see that Day. As thus She spake, her Eyes,
With sudden Streams of Tears, her Tongue surprize.

When I perceiv'd, that *Masanissa's* Flame
(Though yet an Enemy) was still the same,
He had before profess'd; hoping the Charms
Of such a Beauty might regain his Arms
To *Carthage*, as they *Syphax* had withdrawn
From *Romane* Leagues, after a Solemn Pawn

Of

Of Faith, before the Gods : I thus begun.

Had Heav'n left any other Means to shun
The Pow'r of *Rome*, and that prodigious Shame,
Which proudly they on all of *Tyrian* Name
Inflict, I should resolve, whate're it be,
To share Your Fortune. But since, now, You see
The Conquerour your Captive is, You may
Redeem your Self, and give a better Day
To Your lost Country. 'Twas for this alone,
Hafdrubal plac'd you on *Numidia's* Throne,
The Cause is still the Same, nor is't a Crime,
Which Fate Necessitates, and which in Time
You may a Signal Piety avow
To all the World. Ev'n *Syphax* will allow
It such, and dy Content, if You restore
Entire to *Libya* what She lost before.

Perswaded thus ; as when a Sea-man findes
Nothing, but certain Ruin from the Windes,
Which on the *Ocean* storm, resolv'd no more
To trust their Fury, for some Neighb'ring Shore
He steers, and, to secure Himself, doth choose,
Upon a Sand, the lab'ring Bark to loose :
So, from *Rome's* Rage, the Queen resolves to throw
Her self, for Safety, on a gentler Fo ;
Who now approach'd, while She puts on a Face
Might move his Pity, and a God's Embrace.
So, when her *Memnon* dy'd, *Aurora* threw
Over her Roly Cheeks a Veil of Dew,
Through which dissolving Chrystal, from Her Eyes
Day did more sadly, yet more Fragrant rise.
Soon as He entred, Prostrate at his Feet
She falls, and thus now sues his Love to meet.

If my distracted Piety did swell
Too High, if what I utter'd did not well

Beseem

Beseem a Captive (mighty Prince) I here
Beseech You pardon Me, not wont to bear
So weighty Grievs, and, since th' Immortal Gods,
Above my *Syphax* Fate, on You these Odds
(Due to your Valour, and good Fortune) have
Bestow'd, whatever be my Doom, I crave
It may proceed from You. And as you are
A King, and with my Lord did lately share
In the *Numidian* Name, let Me not be
Expos'd to any *Roman's* proud Decree.
As I am onely Wife to *Syphax*, I
Would rather any *Libyan's* Mercy try,
Then trust a Stranger. But withall you know
What I, a *Carthaginian*, Daughter to
Great *Hafdrubal*, may from a *Roman* fear.
If then no other Remedy appear
Within your Pow'r, I here beseech you still,
By Death to free Me from the *Romans* Will.

Scarce this (with all Allurements, that could move
At once the Conquerour's Pity, and his Love)
She had declar'd, when He wipes off her Tears
With fervent Kisses, and her future Fears
Allays, with Promise to preserve her Free
From *Roman* Hands. But pleads Necessity
(To be Secure) that Night to Consummate
Their Nuptial Rites. Unwillingly, to Fate,
And his Desires She yields, and at the Time
Her doubtful Heart, as Conscious of a Crime,
Calls back her Blood, then sends it forth again
Into her Cheeks (so shines a Scarlet Stain
On Ivory) aham'd to have it said,
One Day a Captive her, and Bride had made.
And now the Weary Horses of the Sun
To the *Tartessus* Shore their Course had run ;
When

When *Masanissa*, with all Sacred Rites,
 The Presence of the Marriage God invites.
 But no good Omen shew'd him to be there;
 The Fire the Incense flies; the Altars are
 Smooth'd in *Stygian* Smoak; a dreadful Sound
 Through all the Temple runs, and shakes the Ground—
 And, as from thence into their Chamber they
 Retire, the Holy Tapers, all the Way,
 With Sput'ring Flames (as if *Aleto* shed
 Sulphure upon them) lead them to their Bed.
 All this, intent upon his Mistress Eyes,
 He either did not see, or did Despise.
 Concluding what He should enjoy would all
 Those Miseries out-weigh, that could befall
 Before this Fatal Night was spent. The Fanie
 Of *Masanissa's* hasty Nuptials came
 To *Scipio's* Ear; He, fearing to give Way
 To such a growing Mischief, soon as Day
 Had chas'd away the Stars, by *Laelius* sends
 A Summons, and, thus sharply reprehends
 His Levity: 'Tis my Belief, (said He)
 That when We first contracted Amity
 In *Spain*, and then in *Africa*, when Thou
 Didst both thy Self, and all those Hopes, which now
 Thou callest thine Own, to Me commit, that there
 Something in Me thou didst 'bove other Men
 Worthy that Trust conceive. But I in none
 Of all these Virtues, that did prompt Thee on
 To seek my Friendship, more of Glory plac'd
 Than in my Temperance: That with a Chast,
 And Sober Minde, I could suppress the Flame
 Of hottest Lust; and this, I then did aim,
 To other thy rare Virtues might be joyn'd.
 For trust Me, Noble Prince, We cannot finde

So

So much of Danger from our Armed Foes,
 As from those stronger Pleasures, that enlose
 Us round: and whoſoe'er repells their dire
 Assaults, and can by Temp'rance his Desire
 Within Himself Subdue, a Victory
 Of greater Honour gains, then that, which We
 O're *Syphax* have obtain'd. Those Noble Things,
 Which Thou, with Valour worthy greatest Kings,
 Haft in my Absence done, I did, of late,
 To all of Name in Arms commemorate
 With all due Praise, and still shall keep in Minde.
 But I had rather Thou on what's behinde
 Would'st with thy Self reflect, then Blush to hear
 Me give't a Name. It plainly doth appear
 To all the World, that *Syphax* was or'ethrown,
 And Captiv'd by the *Auspices* alone
 O'th' *Roman* People. Whatſoever He
 Possess'd: his Kingdom, Wife, and People, We
 May challenge as our Prize, and none a Share
 Of Right, can claim. Though *Sopbonisba* were
 No *Carthaginian* born; or did not We
 Her Father *Gen'ral* of their Armies see:
 Yet must She (who a King, that was our Friend,
 An Enemy hath made, and in the End
 Against Us drawn to Arms) be sent to *Rome*,
 And there the *Senate's*, and the People's Doom
 Attend. Strive therefore to subdue thy Minde,
 Shake this lewd Pasion off, so much inclin'd
 To draw Thee into Ruin; nor the Grace
 Of all thy Virtues, with one Vice, Deface;
 Nor by one Crime deprive thy Self of all
 Those Thanks, at *Rome*, for which thy Merits call.
 Struck to the Heart (as if some sudden Flame
 Were darted through his Blood) the Fire of Shame
 Flies

Flies to his Face: Yet nothing He replies,
 But strait retires with Sighs, and swelling Eyes;
 And, knowing, that what *Scipio* had decreed
 Must stand Irrevocable, lends, with Speed,
 For Me, and with a Box, into my Hand
 A fatal Poison puts, with this Command:
 Bear this to my Dear *Sophonisba*, say,
 That *Masanissa* was resolv'd to pay
 That Faith to Her, which kindest Husbands owe
 To their Dear Wives. But, since the Fates have so
 Decreed, that They now countermand his Will,
 To whom it is subjected; He is still
 Resolv'd his second Promise firm shall stand:
 And, that, Alive, into a *Roman's* Hand
 She may not fall, advise, that with her Drink
 She intermix this Poison. Bid Her think
 Upon the *General* (her Father) and
 Her Country: think how, once, She did command
 The Hearts of two great Kings, to whom Sh'hath been
 In Marriage joyn'd, and let Her Dy a Queen.
 The baneful Drug to my Dear Mistress I,
 With this harsh Message, brought. Prepar'd to Dy,
 And with Undaunted Minde the Worst to bear,
 That Fate could add, She, with Attentive Ear,
 Listn'd to what I said, and, as She took
 In her fair Hand the Poison, with a Look
 Moor Cheerful, then when She a Bride was made
 To *Masanissa*, I accept (She said)
 His Nuptial Present: nor is it to Me
 At all Unwelcome, since (my Husband) He
 Can nothing Greater on his Wife bestow:
 But yet, withall, I pri thee let Him know,
 That *Sophonisba* would more pleas'd have Dy'd,
 If, at her Death, She had not been his Bride:

For

For then my Country might upon my Tomb
 Have writ, that, thus, I Triumph'd over *Rome*.
 No sooner spoke, but to her Lips She joyn'd
 The deadly Cup, and, Greedy there to finde
 A speedy Death, swallows it; all and, while
 We, Trembling, stand about Her, with a Smile,
 Which made her Lovely ev'n in Death (her Heart
 Recalling now the Blood, from ev'ry Part,
 To its Relief) She sinks, and, as She lies
 Upon her Couch, gives one Great Sigh, and dies.
 As the *Numidian* this sad Story told,
 The Day began to rise. They now behold
 The *Tyrian* Coast, by which they Steer unto
 That City, whence the *Cartaginians* drew
 Their fam'd Original, when *Dido* from
 Her Brother fled. Receiv'd, as if at Home,
 With all the Joy, that could express the Pride
 They had conceiv'd, in being near ally'd
 To that Great *Hannibal*, who late the Fear
 Of all the World had been; when he had there
 Himself refresh'd, again He hoists his Sails
 For *Antioch*: from thence, with prosperous Gales,
 At *Ephebus* arriv'd; where, glad to finde
 The *Syrian* King, who, with a dubious Minde,
 His Hate, conceiv'd against the *Roman* Name,
 Pursu'd, at length he fix'd, and by his Fame
 In Arms, appearing like a *Martial* Star,
 Guided his wand'ring Thoughts into a War.

And now, o're all the *Syrian* Cities, Fame
 Her lofty Head had rais'd, and with the Name
 Of *Hannibal* awak'd the God of War:
 When strait the sev'ral Nations, which from far
 Their Tribute to the *Syrian* Crown did bring,
 And gave the Title, (^c) GREAT, unto their King,

⑥

E 2

Fly

(c) *Antiochus*, the Sixth from *Selenus*, (who was *Alexander's* Lieutenant in *Syria*) much enlarged his Dominions by his several Conquests, and was therefore called *The Great*: *Asiatic, Syrian*.

Fly into Arms, and to th' *Ephesian Court*
 The Princes, and Embassadors resort,
 All promise Aid; secure, that He was come,
 To stand a Bulwark gainst the Force of *Rome*,
 And *Asian* Towns defend with greater Odds,
 Then all their Arms, or Tutelary Gods.
 All his great Merits plead, and, fondly, raise
 The Value of his Virtues with their Praise.
 No Errours are allow'd in all, that He
 Hath done. So little do the Vulgar see
 A Fault, where they affect, or know to State
 The Reasons of their sudden Love, or Hate.
Carthage (though now in Chains) Unpit'd stands:
 The Gods are prais'd, that her Ingrateful Hands
 He had escap'd. For his late Overthrow,
 And Fight, they cast not on the Publick Fo,
 But Home-bred Treachery; as not the Crime
 Of Fortune, but the Envy of the Time.
 Envy, which still detracts from greatest Deeds,
 And on the Ruins of the Virtuous feeds;
 Which first, against the God's rebellious Wars
 Had rais'd, and made the Giants storm the Stars.
 She Honour still pursues where'er it goes:
 Where'er it treads, She *Sygyian* Poison throws;
 That its fair Foot-steps quickly doth Deface,
 And raiseth her own Trophies in its Place.

With this Applause the Court, and City, ring.
 Some invoke the Gods, others the King
 Importune to the War. Then strait their Bands
 They Lift, and levy Troops in several Lands.
 Nor were those Aids to *Syrian* Bounds confin'd:
 But Names, and Nations to their Arms were joyn'd,
 (*) Who, when the Strength of *Rome* was greater far,
 The Fates decreed, should in a (d) future War

(*) *Parthians*.
 (d) *Marcus Crassus* with his whole
 Army was overthrown, and himself
 slain by the *Parthians*.

Her

Her Power, though backed by all the World, restrain,
 And with a *Consul's* Blood her Eagles stain.
 With those the *Adids*, who ev'n on Conquering Foes
 Their Manners, and their Habit did impose.

(c) From whom the *Persians* first *Tiaras* wore,
 And, falling Prostrate, did their Kings adore:
 Whose mighty Monarchs their Imperial Throne
 Had fix'd upon the Walls of *Babylon*,
 Till, weak'ned with Delights, that Empire, which
 (f) A Woman rais'd to so admir'd a Pitch,
 By Men less Valiant lost, the Prize became
 Of the *Pelleian* Youth, and crown'd his Name.

And, as if all, that *Asia* could prepare,
 Where *Hannibal* appear'd, too little were
 To attend his Fate; as if the Earth alone
 Too Narrow were, for Him, to Fight upon.
 Though *Europe* gave her Aids, and Warlike *Thrace*,
 Must'ring her Chariots, did the War Embrace,
Cilician, and *Phanician* Ports are throng'd
 With Ships for War, and those where *Hero* long'd
 So oft to see *Leander* from the Seas
 Rising (like *Hesperus*, when he sought to please
 The *Paphian* Queen) untill returning Day
 Reviv'd her Fears, and call'd her Love away.

But when the Rumour of so great a War,
 So many Nations joyn'd, though distant far,
 Touch'd the *Italian* Coast: as swift, as Thought,
 To *Rome* it flies, and, soon as thither brought,
 Fear through all Quarters runs, in several Shapes
 Affrights their Minds, commits a thousand Rapes
 Upon their Sense, and greater Prodigies,
 Then all before, abus'd Fancy sees,
 What ever did Portend their former Ills,
 Seems now again to fright the World, and fills

(c) From the *Medes*, the *Persians*
 (as also the *Armenians*) learned their
 Arts of Riding, Shooting, and like-
 wise their Habit, and Custom of ador-
 ing their Kings, *Strabo* in his *Eleventh*
Book.

(f) *Semiramis*, Queen of *Babylon*,
 renowned for Her many Great Victo-
 ries in *Asia*, over the greatest part
 whereof she Reigned forty two
 Years, and at the Age of Sixty two
 Years was slain by her Son *Ninus*,
 who degenerating (as likewise most
 of Her Successors) from her Virtue,
 the Empire fell first into the Power of
 the *Persians*, who let it to *Alexander*.
 Of Her, see *Justin*, in his Tenth
Book.

The

The People's Ears. Sometimes the *Alps* are said
To tremble, while *Trinacrian* Flames invade
Th' *Italian* Shore: as if, from *Aëna's* Womb,
Th' Infernal Gods, themselves, had threatn'd *Rome*.
Etrurian Augurs, strait, consulted are,
And, from these vain Reports, divine a War;
While Nature, sporting, to confirm their Fears,
Makes Lions bring forth Lambs, and Wolves teem
Then, as if *Carthage* had her Chains again (Bears.
Thrown off, and arming her Revenge with *Spain*,
The *Boii*, *Celte*, and those Nations all,
That *Rome* had reason still her Foes to call,
Did *Italy* Invade: the *Roman* Dames
Run to the Temples, and with Holy Flames
The Altars Crown, and thus to Heav'n complain.

If these our Walls yet merit to remain
(Great Father *Jove*) if *Sybil's* Prophecies
Shall be confirm'd, and thou dost not despise
Tarpeian Towers: Ah! then, why should not We,
After so many Wounds, and Toils, be Free?
Was *Rome* exalted to so High a State,
Through so much Blood, that She might be to Fate
A richer Sacrifice? and must She fall
By None, but by the Hand of *Hannibal*?
Rather to those her Walls her Pow'r confine,
And with the *Tarquins* let *Porfenna* joyn:
Or to the Rage of *Senones*, or Flames
Of *Brennus* give Us up. Let not those Names,
That with such Valour have your Temples, here,
So oft preserv'd, and were esteem'd so Dear
To Heav'n, be now made Victims to the Hate
Of One proud Man; who, to accelerate
Our Ruin, hath disturb'd the Peace of all
The World. If Fates Decree, that *Rome* must fall,

Give

Give Her a Fo, whose Virtues may exceed
Her Own, and let our Crimes, and Vices bleed
By a more Pious Hand, such, as from Blame
May free your Justice, with a better Name.
He, Perjur'd, from those Holy Altars flies,
Where Peace was sworn, and doth that League despise,
Which in the Name of all the Gods was sign'd,
And now his Arms hath with a People joyn'd,
Where We that Fate, which He at *Capua* found,
Shall undergo; where Vices will abound,
As Victories encrease, and We shall be
Lost, by our Triumphs, in their Luxury.

(*g*) Thus will perfidious *Carthage*, not by Arms,
See her Revenge on Us, but *Asia's* Charms.

Mean while great *Scipio*, who their former Fears
Had drown'd in *Carthaginian* Mothers Tears,
(Whom Heav'n, to balance *Hannibal*, to *Rome*
Had lent, and in his Hand had plac'd the Doom
Of all the World) with gently-breathing Gales,
From the *Italian* Shore, to *Asia* Sails,
T' explore the King's Intent. At length, He came
To that fam'd City, where *Diana's* Name
In a fair Temple more Devotion moves,
With gentle Rites, the (*h*) *Thoantean* Groves.
No weeping Mother here to Heav'n complains,
While her Son's Blood the Cruel Altar stains.
But the bright Goddess, under Silver Shrines,
As Pleas'd appears, as when Her Brother joyns,
With full reflected Beams, her radiant Horns,
And, more than all the Stars, the Night adorns.

In a large Plain, through which *Mæander* brings
His Winding Waters, in a thousand Rings,
To the *Myrtean* Main, the City stands;
First built (they say) by *Amazonian* Bands,

That

(*g*) After the *Romans* had advanced their Conquests into *Asia*, they were soon entangled in the Delights of those Provinces, and brought their Vices into *Italy*, to the Ruin of the Ancient *Roman* Virtue.

(*h*) *Thoa*, King of the *Taurick* Region in *Syria*, where *Diana* had her Altars, on which they offered Human Blood. The same likewise was a Custom at *Carthage*. see *Silius* in his Fourth Book.

That from *Thermodoon*, with Moon-like Shields,
Victorious march'd, through the *Trachean* Fields,
Commanded by an Oracle before,
To build a City, where a Fish, and Boar
Should, Dying, shew the Place; Fate was their Guide
This Way: where, sitting on the Ground, they spy'd
Some busily employ'd their Living Prey
To broil, late taken from th' adjoining Sea.
When strait a Fish throws, with a sudden Leap,
A burning Coal, upon a Neighb'ring Heap
Of Straw; which turn'd to Flame, a sleeping Boar
Beneath it they beheld. Earth None before
More Terrible had bred; as Big, as that,
Which both *Diana's*, and *Althea's* Hate

(1) Who slew the Boar, sent by
Diana to punish *Calisto*, and, dispir-
iting the Trophy of his Head with his
Mother's Brothers, slew them also; for
which, by the Sorcery of his Mother
Althea, He likewise dyed Languishing.
Ovid. Met. lib. 8.

(1) On *Meleager* drew. But this was there
With better Omen found, t' Instruct them, where,
The Goddesses would on Earth most Pleas'd abide,
And make fam'd *Ephesus* great *Asia's* Pride.
They all, amaz'd, his weighty Bulk admire:
And, as He, Grunting, starteth from the Fire,
A ready Hand a well-aim'd Jav'lin throws,
Which in his Shoulder fix'd (as He arose)
A Deadly Wound. But yet awhile He fled,
And they with Shouts pursu'd, till, falling Dead,
The Oracle was by his Death fulfill'd,
And they their City there resolv'd to build.

(2) This Image is said to be of a
Blackish Wood, very rude in form,
but imposed on the People as fallen
from Heaven, as is mentioned by St.
Paul (*Act. xix. 35*) and kept in the
Sanctuary of this Magnificent Temple,
so renowned through all *Asia*. It was
the Work of above 25 hundred Kings,
and not only endowed with 'redemi-
ble Wealth, but with Privilege of Re-
fuge, whose Bounds were enlarged, or
diminished, according to the Discretion
of the Princes, that governed, until
abolished by *Augustus*, as a Nursery
of Villains.

Now do the Sacred Ploughs the Walls design,
And to the Stars the lofty Turrets joyn
Their shining Tops. The Goddesses to renown,
And to immortalize their Labours, down
From Heav'n her (2) Image sent, which with it more
Of Riches brought, then if another Show'r
(Like that of *Danaë's*) *Jove* pow'r'd again
Upon the Place: or, if to Silver Rain

The

The very Stars diffus'd. For soon as Fame
The Presence of the Goddesses, and her Name
Through *Asia* had divulg'd: Devotion brings
From *Ganges*, and *Hydaspes* greatest Kings,
Who sweetest Spices, which their Fields adorn,
Cull'd from the Bosom of the Rising Morn,
With Gold, and Ivory, devoutly lay
Upon her Shrine, and as their Tribute pay
All Treasures, that the Womb of *Asian* Earth
Enrich: all, that the *Seres*, at the Birth
Of Day, could gather from their filken Trees:
What the *Sabeans*, or *Arabian* Seas,
Dropping from fragrant Boughs: with whatso'er
From shining Rocks, or Shells the *Indians* bare
To *Eastern* Kings, into the Sacred Fane
Are heap'd: which now no longer can contain
Its Wealth. And therefore they a Work begun,
Then which the Rising, nor the falling Sun,
None greater view'd; whose Structure did excell,
What ever Fame of *Babylon* doth tell,
Or *Pharian* *Pyramids*; which by one Age
Could not accomplish'd be, but did engage
Succeeding Kings, who in that Work alone
Employ'd the Riches of the *Syrian* Throne;
And puzzl'd Art, to finde out Waies, to show
Their Pious Bounty. There, as White as Snow,
Tall, polish'd Alabaster Pillars shine
(As purest Emblems of that Pow'r Divine,
Was there ador'd) upon whose carved Heads
An *Ebon* Roof the curious Builder spreads,
This, like black Night, hung o'er the Place, untill
Myriads of Silver Stars the Frame did fill;
And, to express her Empire in the Skies,
With a full Orb, a Crystal Moon did ride.

F

Through

Through this, as Mother to Succeeding Day,
 Clear Light flow'd in, and did at large display
 The Temple's Glory: There you might behold
 High Altars, not adorn'd, but built with Gold.
 The Hearths were of the bright *Pyropus* made,
 Whose Flames the Sacrifices on them lay'd,
 Seem'd of themselves to burn: all other Fire
 As vanquish'd by their Lustre, to retire;
 All Gems thus were, or beautiful, or Rare
 (As if their Native Quarries had been there)
 In greatest Plenty shine, in ev'ry part
 So plac'd, their Value is encreas'd by Art,
 Their lively Figures as exactly stand,
 Compos'd of sev'ral Stones, as if the Hand
 Of some rare Painter, to express his Skill
 In Colours, did the Walls, and Pavement fill.
 Through a large Plain of Em'rads, with her Crue
 Of *Cretan* Nymphs, *Diana* doth pursue
 The flying Game: their Arms, and Shoulders bare;
 Their *Tyrian* Vests tuck'd to their Knees, their Hair
 In lovely Tresses, yet neglected flows
 Upon their Backs: some arm'd with golden Bows;
 Some carry Darts, some Spears, whose points, instead
 Of Steel, with Diamonds, make the Beasts to bleed.
 This wounds a *Panther*, that a *Tyger*, this
 A *Lion* kills, not any Hand doth miss
 The Beast at which it aims, and thus with Chase
 Of various kinds, they beautify the Place.
 Above the rest a secret Chappel (where
 The *Eunuch*-Priests alone permitted were
 To enter) did delight, and Terrour move.
 In a fair Fountain shadow'd by a Grove
 Of varied Agats made, encompass'd round
 With naked Nymphs, the Hart, *Alexon*, found

Bright

Bright *Cynthia* bathing; 'bout her Snow-white Thighs
 The purling Waters play: with fixed Eyes
 At first, He peeping stands behind a Tree,
 But Curious, anon, more near to see,
 He farther steps, and stepping is betray'd
 By rustling Leaves. Startling, the *Delian* Maid
 Looks back, and spying him, Anger, and Shame
 To be so seen, at once her Face enflame.
 As Red She looks, as when her Brother's Light
 Deni'd, She doth ⁽¹⁾ *Thesalian* Dames affright.
 And now her Rage no longer will delay
 His Fate, but strait his Form she takes away:
 Longer his Head, and Ears, upon his Brow
 Large Horns, his Arms, and Thighs more slender grow;
 No more Erect, but prone towards Earth he goes:
 In all a Beast, but yet, alas, he knows
 He is not what he was; when strait the Cry
 Of his *Molossian* Hounds perfwades to fly.
 The Nymphs, all laughing, urge them to pursue
 The Chase: He flies, they follow, and in View,
 Pinch'd in the Haunch, (to shew *Diana's* Power)
 He falls, and they their Master chang'd devour. (none
 Here his two Guests, then which the World had
 Then Greater seen, whose Presence more his Throne
 Renown'd, then all the Trophies he had gain'd,
 The King with Cheerful Welcom entertain'd,
 And to their Eyes, as to invite his Foes
 To a new Conquest, prodigally shews
 His Empire's Riches, For no King before
 That had the *Syrian* Scepter sway'd, did more
 Possess: He was of all the Richest Heir,
 That did Great *Alexander's* Trophies share,
 And that vast Wealth not onely kept Entire,
 But greater, which his Conquests did acquire,

F 2

Heap'd

(1) The Women of *Thessaly*, when the Moon was Eclipsed, were wont to make a Noise with all sorts of brass Instruments, believing by it to assist her in her Agony.

Heap'd on his Throne. As if, to entertain
Those famous Heroes, Fortune did ordain,
That past, and present Ages should combine
To yield their Spoils, and in that Honour joyn.

It was a Day, when to commemorate
The King's Nativity, th' *Epheſian* State
With annual Rites their Loyal Joys expreſt.
The King (as Cuſtom was) a Stateſly Feaſt
Prepares: the Nobles all, invited, come,
And there the Fates of *Carthage*, and of *Rome*
(*Scipio*, and *Hannibal*) the Banquet grace,
And now meet, not to Fight, but to Embrace.
So when *Æneas* fled from Ruin'd *Troy*,
And ſought a forein Conqueſt to enjoy,
Met by *Tydid*es on th' *Oenotrian* Shore,
They laid aſide that Fury, which before
Reign'd in their Breasts, which *Xanthus* Yellow Flood,
And the *Dardanian* Plains had ſtain'd with Blood,
And, with new Friendſhip, what they both had done
In Arms, repeat, ſince that ſad War begun.
They now are glad each others Face to know:
Each counts the other Worthy ſuch a Fo:
Whoſe conſtant Courage nothing of Succeſs
In War could heighten, nor of Loſs depreſs.
Whoſe Virtue in all Fortunes was the ſame,
And ow'd its Titles to no other Name.
Who, in purſuit of Honour, fought not to
Deſtroy a Noble Fo, but to ſubdue.
And, when in Arms, would do what Man could dare
T' attempt, and after Victory would ſpare
The Conquer'd Blood: nor vainly fought to praiſe
His own brave Deeds, and blaſt another's Bays.
Such in th' *Epheſian* Court theſe Heroes ſhin'd,
And with as free, and ſtrict Embraces, joyn'd

Their

Their Valiant hands, as if nor *Trebia's* Flood,
Nor *Canne* had been ſtain'd with *Roman* Blood
By *Carthaginian* Swords; Nor *Hannibal*
So lately had beheld his Countrey's Fall
In *Zama's* Wounds. Nor *Scipio* his Fate
Depreſt upbraids: nor *Hannibal* his Hate,
At *Stygian* Altars ſworn, diſcovers now.
But Sacred *Concord* on each Heroe's Brow
Sits, as Enthron'd, and over all the reſt
Her Wings diſplay's, t' inaugurate the Feaſt.

And now the Face of Mirth appears through all
The Court. Th' invited in a ſpacious Hall
At Iv'ry Tables ſit, and richly there
Their Senſes feed, with whatſoever Rare
The *Aſian* World affords. The Seas, the Earth,
And Air, to gratulate ſo high a Birth,
Their choiceſt Tribute ſend, and all, that Art
To heighten Nature's Bounty could impart,
Was liberally employ'd. Amaz'd to ſee
The ſtrange Exceſs of *Syrian* Luxury,
Soon cloy'd with different Thoughts, the Heroes are
Affected, and perpend the future War.
The *Romans*, pleas'd to think how weak in Fight
Thoſe Arms will prove, which ſoftned with Delight,
All Virtue ſo diſarm'd: How eaſily
The *Roman* Swords, their Way to Victory
Would finde, where Honour led them on, and Spoils
So wealthy, were the Trophies of their Toils.

But *Hannibal*, more ſadly thoughtful, calls
To Minde the Fate of *Capua*, and the falls
Of thoſe brave *Libyan* Bands, that had ſo far
Advanc'd his Name, till a more cruel War
Of Eaſe, and Riot, at effeminate Boards, (Swords,
Un-ner'd their Valour, dull'd their Conqu'ring
Blaſt

Blasted those Laurels, that before had crown'd
Their warlike Brows, and, as in *Leibé*, drown'd
All Mem'ry of themselves, in these soft Charms
So lost, they quite forgot the Use of Arms.

As thus they ruminate, *Eumolpus* brings
His Iv'ry Lute, and to the warbling Strings
Accords his Voice, and chants, in smooth Lays,
The King's Descent, and *Alexander's* Praise.
How first the Horned God his *Libyan* Grove,
And Sacred Springs, for fair *Olympia's* Love,
Forfook, and how, from that Divine Embrace,
Small *Pella* was by a Celestial Race
Renown'd, and while descending to the Earth
'Mong other Pow'rs Divine, 't' asist his Birth,
Th' *Ephesian* Goddess, busied wholly there,
Kept not her Famous Temple in her Care,

(m) An Impious Hand, to build it self a Name,
With Sacrilegious Flames th' admired Frame
Destroy'd. But, when *Lucina's* Care had giv'n
To Earth a mighty Conquerour, to Heav'n

(n) A future Deity, and he began
To shew the World, that he was more than Man,
By his great Deeds, to his Immortal Name
As humbly prostrate, as to the bright Flame
Of rising Day, th' admiring *Persian* bow'd.
To him *Sabeans*, and *Arabians* vow'd
Their richest Gums: to him the *Parthians* brought
Their Bowes unbent, and conquer'd Quivers, fraught
With fatal Shafts: him all, from *Ganges* Shore,
To those, that *Nile's* mysterious Streams adore,
Their Lord obey'd, and, next the God of Wine,
For Wonders done acknowledg'd as Divine.

But when he was for Earth too mighty grown,
And summon'd hence to a Celestial Throne,

Heav'n

(w.s.) In that Night, when *Alexander* was born, the Temple of *Ephesus* was fired by *Hierophantes*, who, upon the Wrack, conceit'd he did it to make himself famous; whereupon *Timon* (as *Cicero*) or *Magesius* (as *Plutarch* affirms) said, that the Goddess (called *Lucina*, when she aids the mid-wife's part) was so busied to bring *Alexander* into the World, that she could not have time to save her Temple. *Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib. 2. Plut. Alexander.*

Heav'n, that the *Syrian* Monarchy might stand
For ever firm, into *Selenus* Hand
The sacred Scepter gave. Since none, but he
Was worthy to succeed a Deity,
Who could Himself subdue. An act that far
Transcends whatever can be done in War,
And Man Immortal makes. For, who the Force
Of Beauty can withstand, or can divorce
Love from his wounded Breast, may justly more
Of Conquest boast, then Gods have done before.
Yet He, when by expiring Sighs he found
Those very Eyes his Pious Son did wound,
That his own Souls surpriz'd, and that the Name

(o) Of *Stratonica* had the hidden Flame
Reveal'd (to shew how much a Noble Minde
Bove *Cupidinean* Shafts prevails) resign'd
Into his Arms his Love, and rescu'd from
The hand of Fate, a Race of Kings to come.
Hence to our Royal Line this solemn Day
We consecrate, and grateful Honours pay.

Thus the *Ionian* sung; and as among
The rest, the lofty Subject of His Song
The *Libyan* applauds: the *Romane* thus
To him began. Though 'twixt the Gods, and Us,
Great is the difference, yet Virtue may
Raise Men, to those Felicities, which they
In Heav'n enjoy, and none so worthy are
Of that high Bliss, as those whose Name in War
Hath plac'd them here, on Earth, above the rest
Of Humane Race. Fate cannot such develt
Of Immortality. For, with Applause,
The World adores them, and obeys their Laws.
From these all Arts, and Virtues, that the Minde
Of Man enrich, at first took Birth, and finde

Their

(o) *Antiochus*, the Son of *Selenus*, fell in Love with his Mother in Law, *Stratonica*, and assumed to reveal his Passion, fell desperately Sick. *Erasistratus*, the Physician, finding it a Disease rather of the Minde then Body, and observing that while *Stratonica* was present, his Pulse, and Spirits were stronger, discovered the Cause of his Weakness to his Father, who readily assented to his Desires, and from then came the race of this *Antiochus*.

Their just Rewards. For when Immortal *Jove*
 Had fram'd the World, though all the Stars above
 In Order plac'd, and struggling Nature saw
 All things created here, her certain Law,
 And Times obey; yet, guided by their Will,
 Mankind among themselves a Chaos still
 Retain'd. No Bounds of Justice to repress
 The Hand of Rapine: Vices in, Excess,
 Reign'd in all Minds, the Names of Right, and Wrong
 Unknown to all; the Virtuous were the Strong.
 Nor then did Man to greater Good aspire,
 Then what seem'd such, suggested by Desire.
 But, left a Custom, in Licentious Deeds,
 The use of Reason, and Celestial Seeds
 Should quite deprave; that true *Promethean* Fire,
 The Breasts of some Brave Heroes did inspire
 Those Monsters to subdue, and to compel
 The too Licentious under Laws to dwell:
 The Ill to punish, and the Good to Crown
 With due Rewards. Hence Honour, and Renown
 The Minds of Mortals, first, from baser Earth (Birth.
 Rais'd towards Heav'n, from whence they took their
 But since *Lycus*, and *Alcides* Wars
 The World with Trophies, and the Heav'n with Stars
 Adorn'd, who (tell me) hath the greatest Name
 In Arms deserv'd, and an Immortal Fame?

If such their Praise, if such their Merits are,
 The *Libyan* replies: No Hand in War,
 So worthy Fame, so mighty things hath done,
 As the *Pelkean* Youth: whose Valour won
 More Victories, then Time had Years to Crown
 His Life allow'd: The Force of whose Renown
 His Laws on farthest Nations did obtrude,
 And Kingdoms, which he never saw, subdu'd.

For

For who, that heard, how great his Conquests were,
 How small his Force, would not, with Reason, fear
 Those Arms, which *Persia's* ^(p) Monarch (compass'd
 With Troops, so numerous, that all the Ground (round
 'Twixt *Tigris*, and *Euphrates*, scarce could yield
 Them room to stand) subdu'd in open Field.
 Scorning to Fortune, or to Night to owe
 A Victory, He, in full Day, the Fo
 Assaults, while God, and Men together stand
 Spectatours of the Wonders of his Hand,
 And see each *Macedonian* Souldiers bring
 A Nation captivated to their King.
 But, not to speak of Battels, where his Skill,
 And Conduct, all subjected to his Will,
 No Town, no City (though the Sea, and Land
 Conspir'd against his Force) could Him withstand;

^(q) Our *Tyrian* Walls alone the Glory have
 To have resisted well: and that They gave
 A longer Stand to th' Torrent of his Rage,
 Then all the *Persian* Pow'rs, that did engage
 Against his Arms. No Object was above
 His Courage; whose Example would remove
 All Obstacles, that others might deterr:
 And though in great Designs he would confer,
 The Best, he follow'd his own Thoughts alone,
 And so made all his Victories his Own.
 And may He have the Praise: for none hath more
 In Arms deserv'd, perhaps no God before.

Next him that Noble *Epirote*, that came
 To the *Tarentines* Aid, the Crown may claim.
 His Courage, when a Youth, *Pantauchus* found
 Above his Strength, though for his Strength renown'd.
 While in two Armies View (as once before
 His mighty Ancestour, on *Xanthus* Shore,

G

Great

(p) When some of *Alexander's* Captains saw the vast Number of his Enemies, they advis'd him to fall upon them by Night: but He replied, he scorn'd to Real a Victory. *Quintus Curtius*.

(q) The City of *Tyre* was so obstinate in holding out against *Alexander's* whole Force, that he resolv'd once to raise the Siege; but, fearing it might stain the Glory of his former Victories, after seven Months Siege, and many terrible Attacks (wherein He lost a great part of his Army) He took it. See *Quintus Curtius* in his fourth Book.

(*) Pyrrhus was invited into Italy, by the Tarentines, to assist them against the Romans. He was a Prince, eminent for his Valour, and Esteem'd by the Macedonians, as the likeliest Alexander of any of his Successors. He flew Pentaschus, Demetrius his Lieutenant, in single Combat. See Plutarch in the Life of Pyrrhus.

Great *Heitor* flew) He, his proud Fo subdu'd,
And, to the wond'ring *Macedonians*, shew'd
All things, that they had seen in former Times
(*) In their so glorious Prince, except his Crimes.
Nor were his Victories by Arms alone,
Where Fortune more, then Virtue oft is known
To give the Bays. His Wisdom Conquest findes,
Where his Sword could not reach, and o're the Minde,
Of Men his Triumph gains; and thus he drew
From *Romane* Leagues *Italian* People to
His side. They thought themselves more Safe within
His Camp, then they in fenced Towns had bin
Under the *Romane* Laws. For he first taught
That Art, and Camps to their Perfection brought.
But if a Third you Seek, who hath no less,
Then these deserv'd (though Envious Gods Success
Deny'd) Me here, Me *Hannibal* behold,
Who with as early Courage, and as bold
Attempts, a War against the *Romane* Name
Pursu'd, and from the farthest *Gades* came,
To seek a Fo, which future Times might call
Most Worthy, to contend with *Hannibal*.
Not soft *Sabeans*, or *Arabians*, or
A People, that the Rites, and Toils of War
So little knew, that charg'd with rich Perfume,
More then with Sweat, or Dust, did more perfume
On Numbers, then their Arms; or such, whose Ease
And Lusts, must prove the Conquerour's Disease,
And future Ruin. I through Nations born
In War, and nurtur'd in it, with a Scorn
Of Fate, and Fortune, o're *Pyrene*, o're
The dreadful *Alps*, Victorious Ensigns bore.
And found that Fo, with whom I might contend
With greater Fame, who boast, that they descend
From

From *Maen* himself, and to the World no less
Appear; by their great Valour, and Success.
(*) Nor was it, when some other Citie's Pride
With *Rome* for Empire strove, and did divide
Their scatter'd Force : but when all *Italy*
Her Strength united to encounter Me.
I shall not open those deep Wounds again,
Which then (an *Eaeny*) I gave, or stain
Our Sacred Mirth with mention of each Flood,
Whose Streams ennobled were with *Latian* Blood,
Shed there by Me (and still perhaps, when I
Am nam'd, affrighted to their Fountains fly)
I'll onely say, more then three *Lustra* there
(In spite of all the Arts, and Arms, that were
Employ'd against Me) I Victorious staid,
And, (after many Towns, and Cities made
My Vassals, and three Valiant *Consuls* Fall)
Shook *Jove* Himself within the Capitol
With Terror of my Arms, and, had not *Rome*,
By a base Envy of my Deeds at Home,
More then by her Own Valour, been reliev'd,
Our *Carthaginian* Mothers had not griev'd,
To see their Sons in Chains, but had by Me
Been made, what *Romans* are, at least, been Free.

To this the *Roman*, with a Smile, replies.
If Thee the Glory of thy Victories,
With these Immortal Heroes, thus hath joyn'd,
I pri'thee say : what Place shall be assign'd
To Me, who after I through *Spain* had fought
My Way, and, Conqu'ring, into *Libya* brought
The War, the Greatest of *Numidian* Kings
Subdu'd, and Captive made, and, on the Wings
Of that fresh Victory, tow'rd *Carthage* (where
But by thy Hand alone they did Despair

G 2

To

(*) As when *Tarentum*, *Copae*, and other Cities contended for superiority with *Rome*, and gave Opportunity to foreign Enemies to enter *Italy*, when *Hannibal* came against them, all parts of *Italy*, with *Sicily*, *Sardinia*, &c. united under the *Roman* Laws.

To be secur'd) march'd on, and, in one Day,
Took all thy former Laurels quite away.

'Tis true (said *Hannibal*) but, since the Fate
Of Virtue is, to want an Advocate,
If once Deprest, think me not Vain, when I
Those Merits plead, that are transcended by
Thy Fortune only. Had I conquer'd Thee,
The World no other Conquerour, but me,
Had known, ev'n Those I nam'd their Place had lost
In Fame, and *Rome* the Triumphs She doth boast.

As thus they mutually their Merits plead,
The Sun began to hide his Flaming Head
In the *Hesperian* Main, and the oppress'd
With Mirth and Wine, the Night invites to Rest.
To which, when all retir'd, the King (whose Heart
Was fix'd on War) to *Hannibal*, apart,
Thus breaks his last Resolve. I should forget
My Honour (*Hannibal*) if what, as yet,
I have consult'd onely, I should now
Delay. The Prosecution of thy Vow
Is with my State involv'd, and *Rome* shall see,
'Tis not thy Fortune We Embrace, but Thee.
That, which, through Servile Fear, hath been deny'd
By thine own *Carthage*, shall be here supply'd
By Me, and since we know how Various are
The Chances, and Events of Dubious War,
Why should we think the Fates will Favour more
The *Romans* now, then they have Thee before?
Fortune assails the Bold, and whoe'er
Attempteth Coldly, loseth by his Fear.

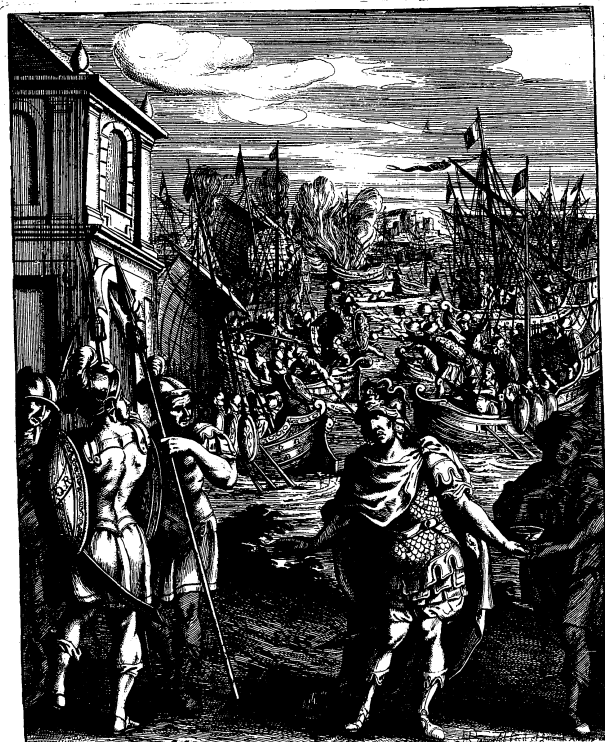
'Tis therefore now decreed no more shall *Rome*
On *Zama's* Field, and *Nabis* Fall presume,
We Nations, great as any She hath known,
The *Parthians*, *Medes*, admired *Babylon*

Already

Already have subdu'd, and Warlike *Thrace*
(Where *Mars* inhabits) doth our Lawsembrace.
My better Fortune, what thy Fate hath crost,
Shall give thee, and redeem what Thou hast lost.

This said; 't' enjoy the Benefits of Night
They both withdrew: but nothing could invite
The *Libyan* Prince to rest. His thoughts pursue
His hop'd Revenge, and in themselves renew
The promis'd War. Impatient of Delay
He counts the Minutes, and desired Day
Implores. As promis'd Nuptials waking keep
A longing Lover, and quite banish Sleep,
Unrill Enjoyment satiates his Desire,
And both gives Fuel, and abates the Fire.

*The End of the Second Book
of the Continuation.*



Perfidam fugiens Urbem Regis ad Vires
Fugiat Syrias, Iuvata Melite triumphans.

Digni Sumo Viro Gulielmo
house in Comitatu Ebor. Amig.



Hannibal et propria gaudens succumbere Doctra.
Anticipat quoniam Romam sibi speravit. Monores.

Wentworth de Wentworth-wood.
Tabula Observantiss. D.D.D.



A CONTINUATION OF
SILIUS ITALICUS

To the DEATH of

HANNIBAL:

The Third Book,

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Syrian Rome defies, both Scipio's are,
By choice, appointed to pursue the War.
Contagion wafts the Roman Navy, while
The Syrian Fleet's detain'd near Venus Isle,
By adverse Winds. The Syrian Lords, a Shore
With Hannibal, the Cyprian Rites explore.
The Winds again invite both Fleets to Sea.
They meet, and fight. The Syrians lose the Day.
The Libyan Captain to Berthynia flies,
Where, to shun Treason, He by Poison Dies.*



U T when the Empire of the
Night was done,
And sleep the Scepter yielded to
the Sun,
The *Epheſian* Peers, as if the
sprightly Wine

Had rais'd in ev'ry Breast a War, combine
With *Hannibal*, to shake off all Delay,
To hasten on the Fates, and take away

Their

(a) Antiochus, resolving to hold what He had won in Greece, sent to treat with the Romans, Embassadors, his Favorite, who (as Livy saith in his Thirty fifth Book) wholly ignorant of Foreign Affairs, instead of composing Differences, made them wider, by Upbraiding the Romans for intermeddling with his Master's Concerns, and Defying their Power.

Their Fears of Peace, and strait the Syrian Kings

(a) Defy proud Minio to the Romane brings.

Minio, sublime in Syrian Blood, then sway'd

His Master's Counsels; Him the World obey'd:

Nothing above him, but the Syrian Throne

He saw, all things, beneath it, were his Own.

Whatever was done, whatever was design'd,
Was not the King's, but Haughty Minio's Minde.

Thus, favour'd with High Insolence, He sold

Rewards of Virtue, all things uncontroll'd

Dispos'd. His greedy Avarice supprest

All Thoughts of Bounty in his Master's Breast:

The Name of Merit in that Gulph was drown'd,

And, as he pleas'd, the suffering People found

Ease, or Oppression, to such Mischiefs may

A single Favorite Kings, and Crowns betray.

When He a Period to the Syrian Pride,

And Hopes of Carthage, as he then desir'd

The Pow'r of Rome, had vainly giv'n: with Rage,

Which nothing, but their Ruin, could assuage,

The Romane Prince to the Myrtoean Main

Descends, and seeks Italian Shores again.

Soon as arriv'd, the Voice of War through all

The City flies. The careful Consuls call

A frequent Senate: Scipio repeats

Syria's vain Boast of Pow'r, and vainer Threats

Of a proud Favorite, and how the Name

Of Hannibal their Courage did enflame;

What aids by Land, and Sea prepared were; (fear:

What Carthage thence might hope; what Rome might

All which in Counsel weigh'd, and War decreed,

'Twas hard to say, what Shoulders should succeed,

To bear that Burthen: (b) Scipio was then

Debar'd by Law to take that Charge agen;

A Name

(b) Unless employed in some other War, the Consuls were to be Generals, so that Scipio Africanus, not being Consul, could not pretend to that Command.

A Name that so much Virtue did include,

That Hannibal could never be subdu'd

Without its Influence, nor Carthage cease

To emulate Rome's Triumphs, and her Peace.

(c) Lælius great Virtues, through the World were fam'd,

And, where the Noble Scipio was not nam'd

Deserv'd the Bays. The Younger (d) Scipio known

More by his Brother's Actions than his Own.

Desir'd to do, as He had done before

To vanquish Kingdoms, and by Conquests more

(e) Then Years to count his Age. But some, whom fear

Of Syria's Force, and (what cost Rome to dear)

The Name of Hannibal, then mov'd, did stand

For a more knowing, and experienc'd Hand.

One whose great Virtues by his Deeds were known.

Supported by no Merits, but his Own.

And, such was Lælius held by Land, and Sea,

For whom Atilius, this Important Plea

Assumes. If We Rome's Safety seek, and more

Then Private Names, the publick Peace adore,

Whence Fathers this Dispute? whence this Delay?

Why should we leave to Fortune what we may

Prevent with Reason? when Distempers are

Grown Great, the Wise strong Remedies prepare.

Let not those Seeds of Virtue that appear

In Younger Breasts, be valu'd at the Fear

Of Publick Ruin (f) We've already found

What Mischief Youth (not by a single Wound)

May through their Heat produce, and still do feel

The Anguish of those Wounds, the Libyan steel,

Through them inflicted: which, if now again

Torn open, will ingeminate the Pain.

One Error all our former Ills recalls,

And brings the World against Us to our Walls.

H

For

(c) Lælius, a Person very Eminent for his singular Virtue, next under Scipio, Commanded both in Spain, and Africa, and their Friendship was so Great, that it was drawn into Example for such as would contract Inviolable Amity so, that Cicero makes them the Subject of his Discourse De amicitia.

(d) The Younger Scipio, called Lælius, though of excellent Endowments, had not yet been renowned (as was Lælius) for any Military Actions, but was then chosen Consul with Lælius.

(e) Scipio Africanus, was but twenty four Years old, when he took New-Carthage, in Spain.

(f) The Temerity of Flaminius, and Aemilius: See the Fifth, and the Eight Books of Silius.

For *Rome* (alas) can boast no Strength of Friends
 Abroad, but what on her Success depends.
 Her Virtue onely must her Wealth defend,
 Her Wisdom to employ it, her Best Friend.
 Then let not Favour to a Private Name
 Anticipate your Reason. I disclaim
 All Envy to those honour'd Heads, that have
 Enrich'd Us with their Trophies, and that gave
 New Titles to our *Faſti*. May they live
 Still glorious in them, and all Time survive.
 But let not Us Heav'n's Blessings so confine,
 As if Entail'd upon a single Line.
 Our Laws have so ordain'd, that all, that are
 Deserving, may in Publick Honours share.
 Hence *Libyan* some, some *Gallick* wreaths have crown'd:
 By sev'ral Lands, are sev'ral Names renown'd.
 Our Fathers still the Burthen of the State
 Impos'd on Shoulders, equal to the Weight.
 The Greatest Heroes ever would contend,
 When Prudence, more than Fortune, might commend
 Their Deeds. For, though the great *Alcides* kill'd
 Serpents in's Cradle, yet till he was Skill'd
 Through many Labours, how his Strength to guide,
 He never with the ^(g) *Libyan* Monster tri'd
 His God-like Courage. Let such Honours be
 Bestow'd, when Dangers, in a less Degree,
 Shall threaten Us, and when these Forein Storms
 Cannot resist, but exercise your Arms.
 What skilful Pilot, by late Tempest tost,
 His Vessel torn, some Sails, and Tackle lost,
 While still the rude Winds rage, the Billows roar
 (Though now he hath in view his Native Shore)
 Will Idle, too secure of Safety, stand,
 And trust the Helm to a less Skilful Hand?

(g) *Amant*.

No;

No; let this *Senate's* Wisdom so provide,
 That what We want of Strength, may be supply'd
 By Conduct: then, if 't be decreed the State
 Shall suffer, We may not be blam'd, but Fate.

This said; his Silence a deep Silence through
 The *Senate* struck, and on great *Scipio* drew
 The Eyes of all. In him it lay to turn
 Their Choice to Votes, or Fortune of the ^(h) Urn.
 This did Young *Scipio*, *Laelius* that desire:

⁽ⁱ⁾ As confident, the *Senate* would require
 A Man, whose former Actions might commend
 Their Choice, and *Rome* upon his Care depend.

After some Pause, and struggling 'twixt the Names
 Of dearest Friend, and Brother, while each claims
 In his divided Soul an equal Share,
 Thus *Africanus* doth himself declare.

I should forbear to speak, did I not see
 (Grave Fathers) that your Eyes are fix'd on Me;
 On whom a Province lies more Weighty far,
 Then was the Burthen of the *Aſrick* War:
 For there *Rome's* Fortune with mine own did joyn;
 But this Intestine Conflict's wholly mine;
 While, for my Blood, I gainst my Soul contend;
 Distinguish'd 'twixt a Brother, and a Friend.
 A Friend, whom *Rome* may boast, that he was born
 In her Embrace: whose Virtues do adorn
 The Present, and the future Age will bless.
 Whom, as my better *Genius* (I confess)
 I ever entertain'd: his Counsels still
 Pursu'd as Oracles, and never will
 My *Laelius* from my Soul divide. But now
 Ev'n what *Acilius* pleads will not allow,
 That to his Conduct we this War assign.
 This, onely, to our Name, the Pow'r's Divine

H 2

Reserve.

(h) The Box, into which they put
 their Lots, was so called.

(i) *Laelius*, confident of his Party
 in the *Senate*, was desirous to put it to
 the Vote, *Laelius Scipio* to draw Lots
 (which were the two ways of choos-
 ing Officers) till encouraged by his
 Brother *Africanus* to let it go, the
Senate's Choice, resolving to offer
 himself to be his *Lito-tenant*, which
 determined the Dispute.

Reserve. If greater Wars shall threaten *Rome*,
 The Honour of Command will best become
 My Noble *Laelius*; and, when War shall cease,
 Hee'l be her Chiefest Ornament in Peace.
 Though now the Title, GREAT, the *Syrian* King
 Assumes, and to his Aid all *Asia* bring,
 Yet, if the *Libyan* Captain be not there,
 Too mean a Province that for *Laelius* were.
 The Gods their Blessings, as the Stars bestow
 Their Influence on Men, and Things below,
 Do severally dispense. Some Fatal are
 To those, that be the most renown'd in War,
 Yet by less Warlike fall. Not to repeat
 Forain Examples, or to tell how Great
 In Arms, ev'n by a Woman, *Cyrus* fell.
 Things nearer to Us (Fathers) may compell
 Your Wonder. After our best Captains slain,
 Your *Scipio* undertook the War in *Spain*,
 When scarce five *Lustra* old, and all those Lands
 Subdu'd, where *Hannibal* those dreadful Bands
 Amass'd, that shook your Walls. What since I've done
 Becomes not Me to speak, whate'er I won
 Under Your *Auspices*, was the Decree
 Of Heav'n, should onely be achiev'd by Me.
 Nor censure me as Vain, who arrogate
 So great a *Partage* in the *Romane* Fate,
 To say, that, where the *Libyans* are your Foes,
 You must a *Scipio* to their Arms oppose.
Carthage will ever threaten these our Walls,
 Till Heav'n our ^(*) Name unto her Ruin calls.
 Then 'tis not, that I emulate my Friend,
 But for *Rome's* Safety (Fathers) I contend:
 And, if the Arguments of Youth dissuade
 Your Choice, let my maturer Age be made

(*) *Scipio* *Nafica*, in the last
Punic War, took *Carthage*, sacked
 it, and raised the Walls.

The

The Balance of your Doubts, my Brother's Years
 Mine own exceed, when I your greater Fears
 Allay'd, with Victory; and, that again
 You may the same assurance entertain,
 Me his *Lieu-tenant* make, and fear no more
 Those Arms, which I subdu'd for you before.

This said, loud Clamours, with a fall Assent,
 The Temple shook, and through the City went.
 Thence through all *Italy* the swift alarms
 Of War excite the active Youth to Arms.
 No Region from those Hills, whose frozen Heads
 The Stars invade, to where blew *Neptune* spreads
 His frothy Arms about the *Rhegian* Walls,
 Their Aid denies. The Name of *Scipio* calls
 The most Luxurious from their Choice Delights,
 And to meet Dangers, under Him invites.
 All, who their Country; all, who Honour love,
 His Ensigns seek to follow, and to prove
 What Fortune, and the Gods for them ordain.

(Main
 And now with num'rous Ships the Neighbouring
 Oppress'd, groans under their vast Weight, and feels
 The Fate of *Carthage* from their brazen Keels.
 Which, oft as the rebellious Billows rise,
 Dash them to pieces: while the Wind supplies
 With favourable Blasts their swelling Wings,
 And to the *Asian* Coast the Army brings.

While *Rome* for future Triumphs thus provides,
 Envy, (the Plague of Courts) not Reason guides
 The *Syrian* Counsels. What the Wife perswade,
 The Ignorant reject. The Courtier's made
 The Souldier's Judg. What he concludes doth finde
 Its Influence upon the Prince's Minde.
 Not all the Mighty things, which *Hannibal*
 Had done, which *Rome* ev'n trembled to recall

To

(f) The Envy of the Syrian Nobility induced Hannibal to the King, as if his Counsel to invade Italy proceeded from his Ambition, once more to see himself, at the Head of an Army there. So that they wholly diverted him from that Advice, and Hannibal was ordered to go with the Navy, while the King went in Person with the Army towards Greece.

(m) Crete.

(n) Juno.

(o) As the *Romane* Navy, came near *Phaëtia* (a promontory on the Coast of *Pamphylia*) a Disease seized them, and destroyed many of their men; while the *Syrians* were detained in their Course towards them by contrary Winds.

To Memory, could make his Sense prevail
 (1) To quit the Syrian Kingdoms, and assail
 The Fo at Home. Though whosoever so
 Invaded is, lends Courage to his Fo,
 And Strength to vanquish him. But strangely Blinde
 To his own Fall, the Syrian King's inclin'd,
 Rather on his own People, all those Ills
 To bring, with which Invasive Fury fills
 A miserable Land. And strait his Fleet
 Is order'd under Hannibal to meet
 The *Romane*, where (m) *Ionian* Billows move
 About that Island, where the Wife of *Jove*
 Was born, and by the Careful Nymphs was bred,
 Till call'd by *Hymen* to her Brother's Bed.
 (n) She, although Conscious of the Fates to come,
 Retaining still her Antient Hate to *Rome*,
 Her Empire of the Air with (o) Mischief fills,
 And on the neighb'ring Isles sad Plagues distills.
 Th' unhappy Season with her Wrath conspires,
 'Twas when the Dog breath'd his Contagious Fires
 On fainting Men, depriving Beasts of Food,
 And turning into Poison purest Blood.
 Th' attracted Air their Entrails scorseth, fills
 Their Veins with Flames, and, ere expired, kills,
 Such hasty Fates, that Time doth scarce know how
 'Twixt Life, and Death, his Minutes to allow.
 While some, whom decent Piety invites
 To intert their Friends, for their own Funeral's Rites
 Prepare, and strait from their departing Breath
 Infected fall, and share a sudden Death.
 The *Romane* Souldier, whose great Valour scorn'd
 To stoop to Foes, whose Trophies had adorn'd
 His Native House, who ne're before had known
 To yield his Arms, now weak, and feeble grown,

Lets

Let's fall his Shield, and Conqu'ring Sword, and dies,
 Ev'n in his Arms, disarm'd. This Plague's Surprise
 So sudden is, that, as the Master stands
 To time, with his loud Voice, the Seamen's Hands,
 On his half-Deck he prostrate falls, before
 The Word's exprest. Extended at the Oar,
 The Seaman, in a lab'ring Posture, dies,
 Not known, if Dead, or rowing, as he lies.
 From this so fatal Coast, that did afford
 To Death far greater Triumphs, then the Sword,
 The *Romane* Navy, flying the Disease,
 Retires, and trusts their Safety to the Seas.

But *Venus*, fearing lest *Saturnia's* Hate
 From this might greater Mischief propagate,
 If then the Syrian Fleet should on them fall,
 Thus to her Aid the God of Winds doth call.

Great *Æolus*, whose mighty Empire lies
 O're all the vast Extent, beneath the Skies,
 Afsist Me now. I ask not, That thou make
 Earth tremble, and the World's firm Fabrick shake;
 Nor that her Stony Entrails thou so wide
 Should'st rend, that Ghosts below may be deseri'd;
 Nor that the Seas (as in the Giant's Wars)
 Thou hurl in wat'ry Mountains 'gainst the Stars.
Juno for such Revenge perhaps may call
 'Gainst Us, t' exalt her single *Hannibal*.
 I onely covet to preserve mine Own,
 And to effect the rest, let Fates alone.
 She when nor Arms, nor Valour can prevail,
 My Race with Hell, and Furies will assail.
 Could She infect the Place I hold above,
 She'd bring Her Plagues into the Court of *Jove*:
 What's mine on Earth her Malice doth surround.
 Thou see'st what gloomy Vapours, from the Ground,
 She

She draws, Death hatching, in their pregnant Wombs,
And threatening Mischief to all's Mine, and *Rome's*.

Scarce can my Power, my sacred Isles defend.

(1) My *Cyprian*, my dear *Paphian* Temples tend
To Ruin, and our Votaries, for fear,

Of dire Contagion, all our Shrines forbear.

No Innocence is spar'd: my Birds, that from

Aurora's bosom to my Lap would come,

And the Refreshments of the choicest Springs,

Would, billing, scatter from their Silver Wings,

As to our sacred Groves they would repair,

Fall flying Victims, in the pois'n'd Air.

But this thy Power great *Æolus* can cure,

And, what is now corrupted, render pure.

Then purge Infection from this Ambient Air,

Make it Serene, and the lost Health repair

Of this once Happy Clime, and Neighb'ring Isles,

And thy Reward (with that, She sweetly smiles)

Shall be the fairest Nymph of all my Train.

No sooner said (for who can ought refrain

When *Venus* pleads) but *Æolus* unbinds

From their dark Prisons, the *Etesian* Windes,

Whose Active Force, not onely chas'd away

All noxious Clouds, and Mists, and gave the Day

A wholsom Face; but, with a constant Gale,

Against all Labour of the Oars prevail,

To keep the *Syrian* Fleet (the more to please

The (*) *Cyprian* Goddess) in her Neighb'ring Seas.

Twice twenty Daies, the Idle Ships, before

The Island lay, and Anchor'd near the Shore.

When a Desire to see the fam'd Delights

Of *Cyprian* Groves, the *Syrian* Lord's invites,

And *Hannibal* to Land. No place did more

Indulge to Love, or *Venus* Pow'r adore.

The

(1) Besides that, *Venus* is said to have been born in that Sea, the Island, Luxurious in its extraordinary Fertility, the Inhabitants were more prone to *Venus* than any other. Their Women before Marriage expelling themselves on the Shore to all Strangers that arrived there. See *Juvénal* in his Eighteenth Book.

(*) *Cyprian*.

The Goddess this to all the World prefers,
And is best pleas'd, when Mortals calls it Hers.

All Deities, that can Earth's Wealth improve,

Here pay their Tribute to the Queen of Love.

The Meadows *Flora*, the Fields *Ceres* fills

With her rich Plenty, *Bacchus* crowns the Hills.

The greedy Swains no wealthy Orchards rear:

For Nature choicest Fruits doth, ev'ry where,

Largely bestow, the Bounty of the Soil

Gives all they can desire, without their Toil.

All other Pleasures, which Affection moves,

They finde most ample in their Sacred Groves.

Eternal Shades of Trees, whose Arms above

Embrace, and Roots beneath are making Love:

No Birds of Prey upon the Branches dwell;

Or, if they there frequent, 'tis strange to tell,

How soon their cruel Nature they forego,

And Kindness to all other Creatures show.

All in their Kinds are pair'd; no Bird alone:

No Turtles, by their Mates deserted, Moan.

Nothing, that Mischief breeds, can there be found.

Love onely hath the Pow'r to inflict a Wound.

From Native Grottoes, that all Art exceed,

Their Chrystal Fountains sev'ral Chansels feed

With cooling Streams, which, as they murmur pass,

Still Verdant keep the Lover's Seats of Grasse.

All this survail'd, their Temple's sacred Rites

To Wonder, and Devotion them invites.

The Chief was *Paphos*, which their Senses charms

Above Belief. The Goddess there her Arms,

Her Chariot, harness'd Doves, and whatso're

On Earth she values, keeps. Her Trophies here

Of such, as 'gainst her Pow'r rebell'd, the Gates

Adorn, their Names, and Fate the Priest relates:

I

A Priest

A Priest, who yet five *Lustra* had not seen,
 Yet, since he three had told, her Priest had been :
 But must no longer at her Altar stand,
 Or take the sacred Censer in his Hand,
 When from his Birth twice twenty Years expir'd;
 For Youth is by the Goddess most desir'd :
 Such all her Votaries, and Clients are ;
 The Aged seldom at her Shrines appear.
 These view'd, and past ; to a fair Porch they came,
 Where Miracles the Deity proclaim.
 Bodies to other things transform'd by Love,
 Whose strange Originals their Change did prove:
 Some, whose Obdurate Hearts had made them Stone;
 Some, Beasts ; some, Birds ; some, Trees ; their Figures
 Had lost, but, as when chang'd, their Shapes retain, (none
 And Monuments of her great Pow'r remain.

Above the rest, an Iv'ry Statue stands,
 Fair ev'n to Wonder. *Hannibal* demands,
 What Nymph it was of that Celestial Form :
 To whom the Priest replies. A Soul did warm
 This Iv'ry once. The Story's very strange,
 Yet this fair City, and these Walls the Change
 Attest. When first *Pygmalion* in this Isle
 Arriv'd, a Votary to *Venus*, while
 Our *Cyprian* Virgins such a Freedom us'd,
 That jealous Lovers thought themselves abus'd,
 He, flying *Hymen*, to his House retires.
 But still retaining in his Breast the Fires
 Of Love, his troubled Fancy to divert,
 This Statue, with more than *Promethean* Art,
 He frames, and, as all Parts he, wond'ring, views,
 Desires of *Hymen* in his Breast renews,
 And *Venus* thus invokes. Give Me (He said)
 For Wife, as Beautiful, and Chast a Maid,

Great

Great Goddess, and, if thou my Pray'r wilt hear,
 A Temple to thy Name my Race shall rear.
 No sooner said, but th' Object of his Love
 Receives a Soul, and strait began to move.
 Her Eyes no more are fix'd ; but lively Raies
 Eject, and first on her kinde Maker gaze.
 Then on her polish'd Limbs, which purple Veins
 Now warm, and soften with their beauteous stains.
 In brief ; She lives *Pygmalion's* dearest Flame,
 And from their Nuptial Bed great *Paphos* came.
 Who, when the Fates the borrow'd Soul again
 Requir'd, his Iv'ry Mother, in this Fane
 Vow'd to the Goddess, plac'd, and we still here,
 With holy Incense, Honour, once a Year.
 When this, with other Wonders, they had seen,
 The^(g) *Adyta* they enter, which within
 No Images adorn. But *Venus* stood
 Alone, and kept her Altars free from^(r) Blood.
 They Tears of *Myrrha*, onely, offer there,
 And Sighs of Lovers. The included Air
 Is ever warm, and whereof're they turn,
 They meet soft Kisses, but no Lips discern.
 Amaz'd the Strangers stand, though strangely pleas'd:
 When them from Wonder thus the Priest releas'd.

The Goddess, for this secret Place alone,
 This Miracle reserves, thus made her Own.
 When She her dear *Ascanius* had convey'd
 Up to *Cytbæra*, and on Violets laid
 The sleeping Boy ; Her *Aromatick* Show'rs
 Of sweetest Roses, round about She pow'rs.
 Then gazing on his Face, her former Flame,
 Her lov'd *Adonis* to her Fancy came.
 Scarce could She, then, withstand his Beautie's Charms,
 Scarce from his dear Embrace refrain her Arms.

I 2

But

(g) The most secret Place of the Temple.

(r) See *Tacitus* in his Eighteenth Book.

The Birth of Kisses.

But fearing to disturb the Boy's sweet Rest,
 Her Lips upon the Neighb'ring Roses prest.
 They strait grow Warm, and, rising from the place,
 Turn'd into Kisses, fly about her Face.
 The Goddess, willing that the World should share,
 So sweet a Pleasure, scatters through the Air,
 With a large Hand, the new-created Seed,
 Which, as from fertile Glebe arising, breed.
 But the first Born She plac'd within this Fane,
 Which warm, as now you feel them, still remain.

This said, a sudden Noise permits no more,
 But summons them abruptly to the Shore,
 The Wind came fair: the busy Seamen weigh
 Their barbed Anchors, and stand off to Sea.
 The Time no longer stay will now afford,
 The churlish Masters hasten all aboard.
 Torn from Delight, the *Syrian* Nobles are
 Displeas'd, and rather wish another War.

But *Hannibal*, whose great Heroick Brest,
 A Nobler Flame, then that of Love possesseth;
 With as much Joy the Fetters of those Charms
 Shakes off, as Towns besieg'd, from Hostile Arms
 Themselves by Sallies free, and all the Woes
 That threatned them, revert upon their Foes.
 Honour, which Noble Deeds in War attends,
 Exciting his great Soul, he first ascends
 His Ship, and offers to the God of Seas
 Warm Entrails, then at large his Sails displaies.
 Loud Clamours from his high Example, through
 The Fleet are spread, whilst all his Course pursue.
 And now the Land retires, the *Cyprian* Shore
 Is lost, and all the Flames which they before
 Cherish'd, are quite extinct in ev'ry Brest,
 Wholly with Thoughts of future War possess'd.

A War,

A War, wherein *Rome's* Fortune stood alone
 Against the World: and were there more then One,
 Might with them all contend. So Great was She,
 Till lessen'd by her Crims of Victory.

Twice had the Sun descended to the Sea;
 Twice the wing'd Hours had rais'd again the Day.
 When they that Coast, where *Sida* doth obtrude
 High Rocks (Her strong Defence) against the rude
 Assaults of Raging Billows made: and there
 Beheld what both their Wonder, and their Fear
 At once creates. The Seamen think they've lost
 Their Course, and touch upon some un-known Coast.
 Or Nature, from the Bowels of the Main,
 Some *Cycas* thrusts, or floating Grove again.
 But as they nearer came, within that Wood
 They saw for Fight prepar'd, an Army stood,
 So numerous they were, that what before
 Their Wonder was, is now their Terror more.
 Their Order such, as when her borrow'd Raies
 With growing Horns the Silver Moon displaies.
 But her full Glory, their Guilt, brazen Prows
 Surpass, and gave the Morning, as it rose,
 A brighter Face; and, where they made their Way,
 With a new Light anticipate the Day.

The *Syrian* ^(*) Navy, whether clog'd with Fear,
 Or their vast Bulk, though still they forward steer.
 Went slowly on, till *Hannibal* so far
 Advanc'd before, that he provok'd the War.
 At his Approach, the *Roman* Souldiers fill
 The Air with Shouts, that seem the Winds to still,
 And fright *Pamphylian* Nymphs, while he goes on
 Fearless, as if his Valour could alone,
 With all their Force contend. When a Disdain
 To see him dare so much, a Rage more vain

Creates

(*) A Sea-fight between *Hannibal*, and the *Romans*.

Creates in a brave *Rhodian*, who forsakes
 His Station, and the Combate undertakes.
 Both ply their Oars; both seek to gain the Wind.
 While Fortune, that, in this alone, inclin'd
 To favour *Hannibal*, extends his Sails
 With following Gusts so, that his speed prevails,
 And bears his Gally on against his Fo,
 With so great Violence, the barbed Proe
 Strikes through his Side, and with the furious Shock
 Shakes his whole Bulk, as bruis'd against a Rock.
 As from some Engine shot, the Splinters fly,
 Through all the Ship, and One the Captain's Eye
 So deeply wounds, it sinks into his Brain,
 And leaves upon the Deck his Body slain.
 With him the Courage of the rest doth dy,
 And a base Fear perswades them streight to fly.
 While *Hannibal* pursues, with Storms of Fire
 From Pitchy Lamps, and Darts, as they retire.
 Black waves of Smoak the flying Vessel hide;
 And her sad Fate invites from either side.
 Fresh Squadrons to the Fight. These to maintain
 Their Conquest; those to take Revenge. The Main
 Foams with their active Oars, and the Sea-Gods,
 Affrighted, seek their most remote Abodes.
 Fearing the future Horrour of the Day,
 And bloody Seas, their safety might betray.
 Both Navies now are met, Proes against Proes;
 Sides against Sides they strike, and, grappling close,
 So firmly, that, as Foot to Foot they stand,
 And, with their Swords, deal Wounds, as if on Land.
 But where the swelling *Surges* interpose,
 Or Winds so, that the Gallies cannot close,
 Darts, Arrows, Jav'lins, flaming Lamps they throw,
 And Death, and Wounds, in several Shapes, bestow:
 The

The *Romanes* now; the *Syrians* now give Way:
 Yet neither fly, but equally the Day
 Are confident to gain, and their Retreat;
 Like Rams, doth greater Force, and Rage beget.
 Till *Scipio*, to whose Fortune *Syria's* Fate
 Must yield, and thence her future Ruin date,
 A Squadron of *Italian* Gallies brought
 'Gainst *Apollonius*, who too rashly fought
 So brave a Fo. Like Thunder, tearing Clouds,
 Their meeting Vessels crack: th' entangled Shrouds
 Some, that would sink, above the Waves retain;
 While others to the Bottom of the Main
 Descend, and in their Arms the Souldiers drown'd
 Find a sad Fate without Revenge, or Wound.
 But some, whose present Courage stood above
 Surprize of Danger, 'gainst such Fortune, strove
 To dy among their Foes, and leaping on (thrown
 Their Decks, there, fighting, fall. Some backward
 Are lost in the Assault: others, whose Skill
 In Swimming, and their Rage kept floating still,
 Attempt to Board again. *Eumenes* late
 A Captain, who his *Tyrian* Gallie's Fate
 A while surviv'd, first seiz'd a *Romane's* Oar,
 By which he nimbly climbing up (before
 Perceiv'd) the Deck had gain'd; when strait, one
 Lop'd off, the other still his Hold maintain'd, (Hand
 Untill a second Wound took that away:
 Yet this sad Loss could not his Minde betray
 To want of Courage, but his Teeth supply'd
 Their Room, until a Fauchion did divide
 His Body from his Head, which still did keep
 Its Hold: the Trunk fell back into the Deep.
 Th' Example of his Death made some to turn
 With Rage: some, chill with Fear, their Proes to turn.
 And

And fly. While *Hannibal* their Flight, in vain,
Upbraids, and hales them to the Fight again.
But, when they saw *Pamphilus* posselt
With so great Terror, that he first the rest
Forlook : no Sense of Honour could restrain
Their Flight. But, scatter'd over all the Main,
The base *Cilicians* spread their Sails to Fear,
Scarce knowing to what Land, or Coast they steer.

Hannibal's Valour.

But the brave *Libyan*, who as much to fly
Abhor'd, as those base Cowards fear'd to dy,
With three stout *Tyrian* Gallies, makes through all
The *Latian* Ships t'attaque their *Admiral* :
Thinking, that Act alone would best become
His Valour, when he seem'd t'assault ev'n *Rome*
Her Self; and from his Conquest, or his Fall,
The World might say, 'Twas done like *Hannibal*.
But Fortune the Success deny'd, and brought
A furious War upon him, where he fought.
Where'er he turns, their Numbers him surround,
So, as besieg'd he stands. No place is found,
Where a brave Deed a single Arm may boast.
All Valour in their Multitudes is lost.
This Face of Danger his last Fury wakes.
As, when too close pursu'd, a *Tiger* takes
His Stand, resolv'd to dy reveng'd; he views
His Foes, all Wounds receives; at length doth chose
Against that Hand to spend his Stock of Rage,
That 'gainst his Life most forward doth engage.
So a *Pretorian* Ship, that bove the rest,
With Show'rs of Piles, and Darts did him infest,
With a Prodigious Storm he laies aboard,
And all the Plagues, that *Libya* could afford,
(To which her thirsty Sands do give a Birth)
Upon it throws, enclos'd in Pots of Earth,

Hannibal's Stratagem.

From

From which (when fall'n, and broken on the Decks)
Myriads of Serpents rais'd their marble Necks:
The Souldiers, in the Fight, with Wonder are
Surpriz'd, as if *Medusa* made the War.
Their dreadful Hiss suppress'd all warlike Sounds,
And when their Stings, or Teeth inflict their Wounds,
Strange kinds of sudden Death ensue; while some,
Whose Nerves the deadly Poison doth benum,
Like Statues fixed stand: Others beheld
Their well-shap'd Limbs above Proportion swell'd,
Till their encreasing Bowls their Bellies burst:
Some seem t'have swallow'd Flames, and a dire Thirst
Firing their bloodless Entrails, to allay
Its Rage, they headlong leap into the Sea.
This through one Wound sees all his blood to flow,
His Veins soon empty made; That doth not know
Hee's hurt, nor feels a Wound, when Death strait creeps
Into his Heart, and he for ever sleeps.

But, though each Serpent thus a sev'ral kinde
Of Death inflicts, yet, to one Ship confin'd
Free from their Venemous Assault, the rest,
The *Libyan* with all sorts of Arms oppress,
Till *Junio*, struggling still with Fate (resolv'd
No *Romane* Hand should boast his Fall) involv'd
The Day in Horror; chas'd the Light away
Before its Time; and over all the Sea
The Wings of Night extends the Pregnant Clouds
Discharge their Cataracts, and from the Shrouds
The roaring Winds the swelling Canvase tare
The *Romane* Ships, as if in Civil War,
'Gainst one another strike, and now contend
How from themselves they may themselves defend.
At length dispers'd o're all the Main they flee,
And, by this Danger, from a greater free,

K

Safe

Antiochus overthrown at Land.

Safe to the *Lycian* Shore the *Libyan* came,
 Reserv'd by Fate to be *Bithynia*'s Shame.

But Fortune had not thus her Aid deny'd
 By Sea alone unto the *Syrian* Side,
 But, where by Land the King his Armies led,
 His Ensigns from the *Romane* Eagles fled.
 His *Thracian* Kingdoms now no more his Law
 Obey'd, but the *Ansonian* Falces saw
 In Triumph, through their Conquer'd Cities go,
 And Him, of late their Lord, esteem'd their Fo.
 His *Grecian* Friends the Leagues, that they had sworn,
 Reject, and now his weaker Friendship scorn.
 Scarce would the *Syrian* Cities entertain
 Their flying King, at his return. So vain
 The People's Favour, and their Faith, when crost
 By Fortune, and his Pow'r a King hath lost!

(*) *Hannibal*, fearing to trust himself among the *Syrians*, in this Decline of his Fortune, retired to *Phoenicia* King of *Bithynia*, and served him with great Success against the *Esolians*.

(*) This Levity the *Libyan* Prince revolv'd
 Much in his troubled Thoughts, at length, resolv'd
 No more the Dang'rous Envy of that Court
 To try, but to *Bithynia*'s King resort;
 A King, who wanted then so brave a Hand
 Against *Esolians* to defend his Land.
 Prompted to this by his unhappy Fate,
 Thither he speeds, and findes (alas!) too late
 The Malice of his Foes could not extend
 To reach his Death, but by a Treach'rous Friend;
 A Friend, who to his Valour ow'd his Crown,
 And, by that Fatal Victorie's Renown,
 Made Jealous *Rome* to hasten on his Fall,
 By such an Act, as all the World may call
 Her Infamy. For he, that conquer'd Foes
 Destroys, when he may spare, doth Honour lose.

But to the *Romane* Arms all *Asia* now
 Submits, and all their Laws impos'd allow.

No

No King, but basely yields to their Demands:
 No City, where they March, their Pow'r withstands:
 And what did most with *Hannibal*'s sad Fate
 Conspire, his Ruin to accelerate,
 Was, that (*) *Flaminius*, whose rash Sire before
 The *Libyan* Arms on *Thrasimene* Shore
 Renown'd, a Legate to *Bithynia* came,
 And to his base Revenge the Senate's Name
 Usurp'd. Their Peace, and Amity to all
 Deny'd, that should protect brave *Hannibal*.
 The King, consulting with his Fears, forgets
 All Ties of Honour: on his Safety sets
 A greater Value. Those late Trophies gain'd,
 By which the *Libyan* Prince his Throne sustain'd,
 Seem to upbraid him with a Debt, which He
 Cannot discharge, but by this Treachery.
 Those Glories, that too near his Crown dilate
 Their Lustre into Crimes, degenerate.
 They Guilty are, whose Merits stand above
 Reward: in lower Spheres Men safest move.

These Thoughts drew on the Noble *Libyan*'s Fate,
 Whose strong Suspicious made him (but too late)
 Attempt Escape. The dubious Faith of Kings,
 Which varies with the Face of Humane Things,
 Gave him to fear a Change, and to prepare

(*) Strange Lab'rins under Ground, to shun the Snare
 But all in Vain, declining Fortune made
 Traitours of nearest Friends, and he's betray'd
 In all, that he designs. Arm'd Troops enclose
 His House, and stop his Way where'er he goes.

But his Resolv'd Minde 'bove Fortune stands,
 And still reserves his Fate in his Own Hands.
 Though now betray'd He is, and left by all,
 He's still so great, that none can *Hannibal*,

K 2

But

(*) *Flaminius*, (the Son of that *Flaminius* whom *Hannibal* vanquish'd, and thus near the Lake *Thrasimene*) sent Embassadors to *Phoenicia*, exceed'd (with *Appianus* his Commission, demanding *Hannibal* to be delivered to Him, to which the perfidious King, leaving the Power of the *Romans*, assented.

(*) *Hannibal*, at length, suspecting the Faith of *Phoenicia*, had made several Passages under Ground, to escape (if possible) the Guards appointed to beset his House: but, seeing no means to avoid them, he took Poison, which he always wore about him (some say, in the Point of his Sword) and died in the seventeenth Year of his Age. His Body was buried near *Ladya* (which he from the Greek mistook for *Ladya*) only with this Inscription:
 HERE LIES HANNIBAL.

But *Hannibal*, destroy. And, to prevent
 Surprise, into a secret place he went,
 Where, first the Gods accus'd, and *Hanno's* Pride,
 (That to his growing Conquests Aid deni'd)
 The *Syrans* Folly, and base *Prusias* last
 Perfidious Act (which all the rest surpast
 In Infamy) with Execrations blam'd,
 The Aid of his Great Father's Spirit he claim'd:
 And a dire Poison (without farther Pause)
 More Fierce then that, which, from the raging Jaws
 Of *Gerberus*, upon Earth's Bosom fell,
 When Great *Alcides* drag'd him chain'd from Hell,
 He swallows down. This baneful Drug, before
 Prepar'd by a *Massilian* Witch, he wore
 Lock'd on his Sword, which, if that chance'd to fail,
 Might, as his surer Destiny, prevail
 Against all Humane Force: and, as he found
 It seiz'd his Vitals by an Inward Wound,
 He these last Words expir'd. Now lay aside
 Thy Fears (O *Rome*) no more will I thy Pride
 Oppose, but with this Satisfaction Dy,
 That, thus Degenerate, Thy self, wilt my
 Revenge effect. Not Arms, but Virtue made
 Thy Fathers Great; which since in Thee deca'd,
 Thy Ruin must ensue. They, Nobly, scorn'd
 By Treason to destroy a Fo, and warn'd
 (1) The *Epirote* of Poison, when he stood
 Arm'd at their Gates, and Triumph'd in their Blood.
 But Me, oppress'd with Fortune, and my Years,
 Betrai'd a feeble Victim to thy Fears,
 A Cons'lar Legate forceth thus to fly
 From Life, gainst Laws of Hospitality,
 And a King's Faith. But this vile Stain (O *Rome*)
 More lasting, then thy Trophies, shall become:

(1) *Fabritius* advertiz'd *Pyrrhus*
 (after he had given a signal Overthrow
 to the *Romans*) of the Treachery of
 his *Physician*, who for a sum of Mo-
 ney offer'd to Poison Him. *Plutarch*
 in the Life of *Pyrrhus*.

And

And, when thy Deeds in War, in future Time,
 The World shall read, thy Glories this one Crime
 Shall blast, and all account Thee from my Fall
 Unworthy such a Fo, as *Hannibal*.
 More He'd have said, but through his swelling Veins
 Death creeps, and binds in Adamantine Chains
 The Spirits of Life, which with this Language ends:
 His Soul to other Heroes Ghosts descends.

FINIS.

Errata in Silius Italicus

[illegible]

Errata for t₁ Continuation.

PAg 2. The English Verses are immediately to follow the Latiniz. Hinc alibi, Chirumme, greges, rhen follow. But this virtus vanishing. &c. p. 6. v. 14. r. Refertur. p. 10. Marg. K. 7. v. 8. and 200. p. 33. v. 3. r. Whose v. p. 36. v. 16. r. Flight p. 39. v. 3. &c. Tota p. 40. v. 14. r. Metes p. 42. v. 9. r. That p. 44. v. 14. r. a left p. v. 9. r. Gods. p. 72. v. 3. r. Panquillius.